MARCH
1942

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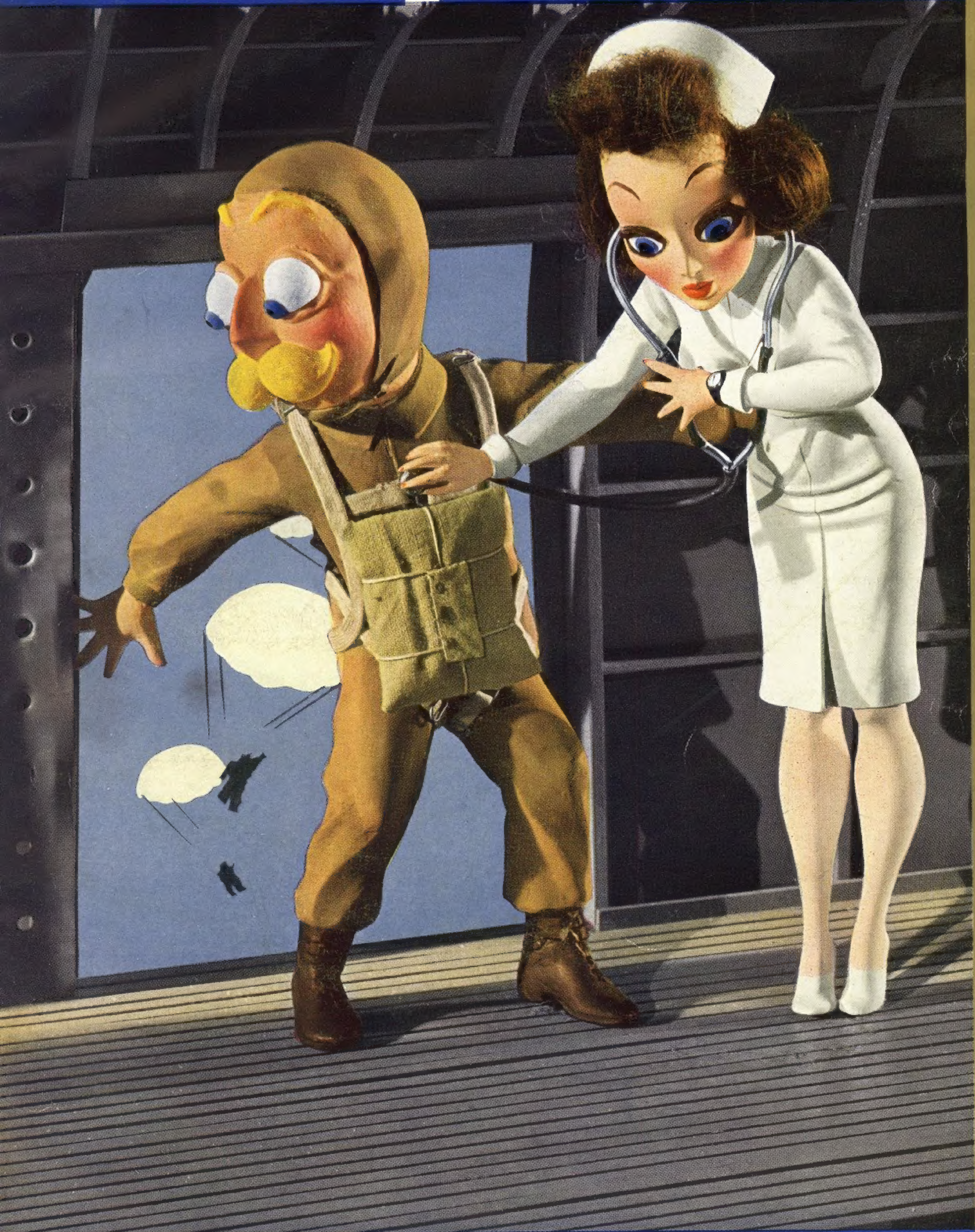
# Esquire

## • THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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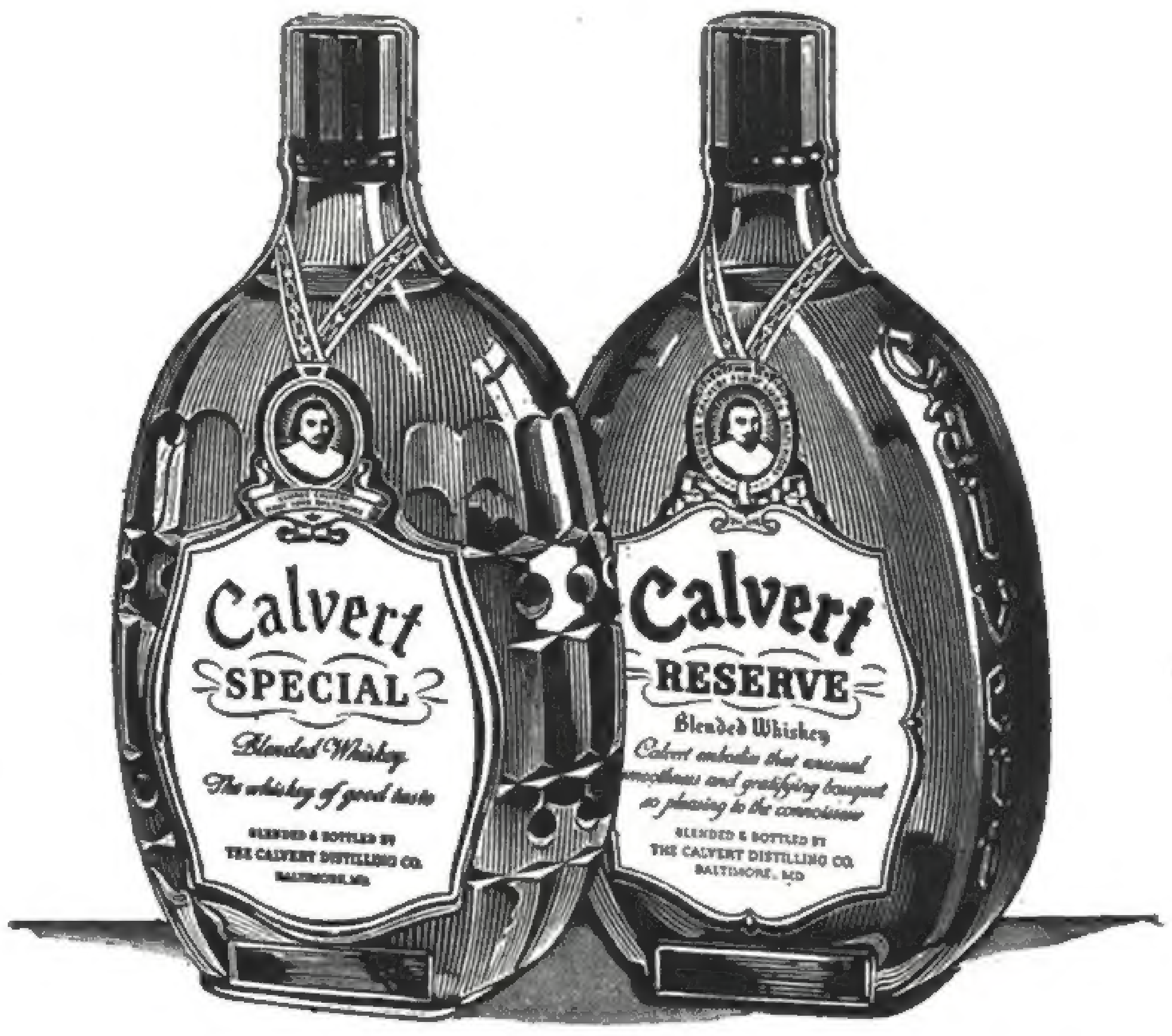

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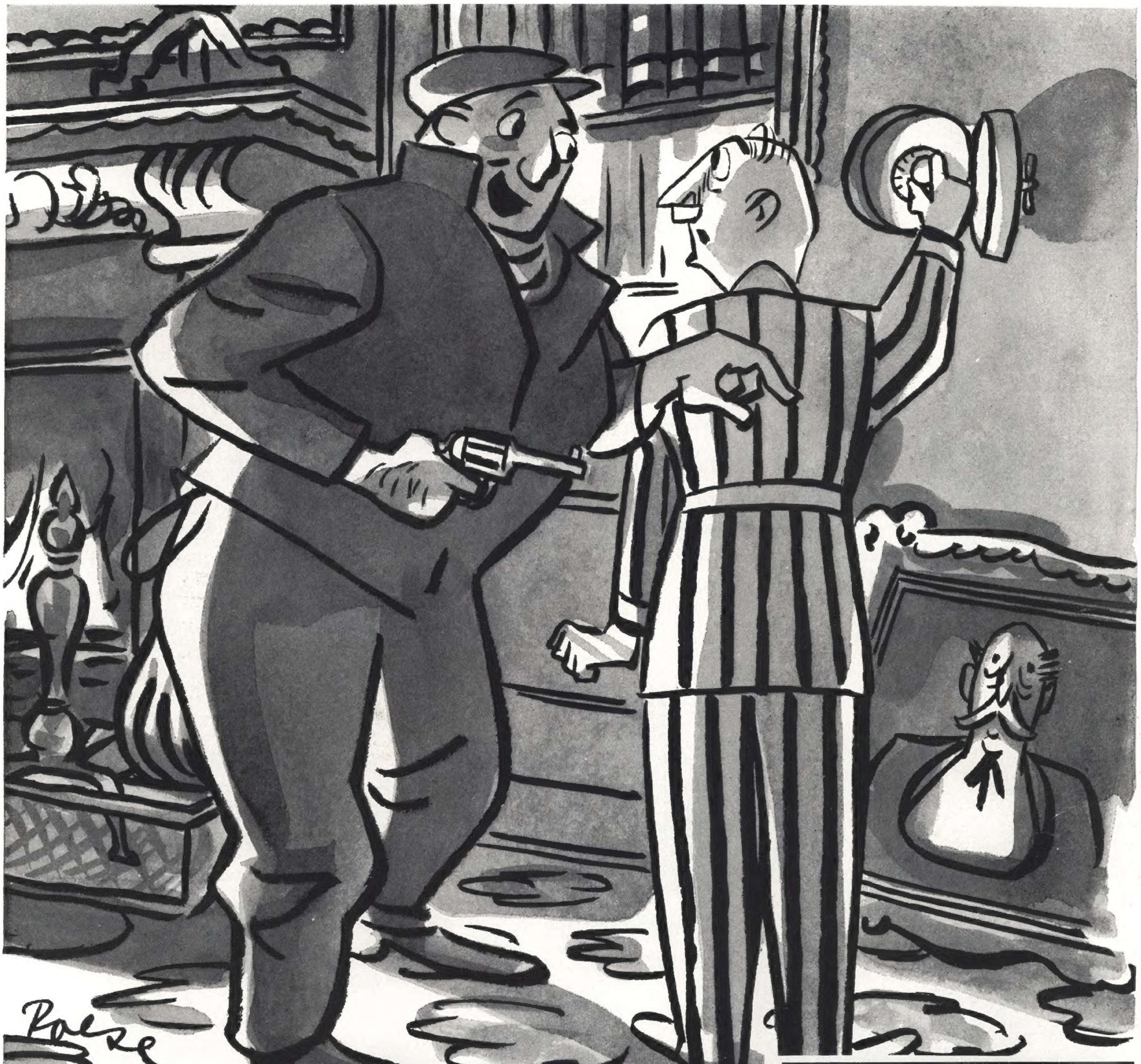

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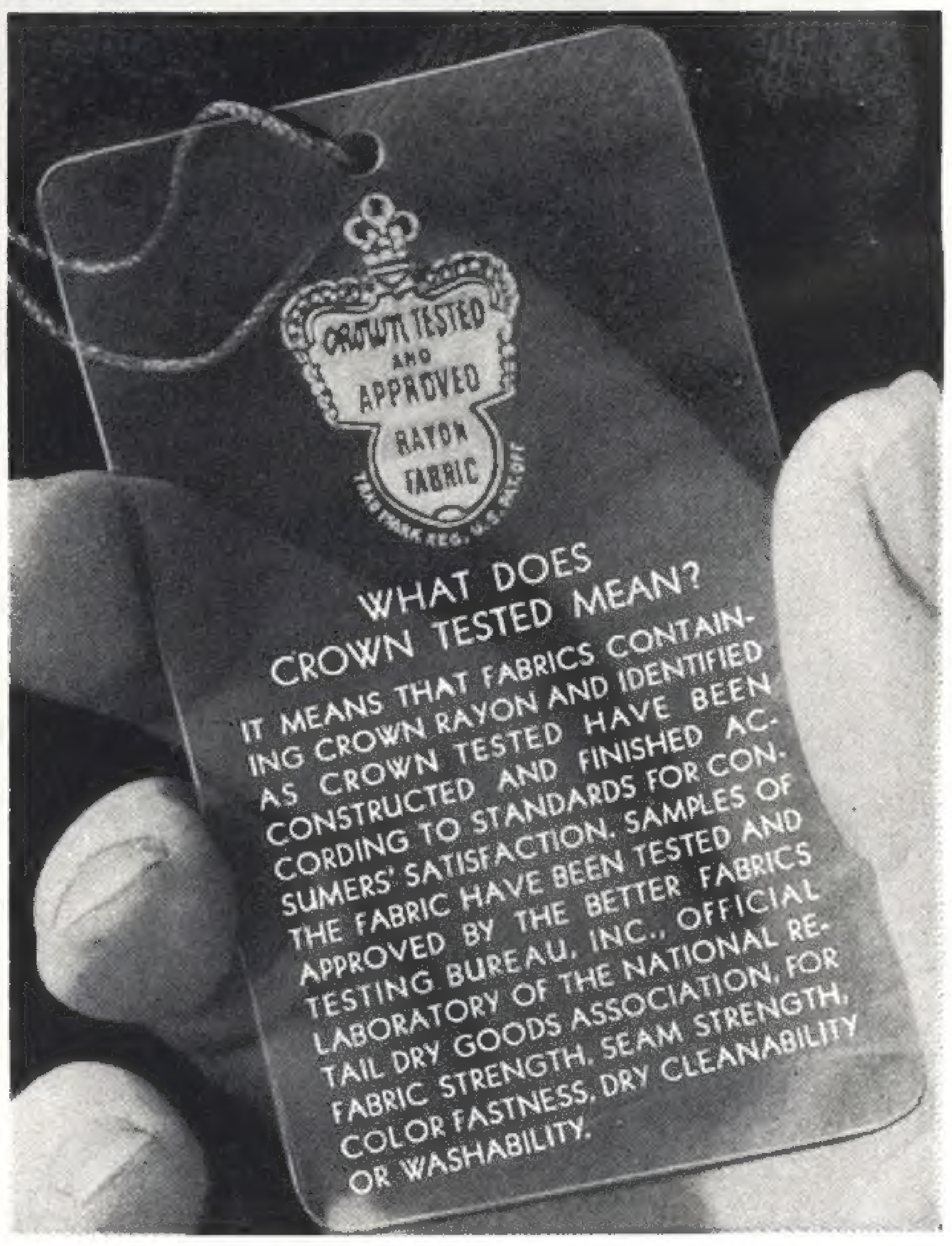

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*Publisher:* David A. Smart
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# Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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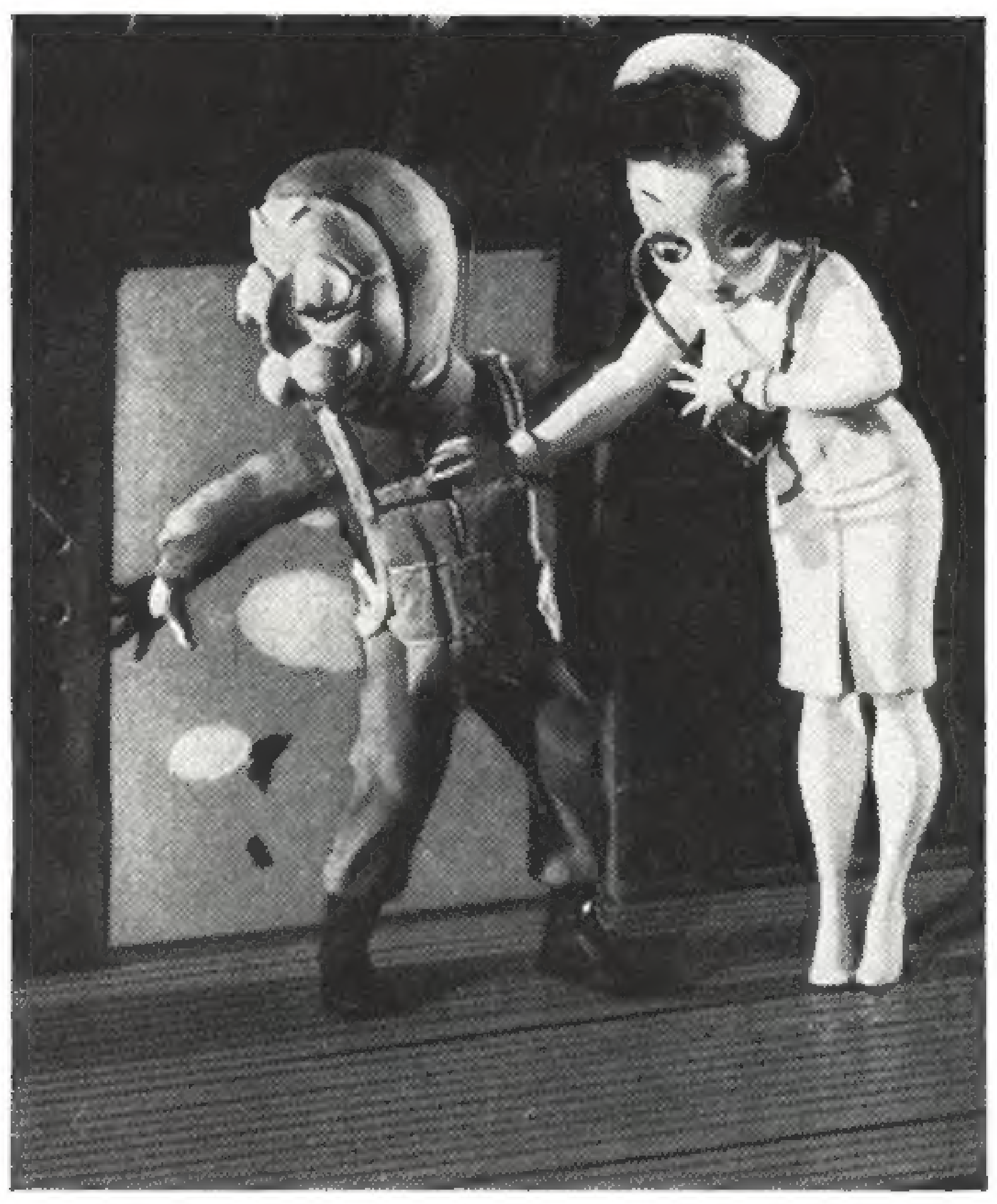

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ESQUIRE
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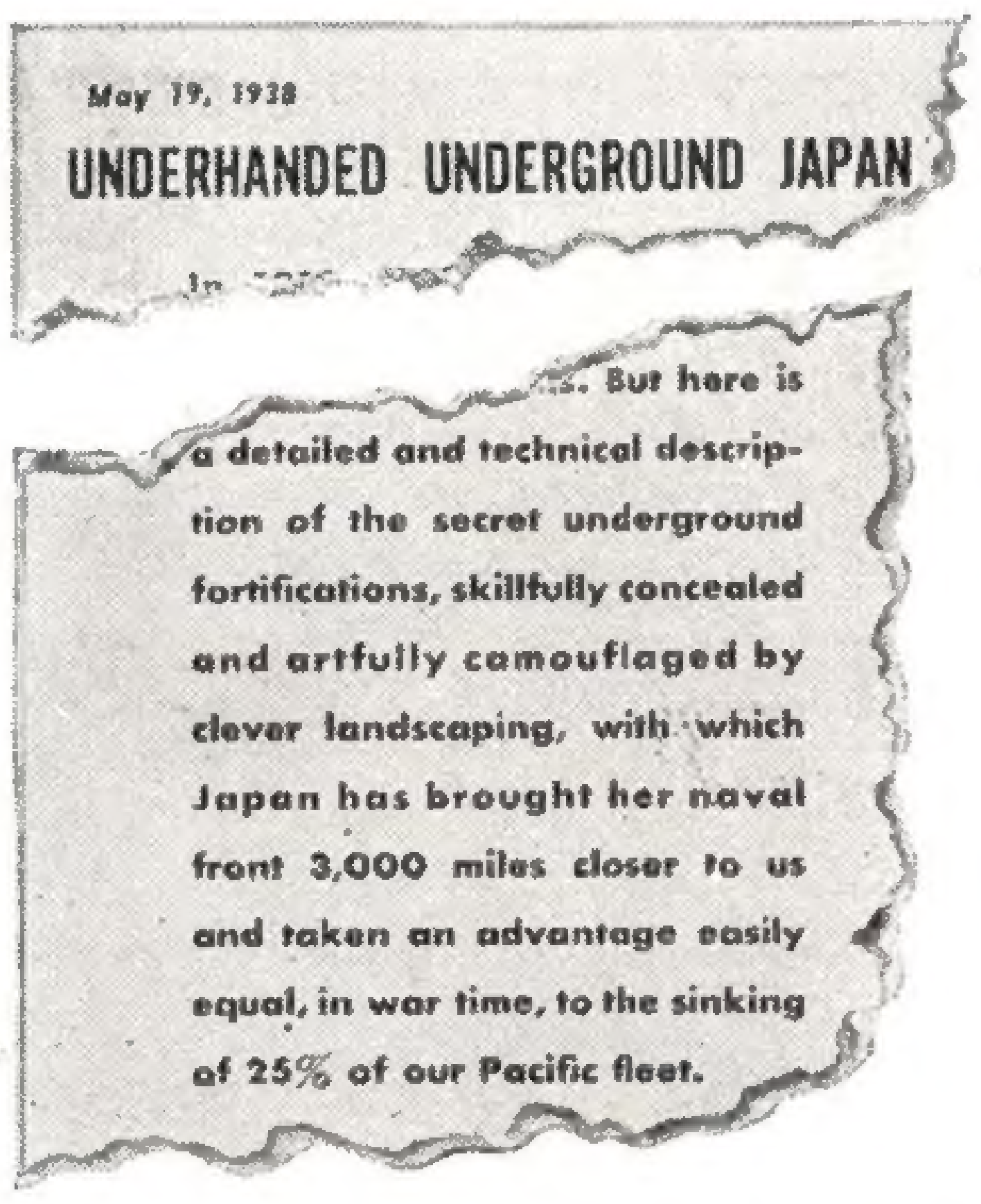
# EDITORIAL: About a magazine that said too much, too soon

**Three years and four days before** the Sunday dawn sneak attack by the Japs at Pearl Harbor, a certain American magazine said:

> "War with America is not a nebulous hypothesis to the Japanese people . . . Japan, smiling, fawning, obsequious—or vain, boastful and arrogant, as the occasion seems to demand—presents a figure in a high silk hat with a trench helmet underneath, and a frock coat with hand grenades concealed under the tails.
>
> "Japan has engaged in three major military adventures in modern times. Not once did she enter a formal declaration of war. Her favorite method is to attack an entirely unsuspecting port at night and accomplish her kill before the victim knows he has an enemy. If this happens to us there will be no excuse."

That same magazine cried warning, not once or twice but scores of times, against the machinations of "underhanded underground Japan." It exposed in exact and militarily comprehensible detail the nature of Japan's secret fortifications of the Mandated islands, pointing out that they brought Japan three thousand miles closer to us, an initial striking advantage "equal to the sinking of 25% of our Pacific fleet." It exposed, as early as April, 1938, and as late as August, 1939, the identity of dozens of Axis secret agents, with their names, their addresses, and even their photographs. It exposed with particular pertinacity the activities of the Japanese spies, on the West Coast, in Mexico and in the Canal Zone, where it directed the American authorities, by name and address, "to a Jap shirt shop that sells no shirts, a barefoot fisherman who was piped aboard Jap battleships like a high ranking officer, a down-at-heel barber before whom the Japanese consul daren't be seated, an employer who puts up his Jap 'laborers' at first class hotels" . . . and month after month it followed, and exposed, the fishless wonders of the Japanese fishing fleet.



May 19, 1938

UNDERHANDED UNDERGROUND JAPAN

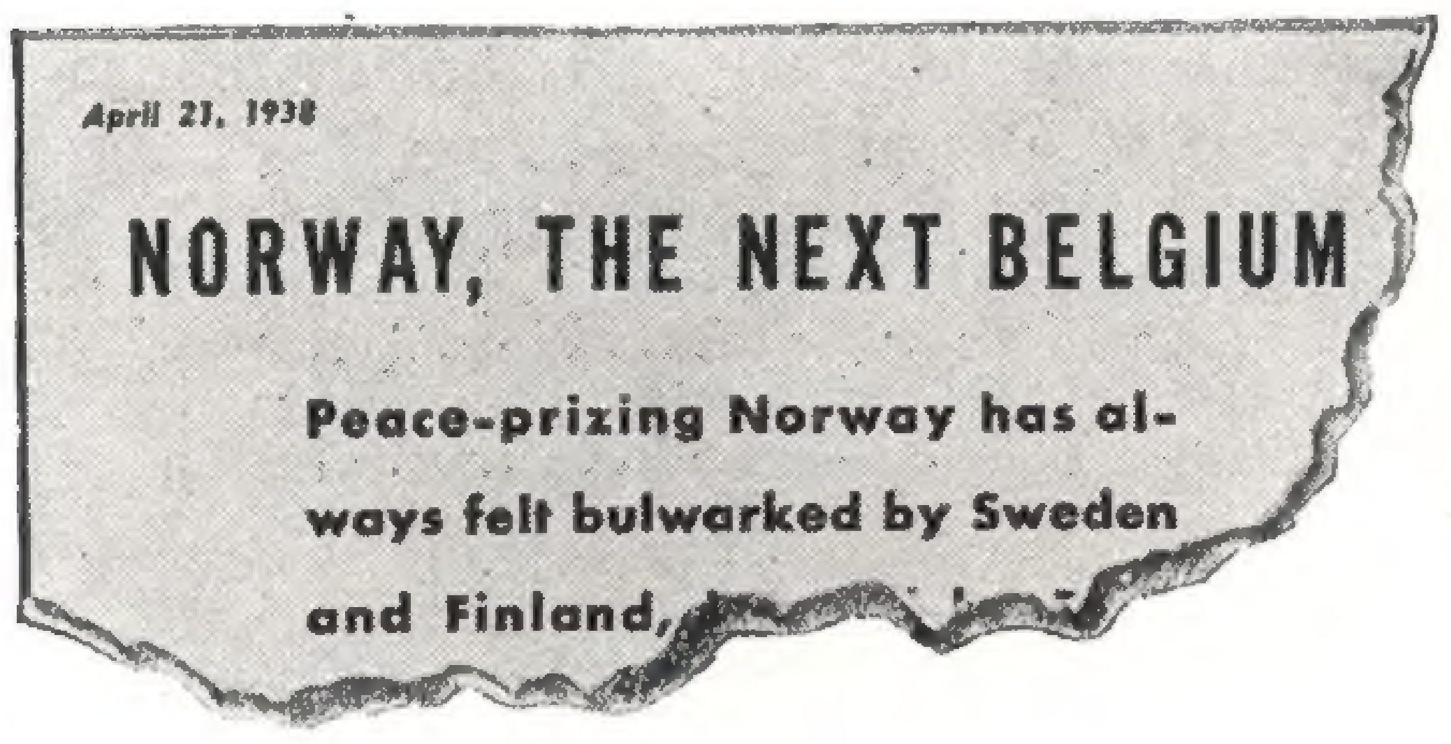
. But here is a detailed and technical description of the secret underground fortifications, skillfully concealed and artfully camouflaged by clever landscaping, with which Japan has brought her naval front 3,000 miles closer to us and taken an advantage easily equal, in war time, to the sinking of 25% of our Pacific fleet.

That magazine was taken very seriously by the F.B.I. and the American Naval Intelligence, particularly after a few experiences where, checking up on the information furnished by the magazine, the spies were caught just where it was said they would be, and caught red-handed.

But that magazine was not taken seriously at all by the many congressmen to whom were sent copies, **two years and eight months before** the attack on Pearl Harbor, of its pleading for the fortification of Guam.

Nor was that magazine ever taken seriously by the Chamberlain government in England. That government noticed it enough to ban it from England in the Spring of '38 and then presumably never noticed it again, even when a man named Winston Churchill wrote an article in its pages severely criticizing that same Chamberlain government, and warning that government, **one year and five months before** the London blitz, of the nature and necessity of the measures that would have to be taken to meet it, if not to forestall it.

That magazine drew the attention of its readers, **one year and five months beforehand,** to the Nazi fifth column set-up in Denmark and in Norway, stressing particularly, **seventeen months and nine days before** his name first hit the headlines of the world press, how Germany had "steadily and almost openly given encouragement and praise to Quisling, the cold tight lipped leader of the Norwegian nationalists."



April 21, 1938

NORWAY, THE NEXT BELGIUM

Peace-prizing Norway has always felt bulwarked by Sweden and Finland,

But nobody seemed to know who, or what, a Quisling was, at the end of 1938, and nobody seemed to care.

That magazine revealed, at a time when only Austria had been grabbed into the Nazi orbit, that there would be no interference with Hitler "until he makes all the independent states of central Europe vassals of a greater Germany." For instance, **five months and two days before** Munich, that magazine revealed the existence of the plan to divide up Czecho-Slovakia, giving small pieces to Poland and Hungary, which is precisely what was then and there done. And through three war scares before Munich that magazine insisted that there would be no war at that time, "that the bullies were going to get theirs without war." Then, right after Munich, that magazine said, **four months and twelve days beforehand,** "draw red circles around the Ides of March 1939." And on **that** day, you will remember, Hitler entered Prague!

Its readers were interested, sometimes entertained, sometimes amused, frequently angered. But advertisers, all but a very few, were frankly bored: "can't you find any subject more interesting to write about all the time than Hitler, Hitler, Hitler?"

But that magazine went on, calmly calling its shots, occasionally missing, too, but hitting with amazing accuracy and astonishing frequency.

**Nineteen months and nineteen days before** the fall of France, that magazine, grimly noting that France had fallen from the ranks of first class powers, said "shed a tear, in passing, over the Maginot Line."

Sometimes it missed in its predictions by as much as five or six months. For instance, ten months to the day before they actually went to war, it said that England and Germany would be at war in five months. And twenty months to the day before the Germans attacked Russia, it said that they would do so in 1940. Actually they did not until June 21, 1941.

Sometimes it called its shots very close, as when, but one week beforehand, it named the very day of Italy's next "surprise," the move into Albania.

But most of all it talked about Hitler, his armies, his agents, his sympathizers, his "tourists" and his colonists, all over the world. For instance, it made a great noise over the fact that Hungary was his, "wrapped up and waiting, his at the beck of a push button," **two years and three months before** that became apparent.

But Hitler, at that time, was a subject that advertisers and business men generally seemed to care less and less to hear about. They thought that magazine was "playing him up too much."

Yet other editors were not bored by that magazine. Some of them were skeptical, some were piqued; just one, the editor of a news magazine, was frankly envious. "How," he wanted to know one night at '21, "do you dig up these guys who dig up all that dope? We have a hell of a time getting things straight weeks after they happen—how do these babies get them straight before they happen."

The answer was that those men who were writing all those things for an as yet unawakened public, cared about them so deeply, felt about them so intensely, that they made it a passion, rather than a mere chore, to find out about them, to see them through and think them through, because they believed that, then and now, there was nothing more important in the world.

Some of those men, who worked on and for that magazine in relative obscurity in those days before the great awakening, have since become well known. But at that time, when nobody had ever heard of them outside the circles of their craft, nobody paid as much attention to what they had to say. Among that magazine's "unknowns" were such later-recognizable names as Leland Stowe, Cecil Brown, Jan Valtin, and Raymond Gram Swing.

That magazine was not the least bit modest about its predictions. Every time one of them was fulfilled it shouted about it, to the tune of "we told you so," in the Biblical manner, from the housetops. With the result that those people who had theretofore been only passively bored with it thereupon became actively annoyed at it.

April 6, 1939

Must we appease Japan?

TO WAKE
1508 MILES
GUAM, L.I.
LAT. 13° 27' N
LONG. 144° 39' E
TO MANILA
1589 MILES

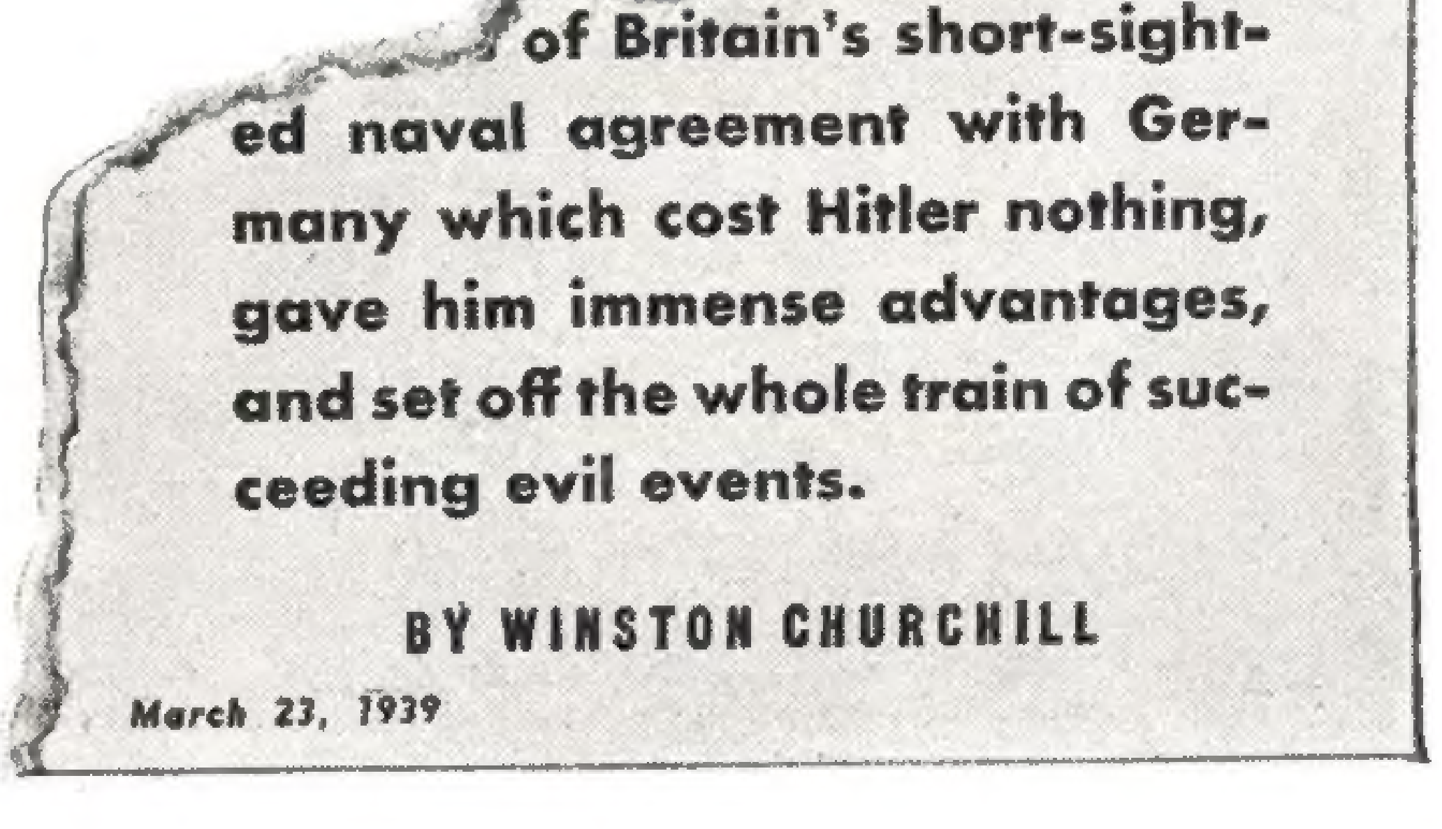
Sometimes that magazine appeared, at the time, to be wrong, only to be proved right at a much later date. And on one notable occasion it appeared to be badly tangled up in a web of its own apparently contradictory predictions. It took an unmerciful amount of kidding from its readers at that time, for it had apparently predicted that something both would and wouldn't happen!

It was about Russia, of which that magazine said, on October 20, 1938, **ten months and one week before** the Russo-German pact, and **twenty months and one day before** the German attack on Russia, that "fantastic as it seemed," Russia and Germany would get together as soon as Stalin became convinced that it would be useless to rely on the Democracies for security, but it also, and on the same page, said that Russia's ultimate move would be to "shift her axis finally into line with that of the Democracies."

"Well, make up your minds," jeered the writers of letters to the editors. And in the more than three years that have passed since then, it occurred to only one long-memoried reader to write in again to the publishers of that magazine, since defunct, to acknowledge at this late date that he, who had booed loudly at the time, had to cheer now. "But how," he asked, "even if I thought that magazine was clear sighted in seeing ahead, was I to have guessed that it could even see around corners?"

That magazine, as we have intimated, no longer exists, except in the memories of some of those who read it and all of those who worked on it. We have often wanted to talk about it, as we have watched events keep on catching up with it even after its demise. But we have always resisted the temptation to point to it. Still, since that is the only possible satisfaction we may ever get out of it, perhaps it will be pardoned now.

That magazine was called—well, it was called so many things, by the passionately partizan citizens of these then Disunited States—it was called alarmistic, fascistic, communistic, pacifistic, militaristic—it was called such a variety of names, from such an assortment of viewpoints, that it is perhaps best not to go into that, even now. Or especially now. Suffice it to say of that magazine, at this late date, that it was at least in refreshing contrast to most manifestations of democratic action in recent years, for which the term has so often been "too little and too late." For that magazine's best fitting epitaph is that it was "too much, and too soon." Let it rest, wistfully perhaps, but at any rate silently, if not peacefully, beneath it.



, however, of Britain's short-sighted naval agreement with Germany which cost Hitler nothing, gave him immense advantages, and set off the whole train of succeeding evil events.

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

March 23, 1939

The Newspaper of
FIRST Importance in the
Important Chicago
Market
CAGO DAILY NEWS
SH ENEMY IN LIBYA

# "IT HAS NOT HESITATED"

*From a recent citation*

WHAT is the most thoroughly read and closely followed newspaper in Chicago?

It is the one which years ago was the *first* newspaper in America to establish its own world-wide news gathering staff. And the one today whose recognition for incomparably brilliant and authentic foreign news reporting is as world-wide as its world-wide service.

Last year this newspaper—The Chicago Daily News—was cited for its high excellence by the University of Missouri's School of Journalism, oldest and most distinguished school of journalism in the United States. The citation, in part, stated:

"... The Daily News has become a newspaper of great national and international importance ... and it has not hesitated to inform its readers of the actual swift drift of the world's changing history, however disagreeable this may be.

"To The Chicago Daily News, an outstanding national American newspaper with a notable foreign service which has given in the recent times a true, complete and colorful picture of the heroic fight of democracies against aggression, we offer this medal."

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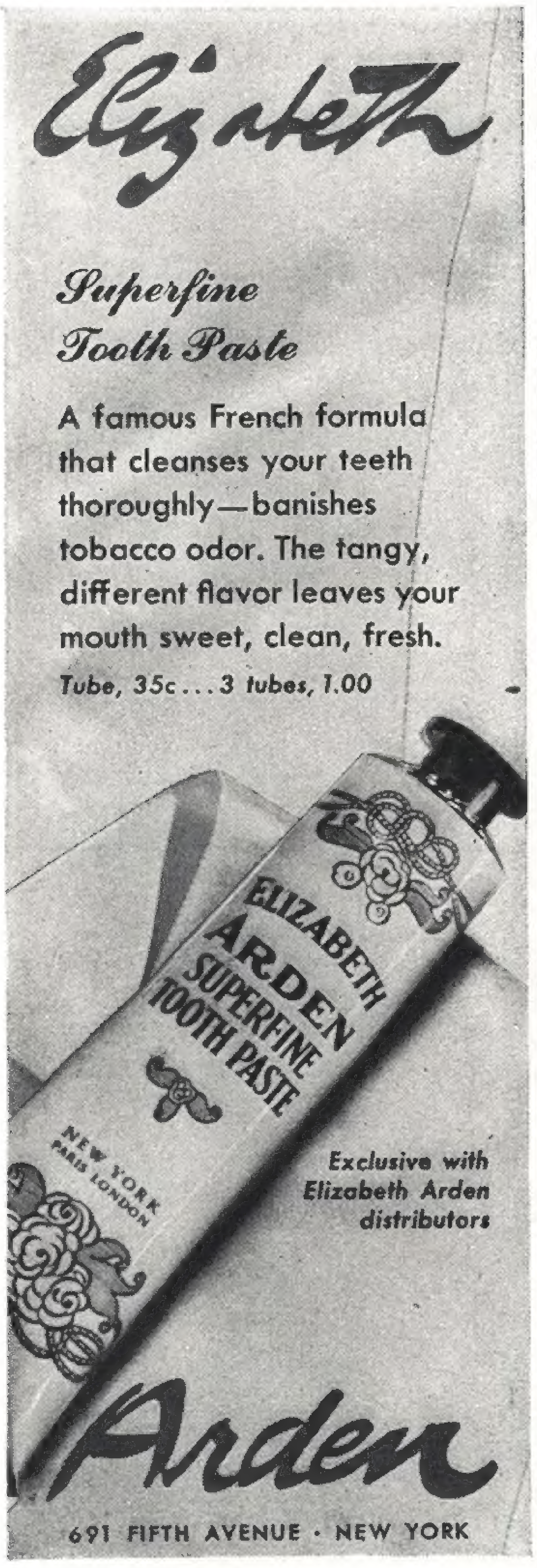
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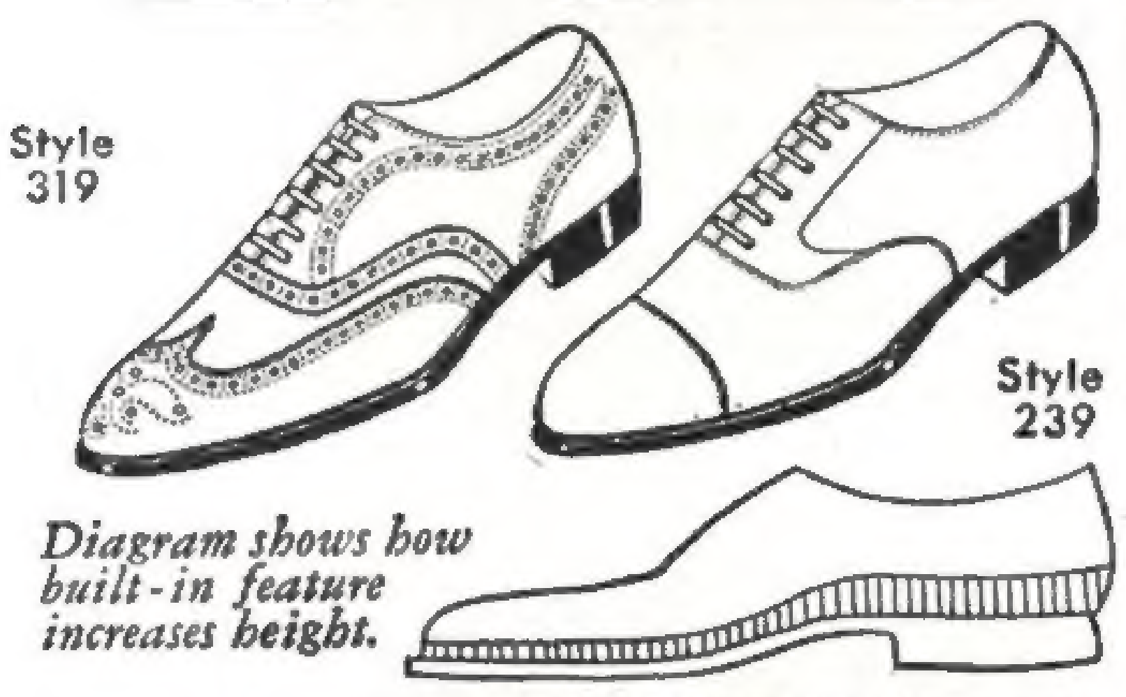
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# Talking Shop with Esquire

**POKER PARTY.** This hasn't to do with fireworks, but with fireplaces. And it should be an ace in the hole as far as conversation-making is concerned. In one sense of the word, it's a poker, but with the difference that it's almost five feet long. Keeps you from slow burns while you adjust logs. Another feature lies in the fact that its smooth metal length is hollow; when you want to stir up a lively blaze from a fire that has almost died down, you blow your hot breath down the tube onto an ember surrounded by a few loosely rolled newspapers, and the deed is done.

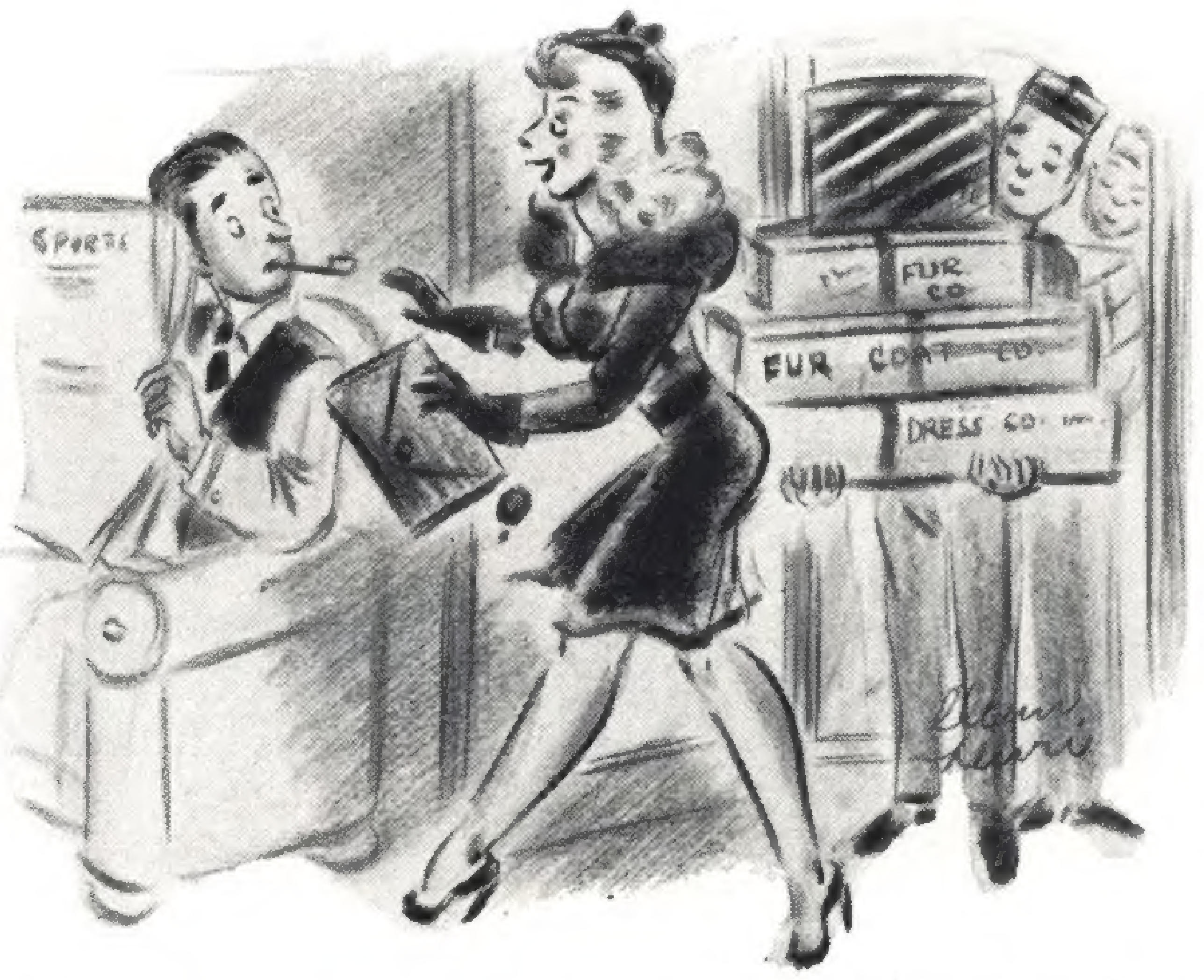
**WATCH YOUR GOLF.** Probably the easiest way we've seen yet to keep a golf score involves what looks very like a wristwatch. Its figures, however, add up your shots instead of the hours. The face, consisting almost entirely of chrome-finished metal, has two small "windows" in it that register one- or two-figured numbers. What would ordinarily be the stem wind on a watch is the means of indicating what the score is; two small pins on the face can be twisted to erase the slate as you proceed to the nineteenth hole. Saves you the trouble and temper of fishing for score pad and pencil when the time comes to add up the bad news. Has a rugged leather strap.

**CHURCHILL STYLE NOTE.** One of the blackout fashions Winston Churchill introduced on his arrival in the United States was an entirely contemporary walking stick. Its timeliness consisted of its being adorned with a practical flashlight near the curved top. It's being made on this side now, conservatively designed in ebony-finished wood, the chrome-finished pencil-length flashlight being firmly affixed to the cane *à la* Churchill's with leather. The flashlight, a large cell battery type, can be removed if you wish and attached to your pocket by its clip. Even lacking a grimmer necessity for it, it's useful for nocturnal strolls or for summoning taxicabs.

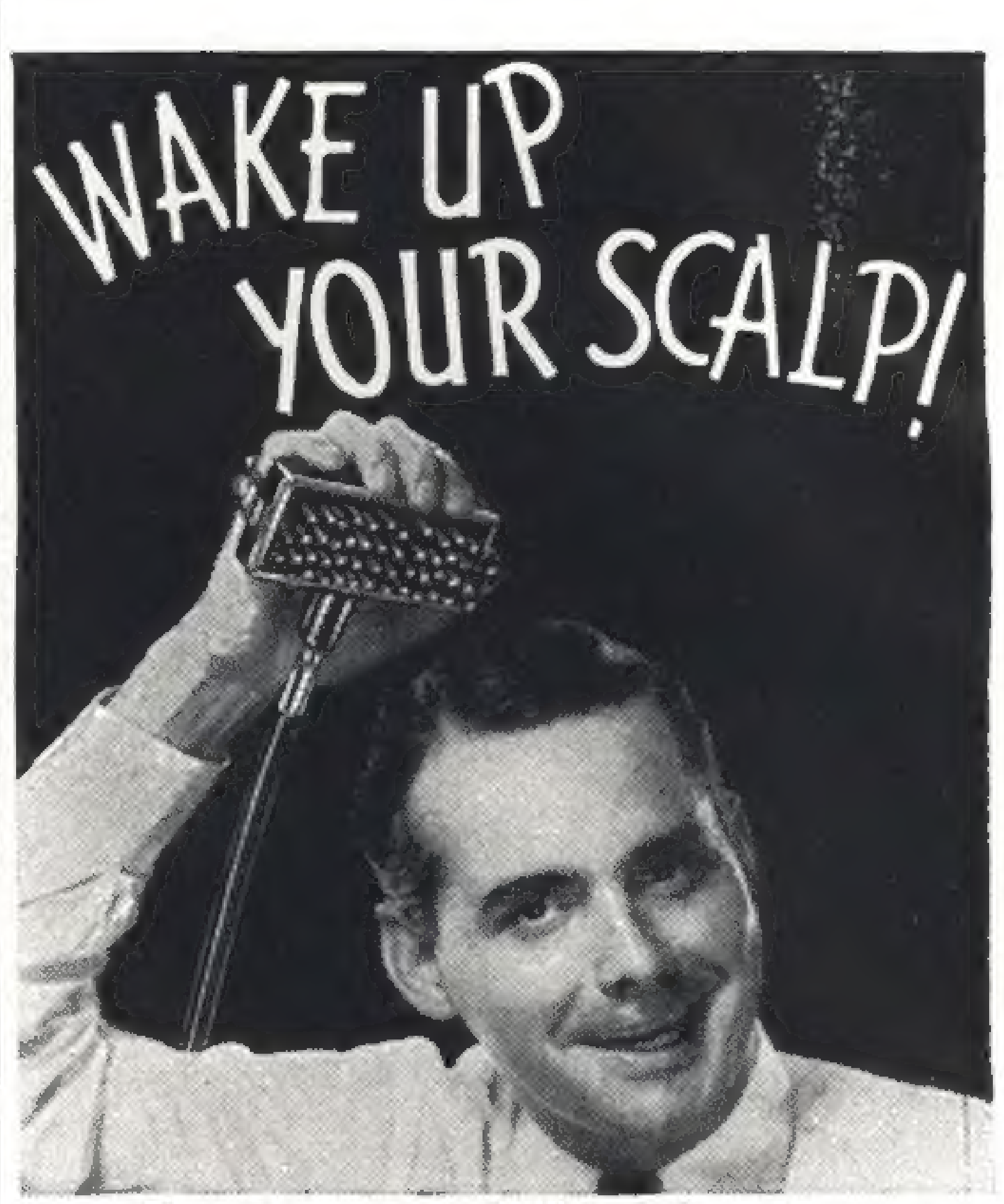
**TRIPLE VISION.** Setting out to describe one of the newest photograph albums on the market is a complicated task, but we'll try. Its ingenuity practically tongue-ties us. This well-proportioned album has nine pages, each of which has space for sixty-three 2¾ x 3½ snapshots. This feat is possible because each page sports three little extra pages of its own, which gives you a lot of space to cover. The book, when open at any page, affords considerable visibility, so that none of the auxiliary pages is completely concealed. Picture-locating is therefore fairly simple. The book closes up neatly without bulkiness, in spite of the complexity of the design. Leatherette covered, and we hope you have been able to follow us.

*Ranger*

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*



*"Hello, darling, remember the fight we had this morning—well, I'm not mad any more"*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THE KEYS of the KINGDOM
CRONIN
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
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JAN VALTIN
ALLIANCE
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS
Ernest Hemingway
Scribners
John P. Marquand
H.M. PULHAM ESQUIRE
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
Sapphira and the slave girl
WILLA CATHER
MY NAME IS ARAM
DUAL SELECTION (TWO BOOKS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE)
BLOOD SWEAT and TEARS
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
PUTNAM
INSIDE LATIN AMERICA
JOHN GUNTHER
Harpers
YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS
Ybarra
WASHBURN
DUAL SELECTION (TWO BOOKS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE)
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1865 - 1915
Van Wyck Brooks
DUTTON
WERFEL
Embezzled Heaven
THE VIKING PRESS
KABLOONA
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REVEILLE IN Washington
LEECH
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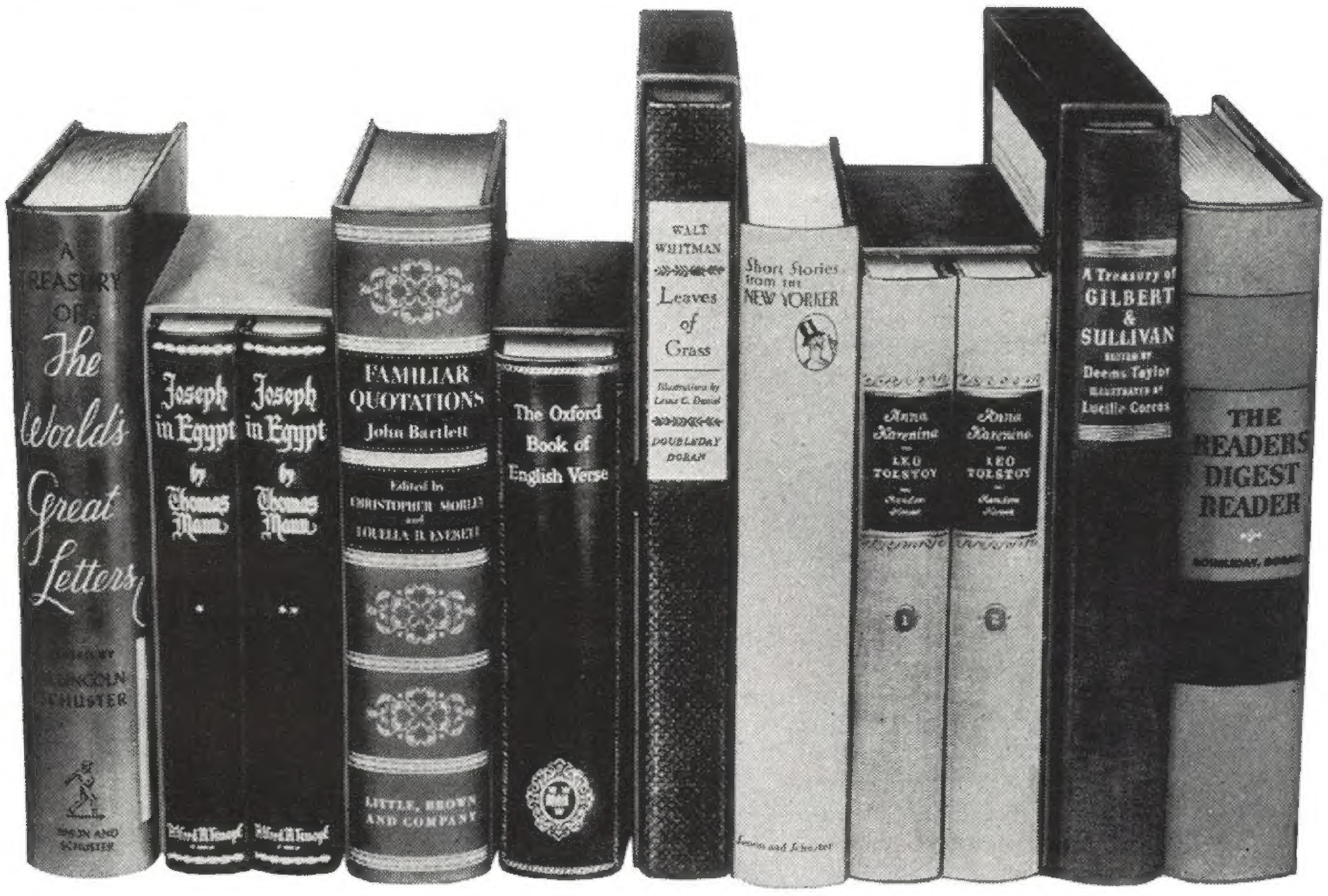
For *every two* you did buy, you could have received *one* of these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Edited by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY and LOUELLA D. EVERETT
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
The Oxford Book of English Verse
WALT WHITMAN
Leaves of Grass
DOUBLEDAY DORAN
Short Stories from the NEW YORKER
Simon and Schuster
Anna Karenina
LEO TOLSTOY
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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### NOTES ON LIFE AND LOVE AND LYNN

Have just finished reading Lynn Perry's letter in the Sound & the Fury, January issue. Why, may I ask, does Esquire take such sadistic pleasure in extolling the ignorance and simplicity of the female sex. That letter of Miss Perry's is an abject example. Esquire should have hidden the letter and not printed it. Miss Perry has shown all the male readers of Esquire that she does not know how to read. She has taken Esquire as a literal translation of modern society. It is a pity that Larry is so weak, that he hasn't taken his beloved Miss Perry over his knee, and administered some practical education. Women are dreamers, men know that, and some men know how to deal with the situation. Women are also fools, some men can handle that dilemma, too. Nevertheless, since Larry has shown himself helpless, I will endeavor to show Miss Lynn Perry the error of her ways.

Miss Perry professes an attraction for "dashingly attractive men about town." She imagines that they are gentlemen, Gods, and whatnot. They are not. They are men who act like gentlemen, Gods and whatnot. Any man can act like one of these when the occasion arises, but that will not make a gentleman out of him. Only those men who respect a woman can ever be termed "Gentlemen." Knowing how to wear clothes, or being in a position to squander money, does not make a man a gentleman. No matter what position a person has in life, his knowing how to respect the rights of others will mark him as a gentleman. Did it ever strike the "mind" of Miss Perry *why* a "man about town" would take her out. Poor farmer's daughter! so naive and innocent. I must laugh at a girl who presumably loved a man of character, ideals and practicability, and now thinks she can become "high society" by learning to walk and act like a "lady."

Let Miss Perry consider that the mountain peak rests on its base and not "vice versa." Her Larry is a real man; not one of the fictitious gentlemen long extolled by Esquire. Larry probably has a real sunburn and not a night-club pallor. He probably has real friends and not a headwaiter among them. Remember that when you are unable to reimburse the headwaiter to his satisfaction, you no longer get a ringside seat.

Please, Miss Perry, marry your Larry and become a benefit to the United States; rather than pursuing your "Esquirish" dream life and becoming a boon to some "mistress seeking" male.

Morris M. Minkus, Jr.
Coral Gables, Fla.

### GEHMAN VS. GERK!

I went up to see my uncle and aunt, aged twenty-nine and twenty-nine, respectively, named Ray and Mary, respectively, and the first thing they said was "You look like yesterday's lettuce."

"With good reason," I said. "Thank you for the Esquire subscription. That's what I'm mad about."

"You're mad because we gave you Esky?" asked Ray. "Are you drunk?"

"I'm not mad about Esky, I'm mad about that Gingrich," I said.

"Have a beer," Mary said.

I had a beer.

"Which Gingrich do you mean?" Ray asked. "I know a Gingrich in Lancaster, Penn. He's an insurance man."

"Not that one," I said.

"Have another beer," Mary said.

I had another beer.

"Which Gingrich do you mean?" Ray asked.

"Arnold. Arnold, as in Benedict same, Matthew same, and so on. Arnold Gingrich, editor of Esquire, author of *Cast Down the Laurel* and something else in preparation. Or maybe he's finished. Who cares?"

"What did he do?" Ray asked.

"He fired Donald Hough," I said.

"Who is Donald Hough?" Mary asked, getting out of her amber rut.

"You remember. In C—'s, The National Weekly. Stories about Hade and the bedroll. Donald Hough. Might be some relation to Emerson same, he of —all right. Donald Hough."

"You mean he fired him?" Ray asked.

"Have a cigar," I said.

"Gingrich is a gerk," Ray said.

"Take a second chorus on that," I said.

"Let us write and give Gingrich hell," Ray said.

"The hell with that," said Mary. "Let's all have another beer."

We all had another beer.

Lancaster, Pa. Richard B. Gehman

### POSTE & RIPOSTE

#### I

I have faithfully followed Sergeant Smoot from the first through the January issue. I have gotten quite a kick out of him. Now, I have a kick of my own to make. Saying that—and I quote—". . . if I even hear ye singin' at your wurrk I'll have ye court-martialled for violatin' the Thirty-ninth article o' war, which states that ye kin be hung for anything I kin think up to accuse ye of." is the last Straw.

In my opinion, the 96th Article of War might apply—certainly not the 39th. It (the 39th) has to do with the amount of time within which a person subject to military law must be tried by court-martial after having committed an offense.

If, after a bit of research, you do not concur with my opinion, I challenge you to prove your point!

Yours,
Corporal Harold Simmons
Chanute Field, Illinois

#### II

Looks like you've got me there, pal. The editors of Esquire have forwarded your letter calling attention to a mistake in the Sergeant Smoot series. Of course I could play dirty and say it was a typographical error which transposed the Ninety-Sixth Article of War into the Thirty-Ninth, or I could make believe I mean it that way in order to add to the humorousness of the incident. But, like the father of our country, I am incapable of perpetrating a falsehood.

Boners are bound to occur. But from now on I'll be watching my technical details more closely. I'll say to myself, 'Careful, boy—remember, Corporal Harold Simmons has his eagle eye on you, just waiting for you to call a major a brigade commander.'

Anyway, thanks for your letter, and thanks for following the stories in Esquire.

Palo Alto, Calif. Louis Paul

### THE EMBRYO OF SOMETHING EPIC

I've been toying for some time with the notion of an epic poem. The subject is one which deeply moves me—and the opus begins:

As for Gilbert Seldes
Who the hell does
He think he is!
(Oh, shut up, Dorothy!)

Dorothy Morrissey
Los Angeles, Calif.

### LOUIS PAUL LANDS FIRST

I'm not smart enough to come up to the waggishness of the Esquire readers given hearings in Sound and Fury. This is just a plain letter from me to you, bringing sincere thanks for the straight-from-Georgia satire, *You're in the Army Now*, by Louis Paul.

My husband and I read the story together and, between loud guffaws, we groaned because we hadn't had sense enough to beat Mr. Paul to the draw.

Our brother, who is in England with the Canadian Army and who has tried repeatedly to break into Esquire with Georgia sharecropper stories, has been sent *You're in the Army Now*, to remind him of his Georgia raisin' and the good old red clay farm and the tarred farm hands he used to rassle with before the War sent him to furrin lands. We know he will groan, too, because he didn't have the gumption to cash in on a fellow's being just plain tarred.

Thank you again for the good laughs you give us in every issue of Esquire.

Sincerely,
Ellen Rambo Cowart
Arlington, Ga.

### OR MAYBE CUPID IS A HYPNOTIST

This may, at a first glance, offend Esquire's ardent feminists. They are, therefore, asked to apply a little logic before reaching a conclusion. Also, they should read Fred C. Kelly's *Cupid Is a Hypocrite*, in January issue.

The happiest women are inferior to their husbands. This is no reflection on the wit woman. It is, rather, a compliment. They are successful women, for they have attained a matrimonial relationship that is precisely what they wanted.

The sex game—since the dawn of civilization, as a matrimonial game—is not a man's game.

Man has many games, reaping, sowing, building, exploring, hunting, winning renown among his fellows. Love is his relaxation after the important business of life is finished for the day.

When man falls in love he is unassisted by his practical common sense. He falls in love with a comely face, a succulent curve, a tricksy dimple, a laugh, a curl. He desires woman for her own sake—a woman he can enjoy, and pet and care for; a woman who will lean upon him.

He does not ask himself whether she is lower or higher than himself. He thinks she is higher in purity, gentleness and beauty, and other standards do not matter.

The prince may love a peasant maid; it is not in the nature of a princess to love a peasant. The woman looks up for a mate.

Whether she is a countess or a scullery maid, her dream is to find a mate more worthy than herself; a superior man to admire, to respect, to trust, almost to worship.

In short, she desires her epitome, her superior. If her arts and all her wiles enable her to be captured by her superior, she is thereafter content.

She has won in woman's greatest game!

If she marries her inferior, contempt for him overcomes her every effort to be content. There isn't a happy woman in America who looks down on her mate.

Why are there so many divorces? Why are there so many unhappy marriages?

There are many reasons, perhaps. One usually overlooked, is that women have developed greatly (or wasn't Eve a mere tyro at romance?) and it is therefore increasingly difficult for them to acquire a mate sufficiently superior to afford them happiness.

I, too, am a neophyte at this game of romance, but Mr. Kelly's armchair elongation on the subject stands to sound reasoning, and gives me food for hope.

Very truly yours,
Greenville, S. C. Wes W. Morgan

### ESQUIRE IS IN THE MIDDLE

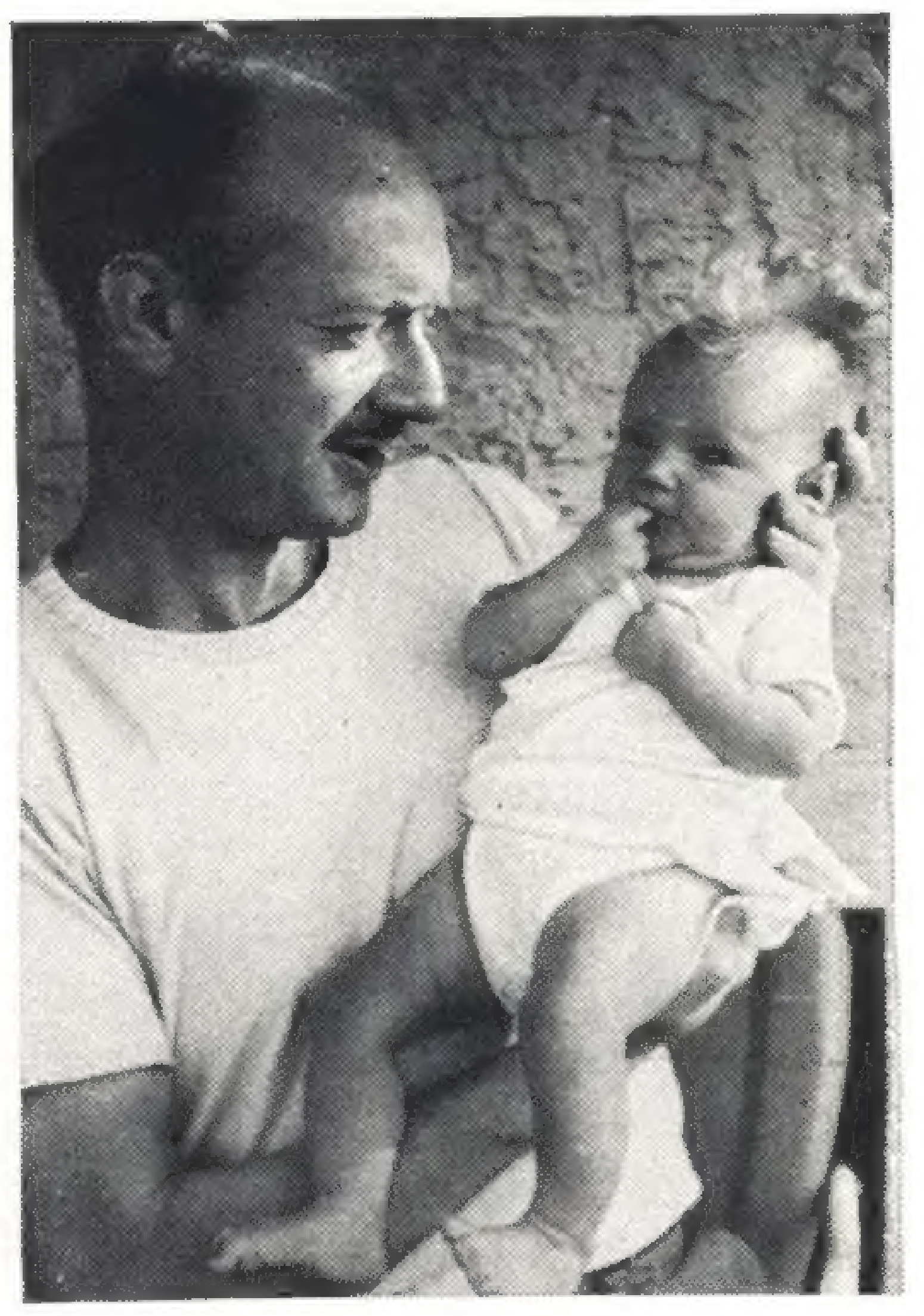
You don't get me for a subscriber because you are no longer consistently good enough. Perhaps you hope to reform, but I am not very confident. Of late—the last year or so—your content, especially the fiction, has seemed inferior to the earlier stuff. The magazine does not contain the airy, smoothly written junk that other slick-paper magazines do. You abhor this. So do I, in a way. Your fiction still does not push STORY's stuff for honors. You may be sorry about this. In between there is a middle ground that is getting pretty unexciting. You keep up a steady chanting about your cartoons. It would be better if you let them sell themselves, as, it seems to me, you used to do. The work of Varga is off-key in many ways, principally in its unhappy resemblance to the color-work of circus posters. I remember you once surveyed your readers and arrived at a composite being who, though non-existent, represented a rather intelligent type. You insult this creature with the all out campaign of the color stuff of Varga. Why don't you scrap the literary element of the magazine and put out a pictorial volume every month, with the same amount of advertising?

Furthermore, if you wish to circularize me further, please take note that I am a man, and spell my name properly—and the name of the street I live on. It is named for one of the Spanish Governors of California. I would rather, of course, that you let up on me altogether.

Yours sincerely,
Francis Hutchinson
Redwood City, Calif.

### ONCLE RAFE'S NEWEST KIN

Enclosed, or attached rather, is a shot of my newest responsibility, Miss Wendy Ann Webb. She is the main reason I am not getting much work done these days. Just how she is related to Uncle Rafe I don't pretend to know, but there must be some kinship between them. Ugly rumors are flying about that she's already a damn sight smarter than her old man. I refuse to concede this point although I will admit she's a little prettier. However, this is only because she has more hair than I have.



Sincerely,
New Canaan, Conn. Paul Webb

310
JOHN FALTER

A brief conversation with a man going places

**US:** Sir, we don't know where you're bound, but we presume that sometime in the course of the evening, you'll have a drink.

**MAN:** Yes, I probably will.

**US:** Then we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

**MAN:** Come to think of it, I don't believe I have.

**US:** Then we'd like to urge you to try it tonight. Because until you taste *today's* Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this superlative whiskey. In fact, we're certain you'll agree that *today's* Four Roses is better by far than any other whiskey you've ever tasted.

**MAN:** That's a rather broad statement.

**US:** We're aware of that. But, we've been making fine whiskies for 77 years. And we sincerely believe that in all that time no whiskey we have ever made or known could match the flavor-rich magnificence of *today's* Four Roses. You'll find this superb whiskey practically everywhere you go. Won't you try it?

**MAN:** I most certainly will.

**US:** Thank you, sir. And a pleasant evening to you!

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.*

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**

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# Talking Shop with Esquire

**EMERGENCY MEASURE.** Blackouts, or preparations for blackouts, have brought about some interesting contradictions in merchandise. Or, when is a flashlight not a flashlight? In this case, when it gives with a diffused blue glow instead of a telltale beam of light. This enables you to see your way around without being unduly conspicuous. It's a pocket model, using standard batteries, and it's made of satin chromium steel.

**BLACKOUT BAG.** It's not possible for us to know what your own particular problem is in the present conflict, but here's a blackout handbag for your lady that incorporates a useful idea, blitz or no blitz. This feature is simply an easy-to-get-at side pocket, divided into two sections. One contains a small flashlight, the other a pocket-sized first aid kit. There's room also for other air-raid pertinences. Comes in felt in a variety of colors.

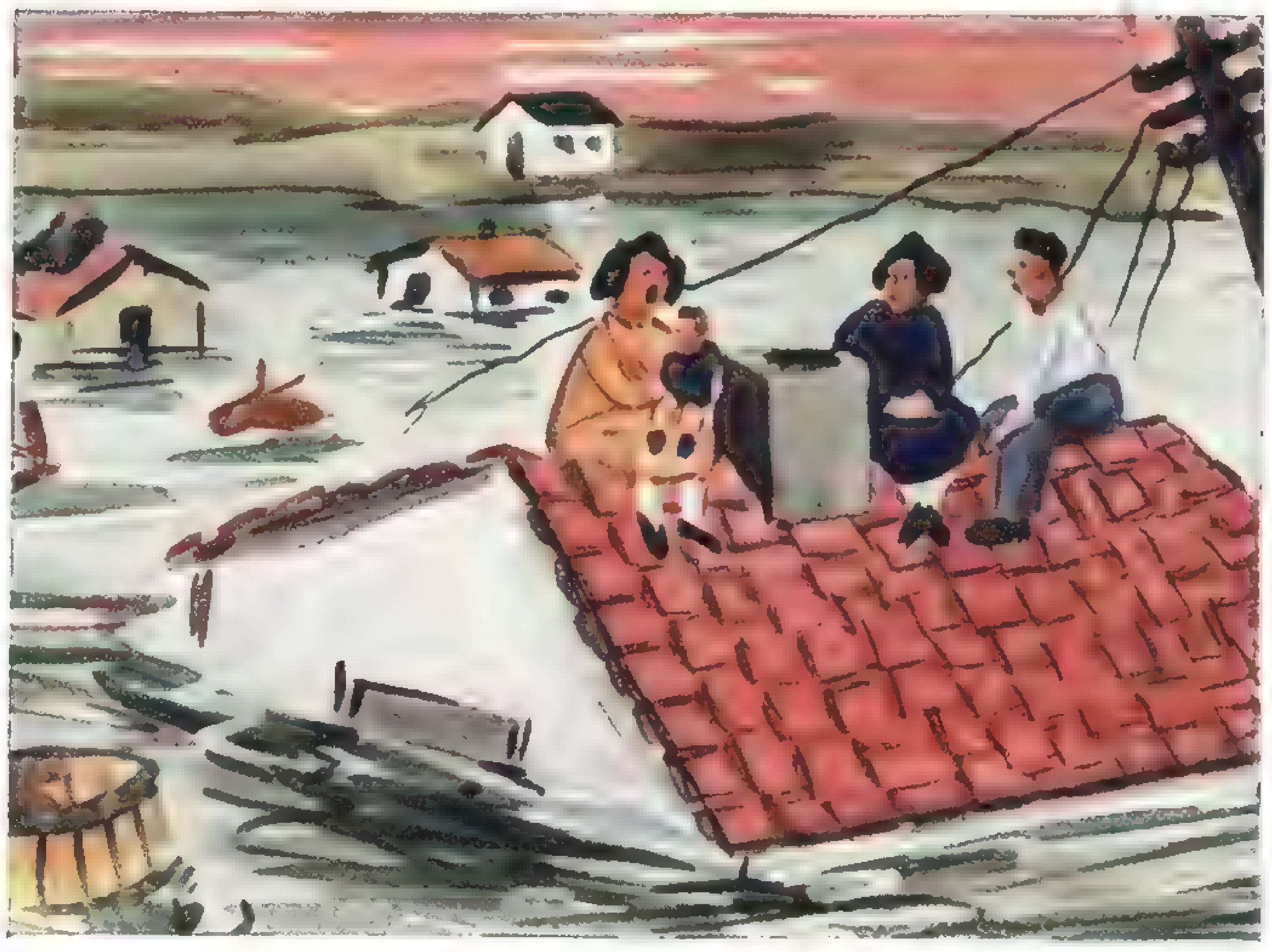
**BLACKOUT PIN.** And one more for the war; this, too, for the ladies. The good old reliable lapel pin begins to show its practical side when it shows a light in the dark. This one, appropriately enough, is a lamp pin, and quite a sight to see. Its two "lamps" are supported by an ornate rhinestone-studded gold metal base. There's even a street marker at the bottom, reading "Hollywood Blv'd," which should be enough for any gal, no matter where she may be.

**TURKEY EVERY DAY.** No reason why turkey, that magnificent eatin' bird, should come into his own on only two days of the year. With information about a Middle West turkey farm on hand, you can keep your larder supplied with gobbler in glass, as fine food as you've ever discovered on a Thanksgiving board. There's no carving for you to have to be involved with, because the meat is packed without the bulky benefit of carcass. The same farm will provide you with super turkey noodle soup in jars, and also with turkey sandwich spread that has an inimitable flavor.

**SMALL SIZES.** We can hardly forbear from passing along to you as soon as possible the news of a new line of small children's clothes designed after artist William Steig's Small Fry. The drawings that inspired them bear such Steig-ish titles as *O.P.M., Panzer Division, Farmer's Daughter,* and *Glamour Girl,* and the clothes themselves fall in line with these timely titles by being functional, durable, and calculated to make active youngsters as attractive as possible. They run the gamut from sturdy slack suits to come-hither frills for the debutante of 1956.

*Ranger*

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*



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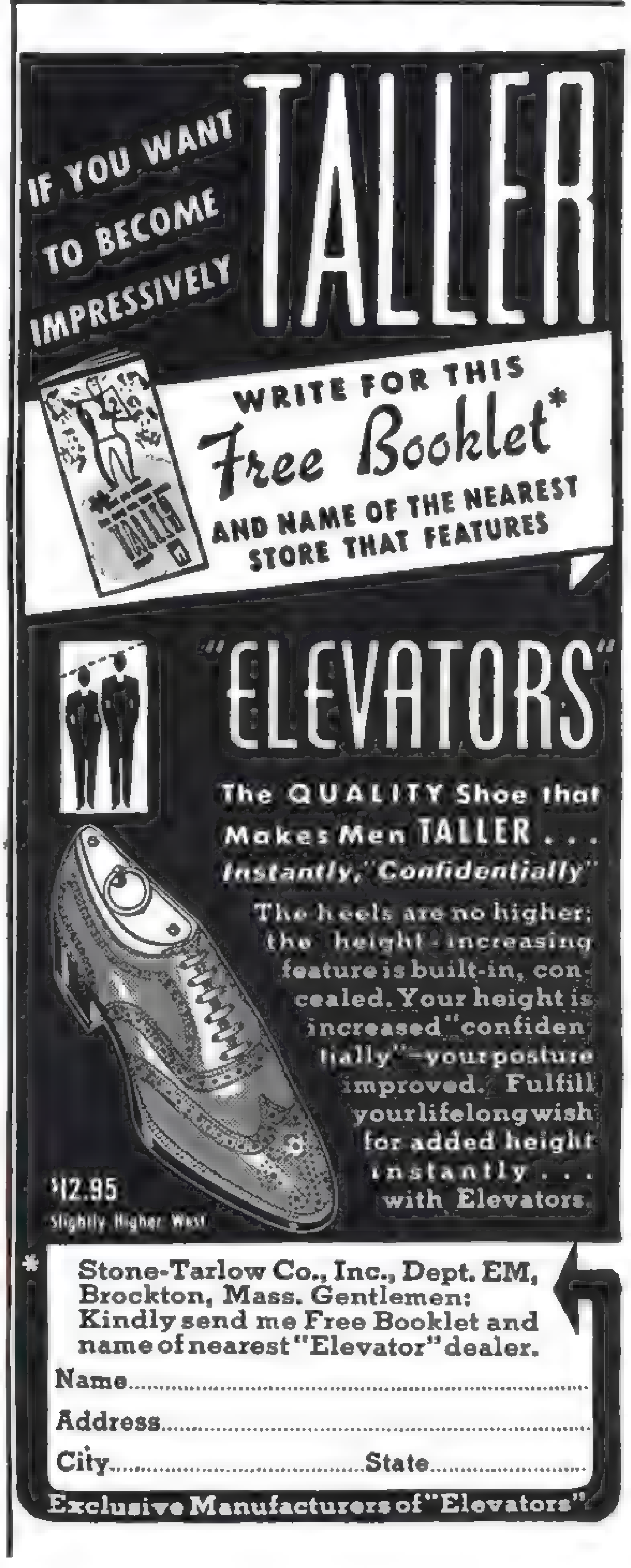

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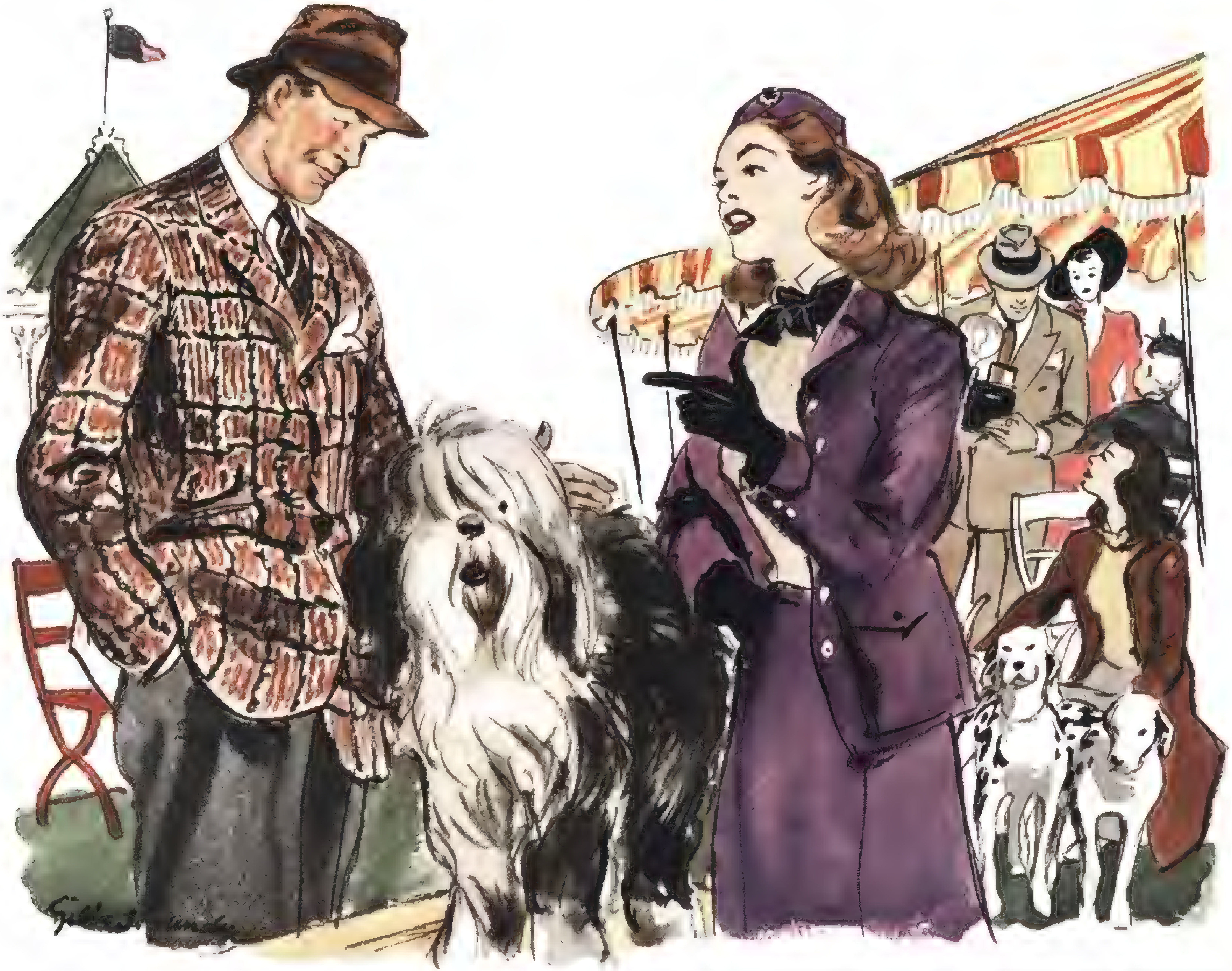
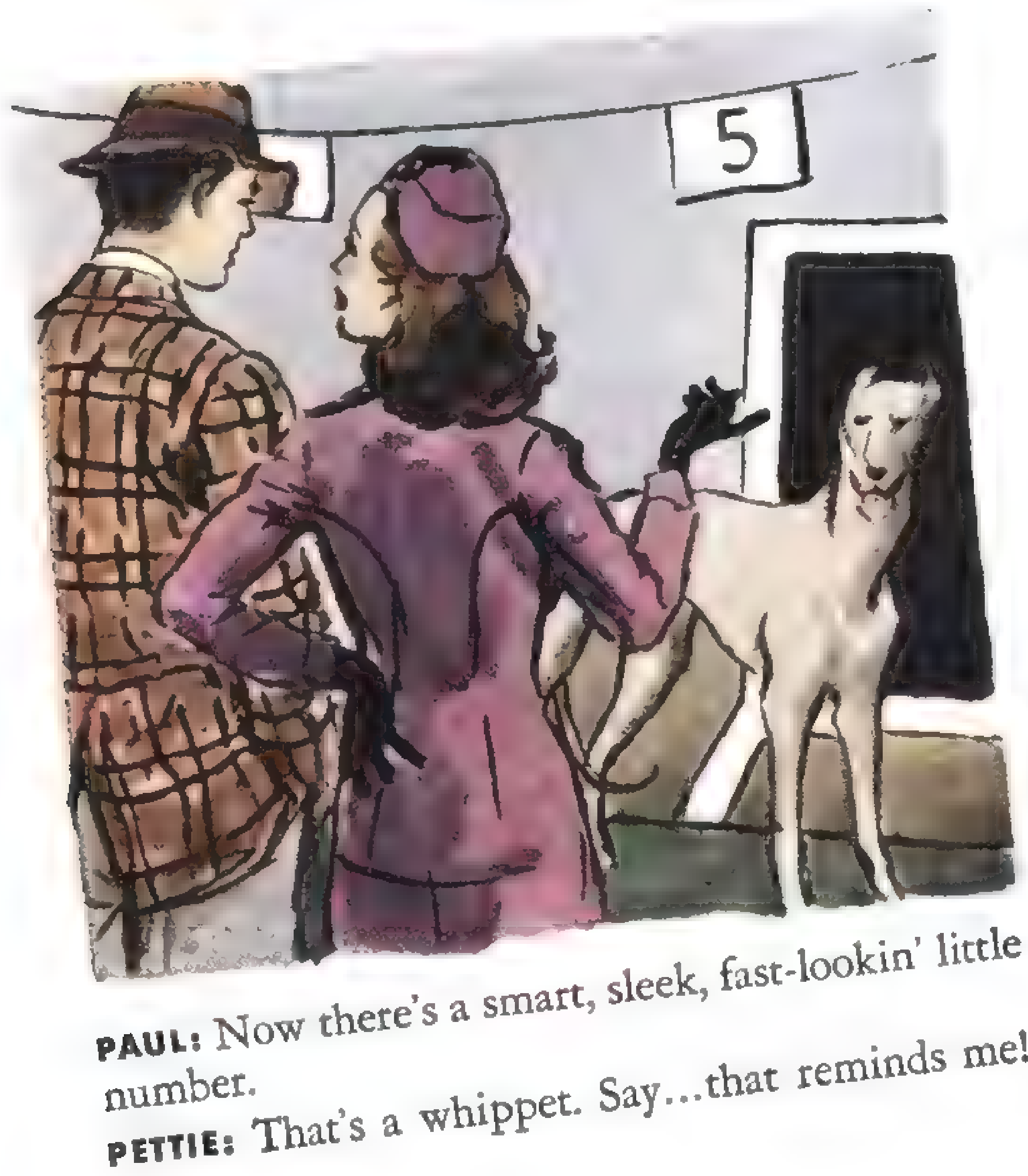
# "Paul, you two certainly have a lot in common!"

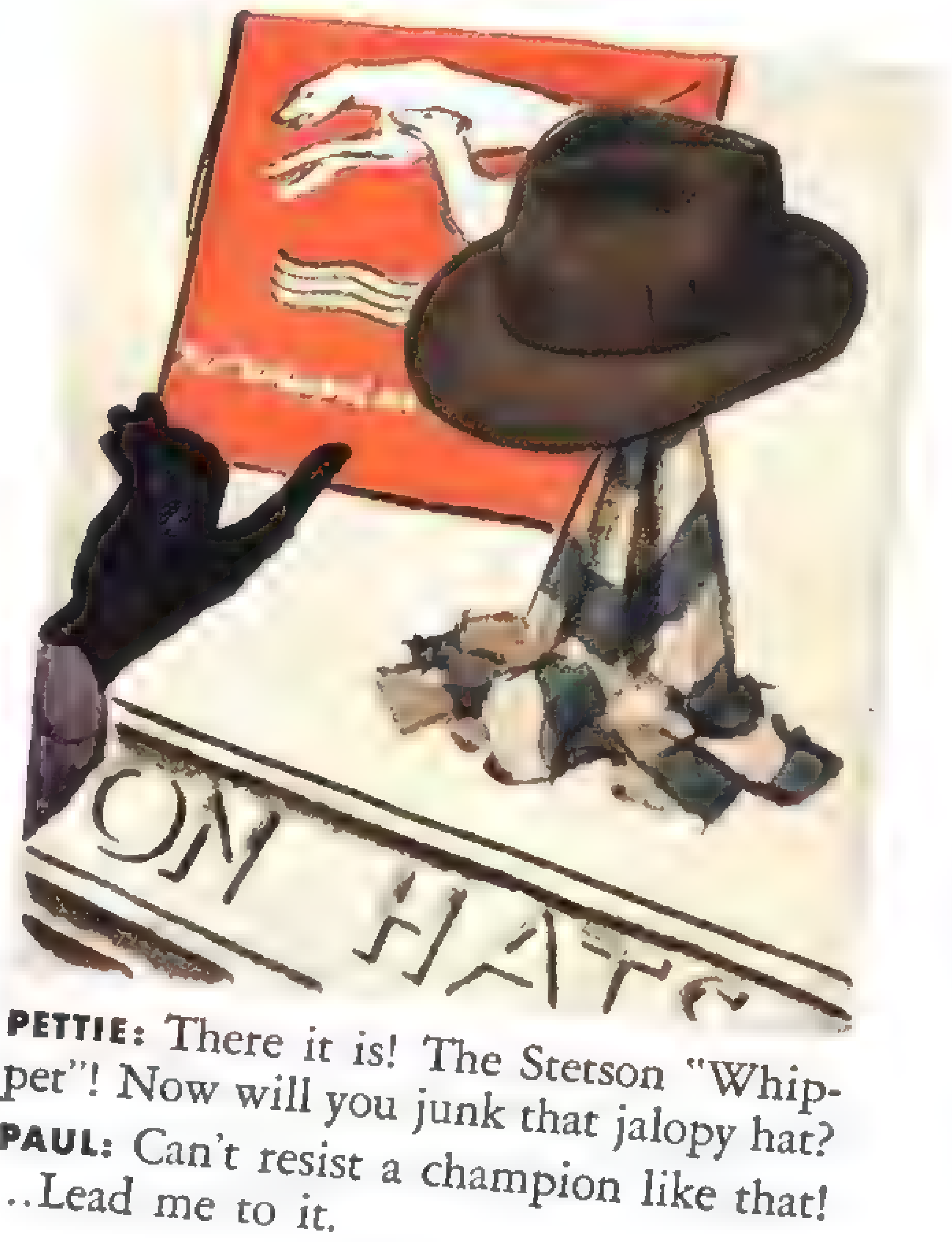


**PAUL:** Silence, my little cauliflower...I like this pooch.

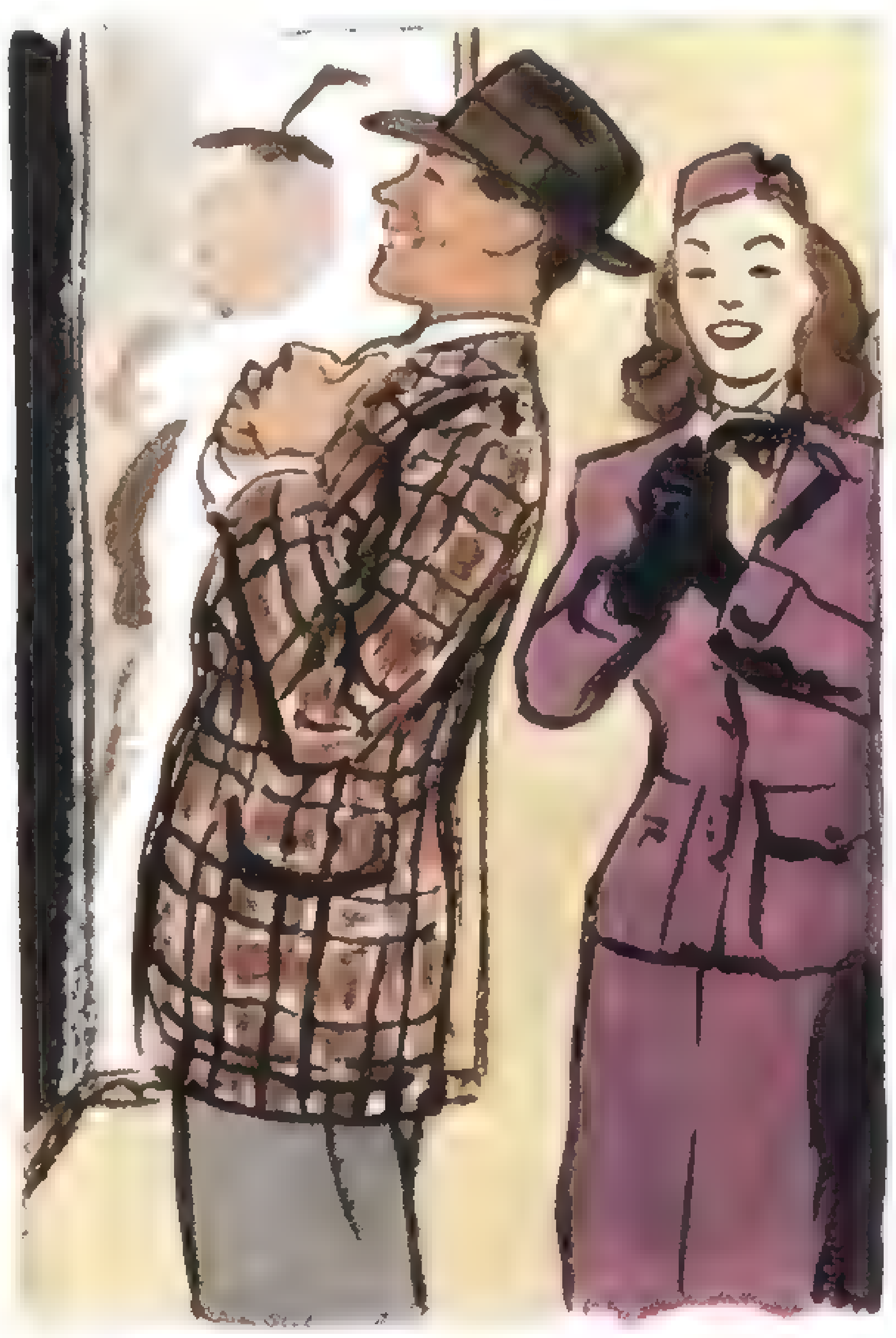
**PETTIE:** And why not?...That mournful, floppy old hat makes you look like brothers!



**PAUL:** Now there's a smart, sleek, fast-lookin' little number.
**PETTIE:** That's a whippet. Say...that reminds me!



**PETTIE:** There it is! The Stetson "Whippet"! Now will you junk that jalopy hat?
**PAUL:** Can't resist a champion like that! ...Lead me to it.



**PAUL:** So this is the Stetson "Whippet" ...name stamped right in the band... prosperous-lookin' hat...not too old, not too young...what say?
**PETTIE:** I say, my handsome hero, you're always right! Pick out anything you like ...as long as it's a "Whippet"!

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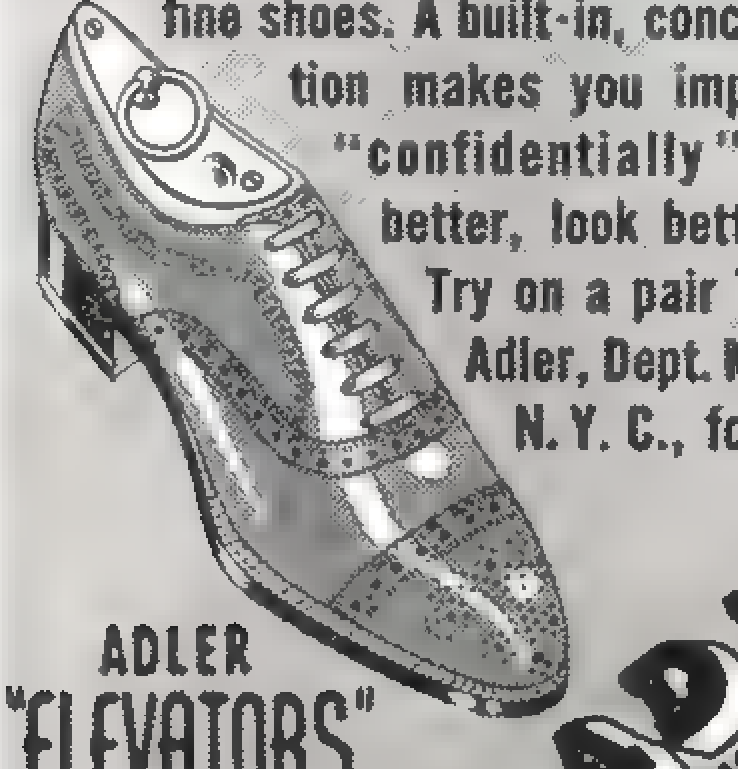

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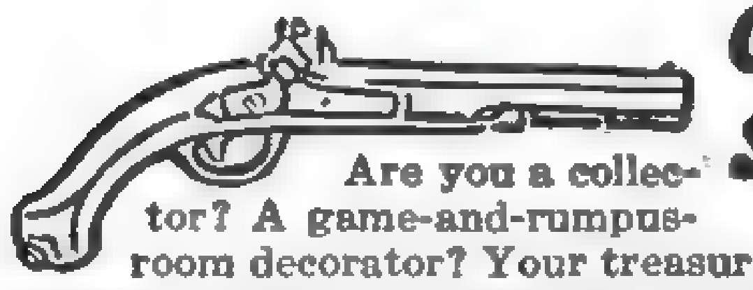

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# Talking Shop with Esquire

**THUMBTACKS UP.** St. Christopher's being the patron saint of travelers makes him the patron saint of soldiers, sailors, and marines, too. So, in the spirit of well-wishing, a sterling silver thumbtack has been designed for your man to tack on the inside of the heel of his boot, just where it joins the sole (not underneath, of course). The tack is beautifully engraved with the familiar St. Christopher figure and legend. Being silver, and not as driveable as the garden variety of thumbtack, a small hole has first to be punched in the heel, after which the tack can be permanently inserted.

**AND A NAIL—** For the ones whose defense activities are conducted from their homes – specifically, those who are about to move into a new house–there's a good-will offering, too. This time it's a nail, also in sterling silver. The story of it has a background of folklore. A Serbian peasant superstition has it that one of these nails, the last to be hammered into a new house, will bring good luck and happiness to the people who live there. The word for it is "Srepan," which means "lucky." This silver nail can have its head engraved with the recipient's initials. Inexpensive; a thoughtful house-warming gift.

**GOT YOUR NUMBER.** Here's another on the subject of domestic tranquillity, since it answers with great efficiency the invisible-house-number problem. Electric illumination is the secret of this handsomely mounted unit. Numbers are clean-cut bakelite; lighting is managed by a single bulb hidden beneath them in the trough formed by the hammered aluminum or alumilite base. These house numbers are wired to the same circuit as the doorbell, so there are no complications about installing it, and you don't have to remember to turn it off and on. Price includes up to five numbers.

**A DOG'S HIS OWN ANCESTOR.** No matter how refined his breeding, a dog still has holdover instincts from his more oafish forebears, such as the scrabble among imaginary leaves before he settles down to sleep. This instinct has given rise to a piece of work that may look odd to you, but which will make sense to your biscuit-eater. It starts with a dog-sized cloth base. A long strip of the same cloth is stitched around the inside, one side of the strip being loose to form a working surface for industrious paws. The assumption is that after tossing the firmly affixed streamlined "leaves" about for a while, he will fall down exhausted among them and thence into sweet doglike dreams. The mat can be made up in almost any color you like, with contrasting binding.

Ranger

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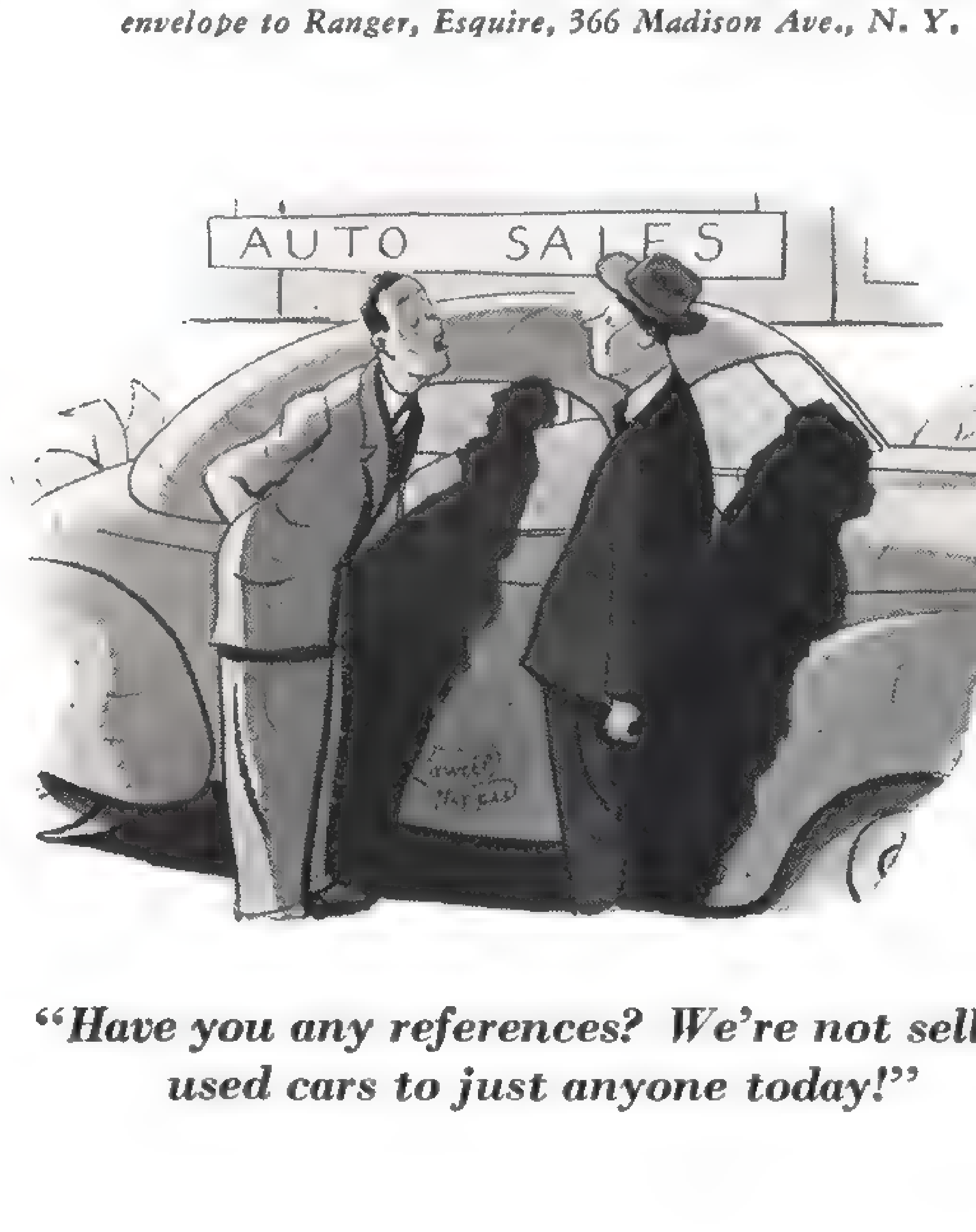

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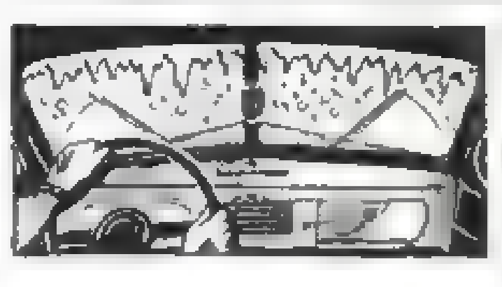

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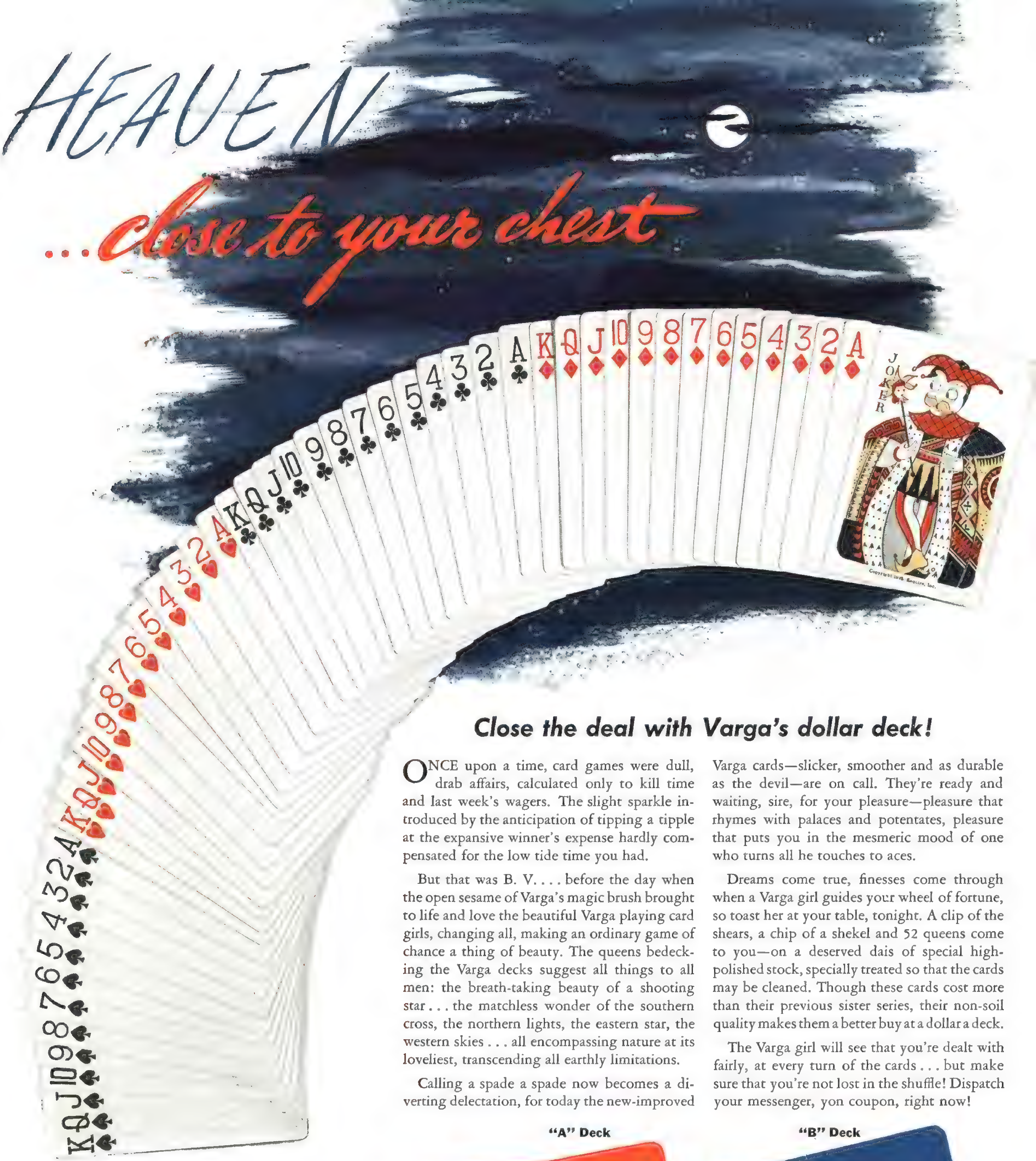

## Close the deal with Varga's dollar deck!

ONCE upon a time, card games were dull, drab affairs, calculated only to kill time and last week's wagers. The slight sparkle introduced by the anticipation of tipping a tipple at the expansive winner's expense hardly compensated for the low tide time you had.

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Calling a spade a spade now becomes a diverting delectation, for today the new-improved Varga cards—slicker, smoother and as durable as the devil—are on call. They're ready and waiting, sire, for your pleasure—pleasure that rhymes with palaces and potentates, pleasure that puts you in the mesmeric mood of one who turns all he touches to aces.

Dreams come true, finesses come through when a Varga girl guides your wheel of fortune, so toast her at your table, tonight. A clip of the shears, a chip of a shekel and 52 queens come to you—on a deserved dais of special high-polished stock, specially treated so that the cards may be cleaned. Though these cards cost more than their previous sister series, their non-soil quality makes them a better buy at a dollar a deck.

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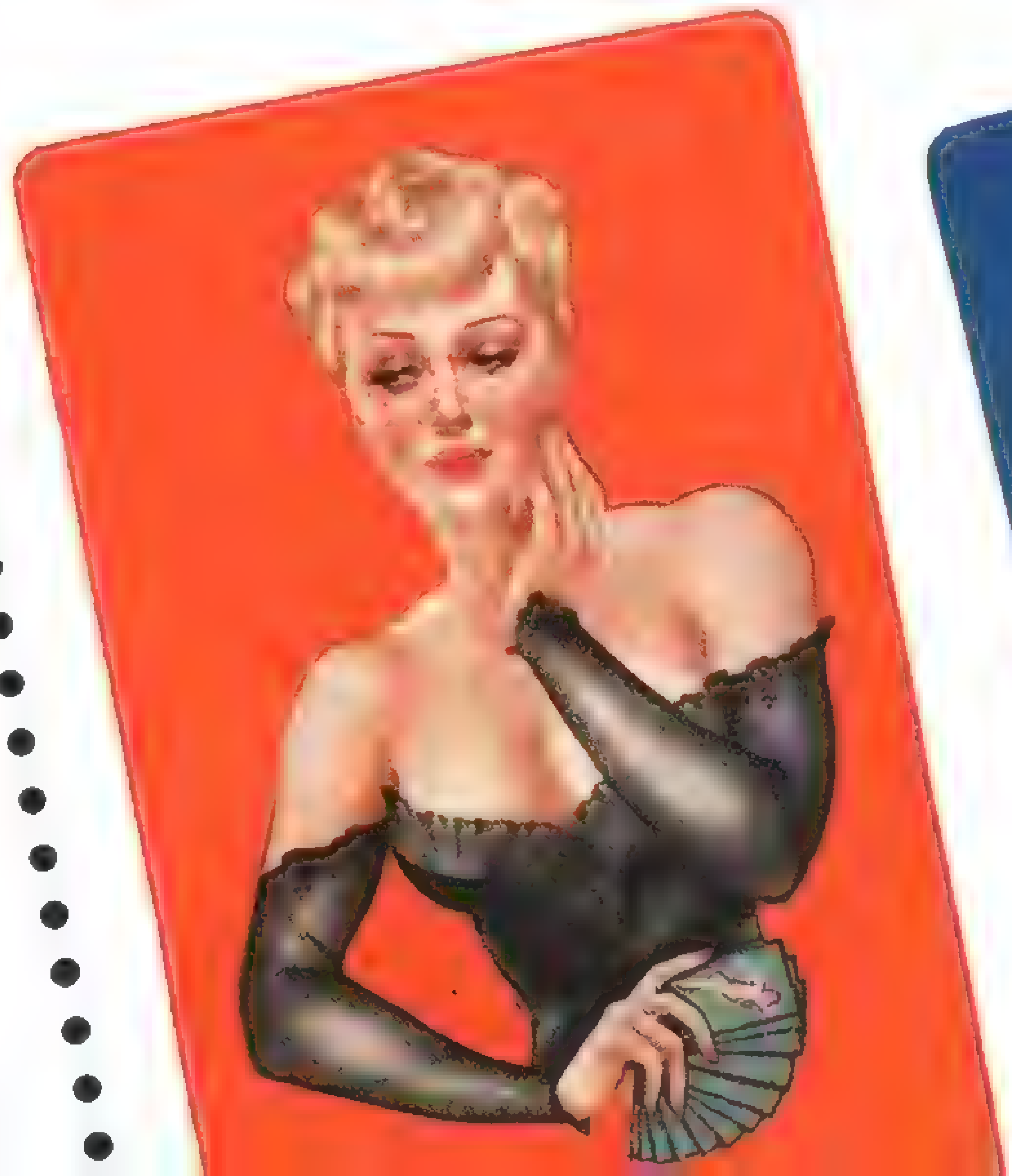

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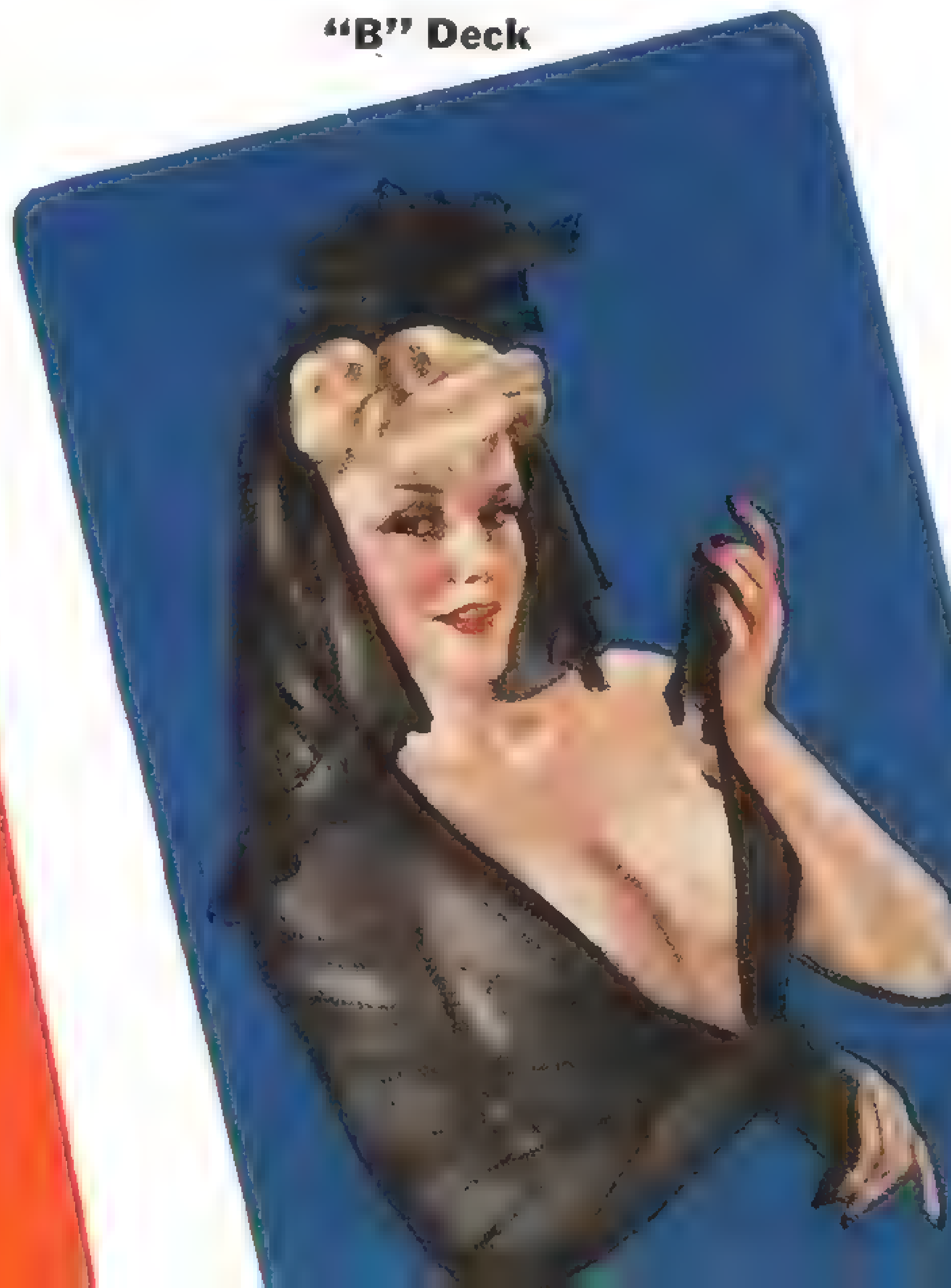

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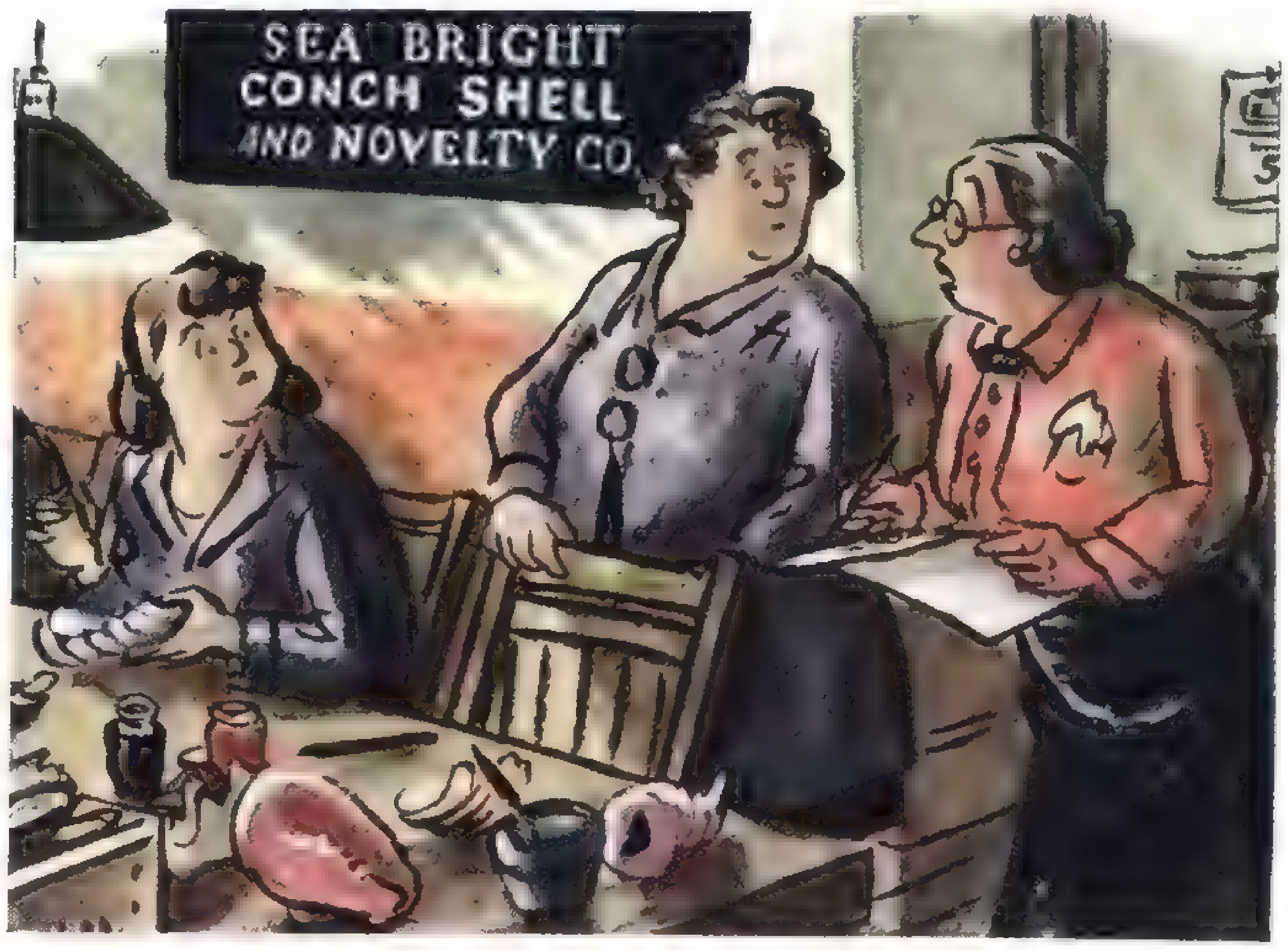
# Painting the Town with Esquire

HOW GREEN WAS the valley of the Emme in Switzerland whence came the cheese (scarce now!) of which the quick perishing hot Délices at the Swiss Pavilion Restaurant (38 East 50th) are delicately, delectably constructed. You get them among the hors d'oeuvre options put forth under the sponsorship of tall, athletic-looking Paul L. Burger, same who managed the much-choice Swiss Restaurant at the World's Fair. (Beautiful blonde Alice whom we acclaimed Queen of Flushing Meadows, is now Mrs. Burger, presiding at the cash register.) If you've yet to taste Nierli Leberli (Helvetian liver-kidney stew marvel), this is your elegant opportunity, and the cuisine stunts of classic France and memorable Italy are likewise on tap, with Switzer chef Leonard Wust doing the conjuring. The resources of the bar belie its small size. For that matter, every waiter knows how to trot a bottle.

NEVER CAN ONE ERR when, adown toward George Washington's Arch, one drops into the substantially social Fifth Avenue Hotel (that Ave. at 9th) where Amen Cornerers foregather to converse over glasses in an atmosphere of cosy cheer — always populous but not at the sacrifice of exclusiveness: nobody's elbow in your soup. Casual song and piano entertainment is strung through the session; your favorite ditties served at tableside if you wish. Food comes light or hearty, land or sea, from pink shrimp to planked steak. This is no hotel at all, it's a temple of lordly living—whether you're "in residence" there or merely a spur-of-the-moment participant.

SLICK TRICK, the current business of lidding your demi-tasse with a layer of pungent rum for nose and gizzard's sake . . . Traffic at the Hotel Pennsylvania has been running wellnigh as intensive as at the Depot across the way, what with Jimmy Dorsey dispensing his frantically admired music in the Café Rouge, alias No. 1 Statlered hostelry's great big handsome dining and prancing room. As for the Pennsylvania's vasty Bar, it's the official club car for ahead-of-timers

THOUGH THE 37 YEARS that Harry Kramer has been host of Ye Olde Chop House, down at 118 Cedar Street off Bowling Green, constitute just a fraction of its existence (founded 1800), he and the place seem to have taken to each other and have picked up quite a circle of friends. It was in these quaint booths that bivalves from Chincoteague Bay first bloomed for the hungry, and countless have been the mutton chops and chunks of best beef that have been ferried from open broiler to historic table to be squired on their way by pewter mugs of the creamy. Venison, terrapin, and feathered game are staples of the establishment, and the same important downtowners hang their coats here upon the same old clustered hooks. If you think that the world of finance quits the district at dusk, just barge into Ye Olde Chop House at evening fodder time.



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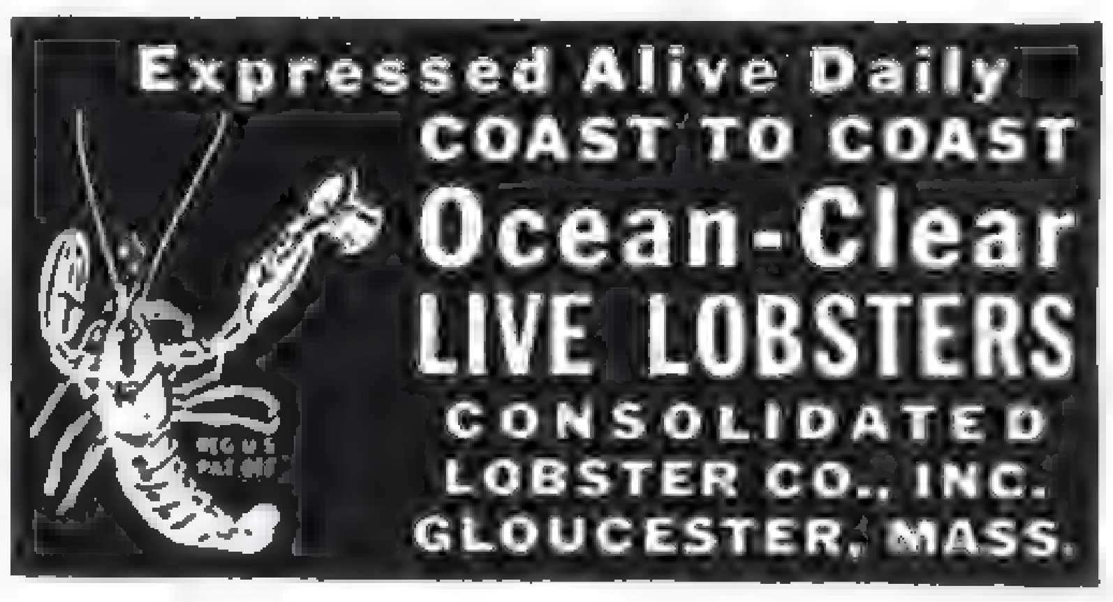
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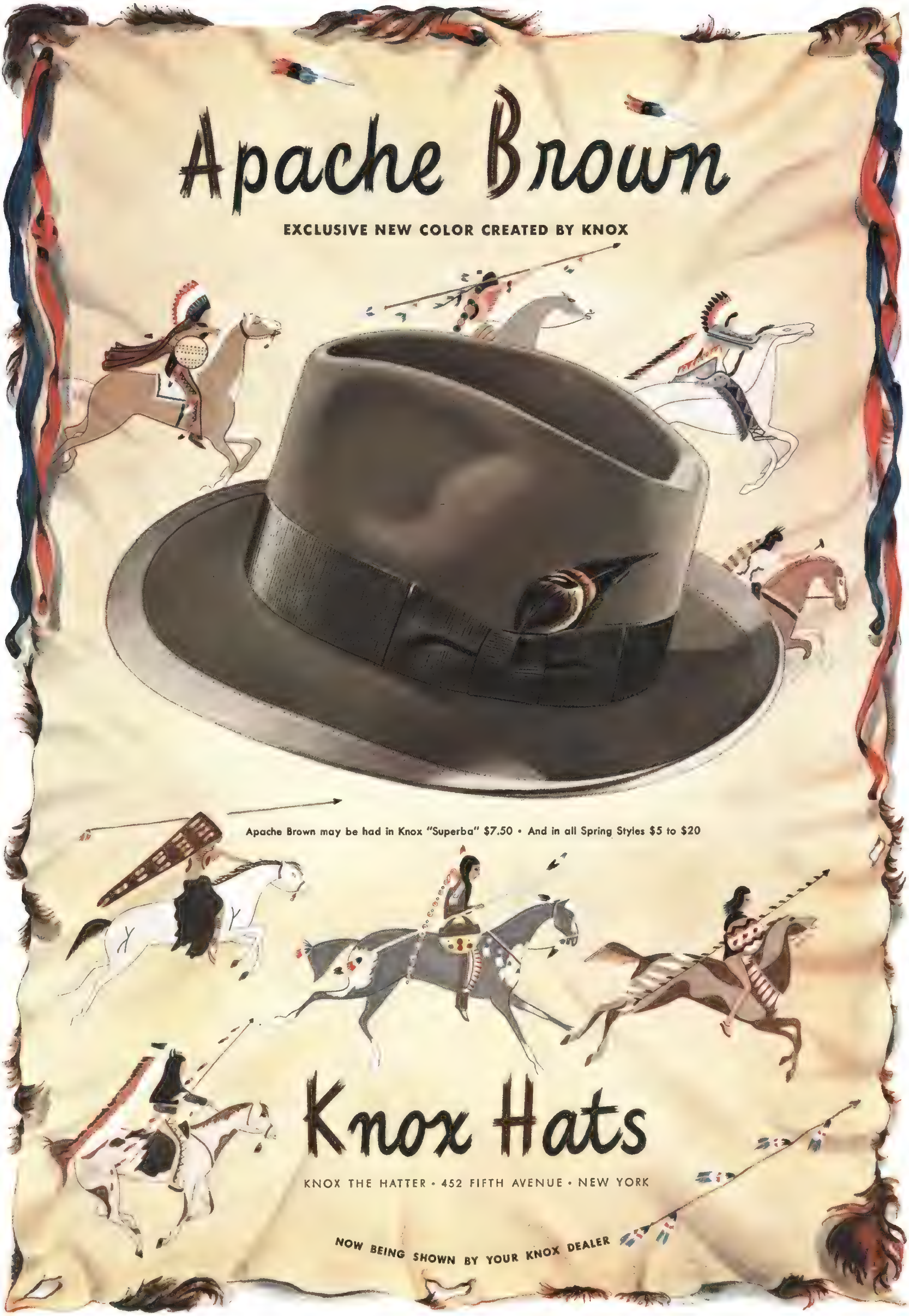

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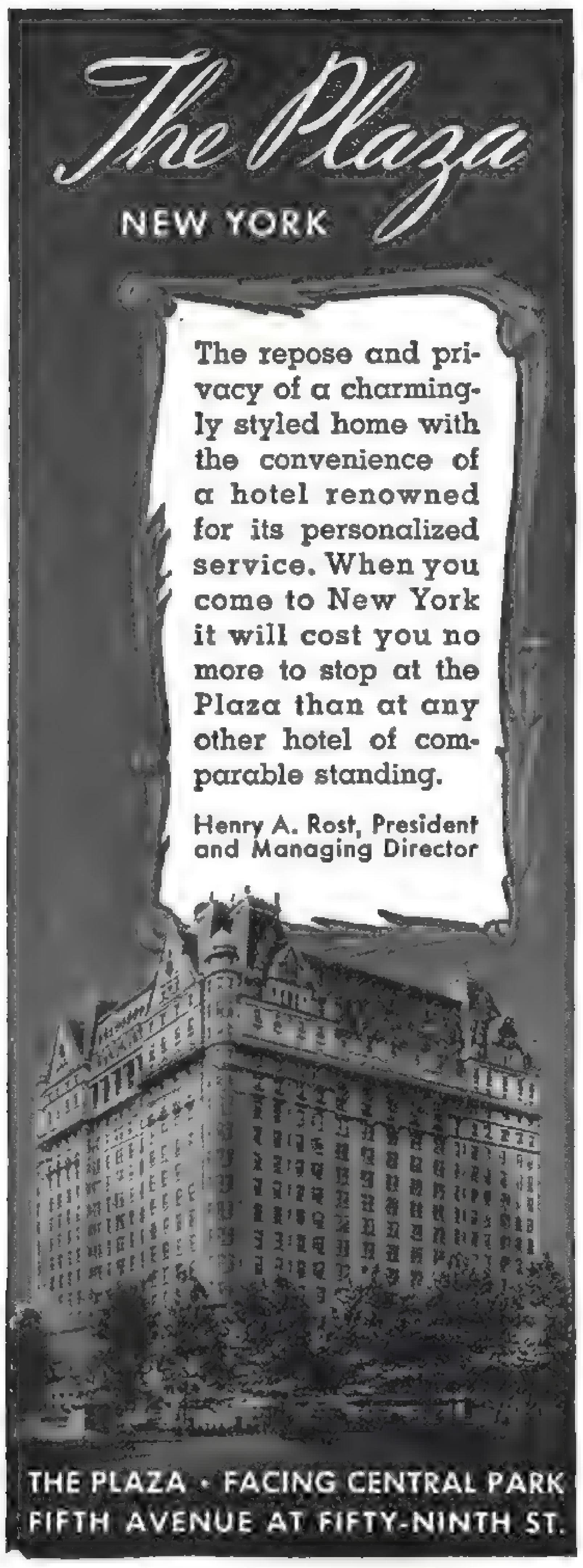
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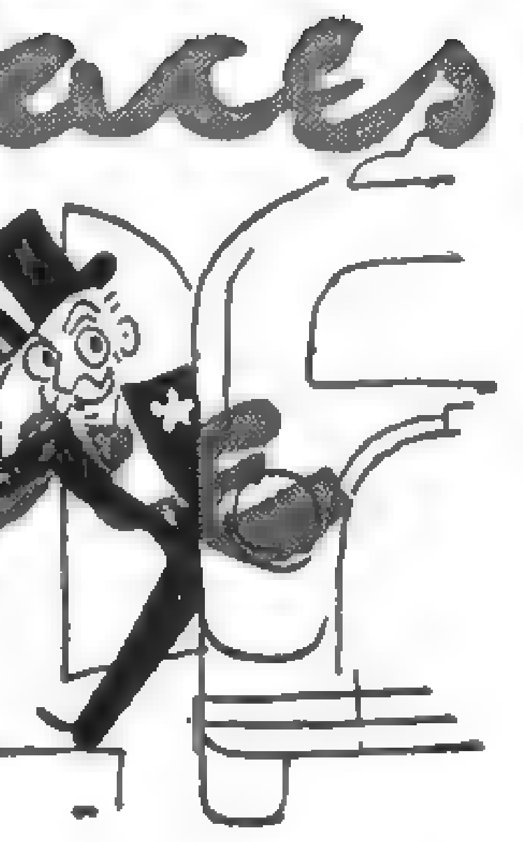
# Going Places with Esquire



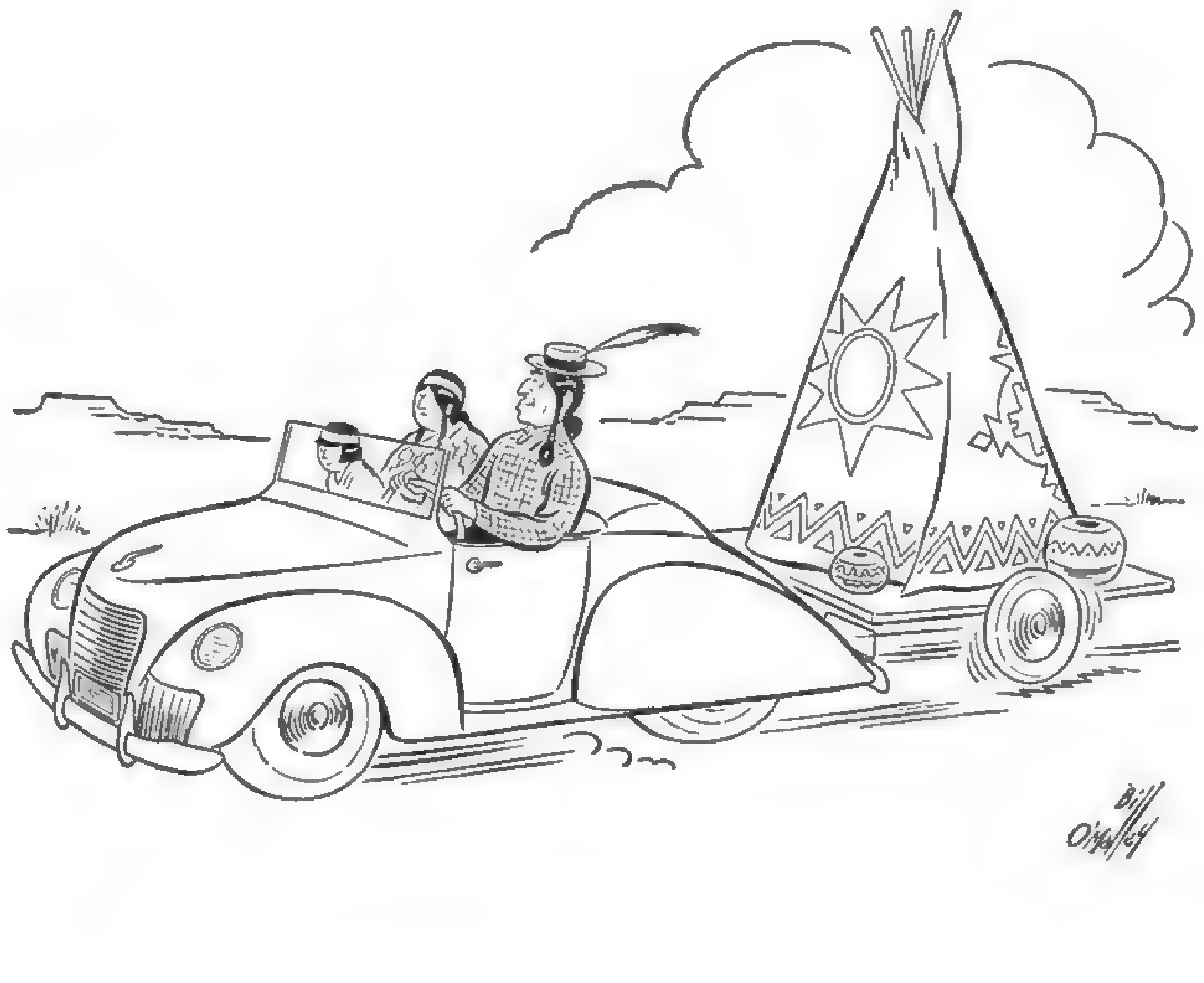
SPACIOUS GRACIOUSNESS is the keynote of the handsome Tapestry Room of the Park Lane (Park Ave. at 47th) where lunching and dining have a reposeful quality about them, much appreciated in these tense-nerved times. Head waiter Ernest is an amiable counsellor to noontimers grappling with such Gordian-knotty problems as, Shall it be sausage cakes with white wine sauce or American pot roast à la mode—and evenings, say, mignonettes of Lamb Robinson and new peas vs. breast of guinea hen Grand Marnier with oranges, timbale of sweet potatoes. The Café Lounge is a tidy nook for dipping one's bill into something fraught with bouquet. Indeed, no feature of a smart haven is lacking.

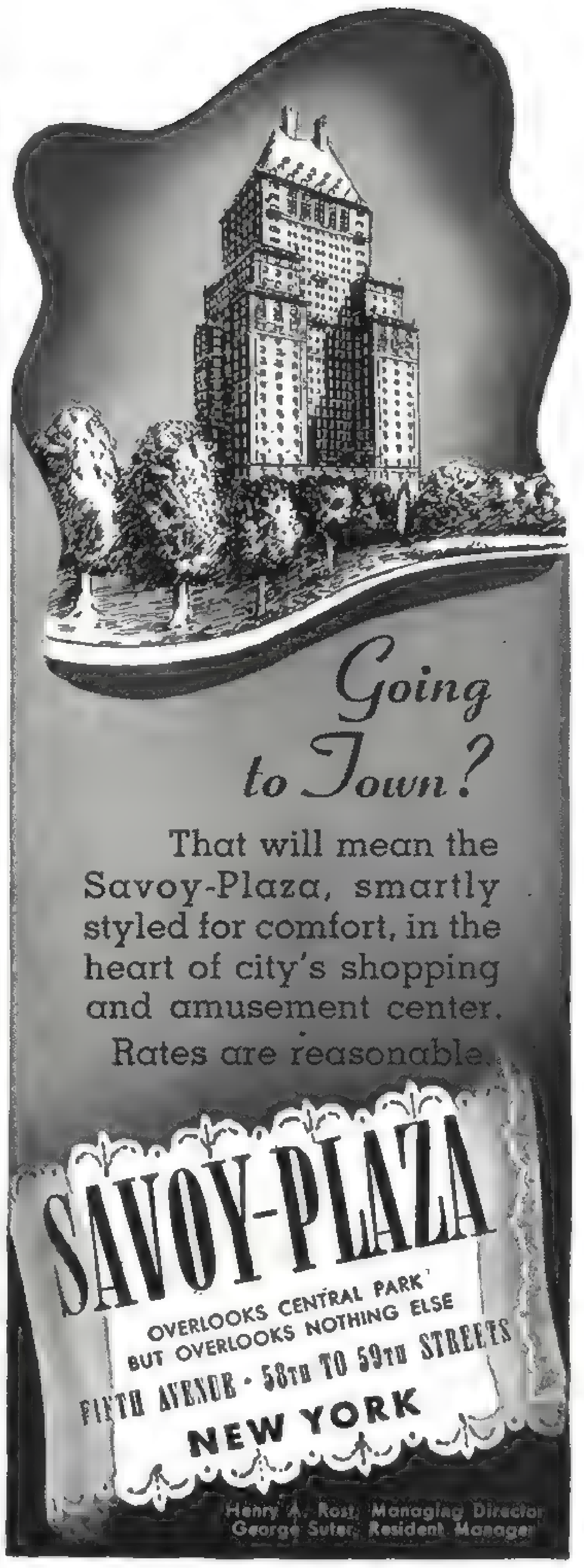
RADIO CITY'S UPSTAIRS hothouse of society buds, the Rainbow Room, is contentedly continuing Carmen Cavallaro as maitre de rhythms of a piano pyrotechnic sort amid his daisload of lads. Culled from the Met. Op. ballet, Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff exhibit their vivid verve and bright-hued poseology. Henry Scott contributes artful whimsies at the ivories. Light opera Linda Ware does the sweetly lyrical. Clemente and his rhumba clique not only perform ably on their own account but are highlighted by comely gal Dacita, shaking her maracas, etc.

NOTABLE, how many large business execs set their watches and their whistles by the clock of the Hotel Biltmore . . . Ray Morton who started out with his saxophone and case and gradually grew to quite a band, is now the magnetic melody master at the tall lush Essex House's Casino-on-the-Park. Interims and cocktail times are in the musical care of pianiste-songeuse Muriel Bird . . . Genial Armando's revered red-and-silver *boite* of best younger people has its walls lined, as usual, with well-groomed knife and fork wielders side by each, mostly of the us-two persuasion. Dancing is a matter of shuttling in the slot interval between the vis-a-vis rows, yet many a neatly turned ankle manages it. And there's incidental entertainment, changed fortnightly . . . With Freddie Martin and other name lures, the good looking Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria has been having itself a sweet season.

EASY AS WALKING down the steps, you slip into the Latin-American mood of the small, open-hearthed, open-hearted Club Gaucho (Sullivan St., just south of the border of Washington Square) under the *muy simpatico* hosting of Pedro Valli. The not very enormous orchestra shakes out lively rhythms and the song and dance entertainment is colorfully *entre nos.*

EVER TRIED the interestingly complicated drink by the name of Bloody Mary that's going the rounds before meals and in the dim of mornings? Here's the secret: Large hooker of Vodka, 4 to 8 ounces of tomato juice as per taste, 1 teaspoon Lea & Perrins, juice of ½ lime or ½ lemon; shaken lustily with ice. If this doesn't reassemble you, I can't think what could.

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*MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK*

James G. Blaine, National Chairman of United China Relief, Inc., acclaimed CHINA FIGHTS BACK when he wrote, "Americans everywhere cannot now fail in their help to a gallant people whose needs are so clearly and unforgettably portrayed in Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's picture story of China's four-year fight against our common enemy."

And seconding his statement, endorsing this Coronet picture story are, among others,

*Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt*

*Dr. Lin Yutang* *Pearl S. Buck*

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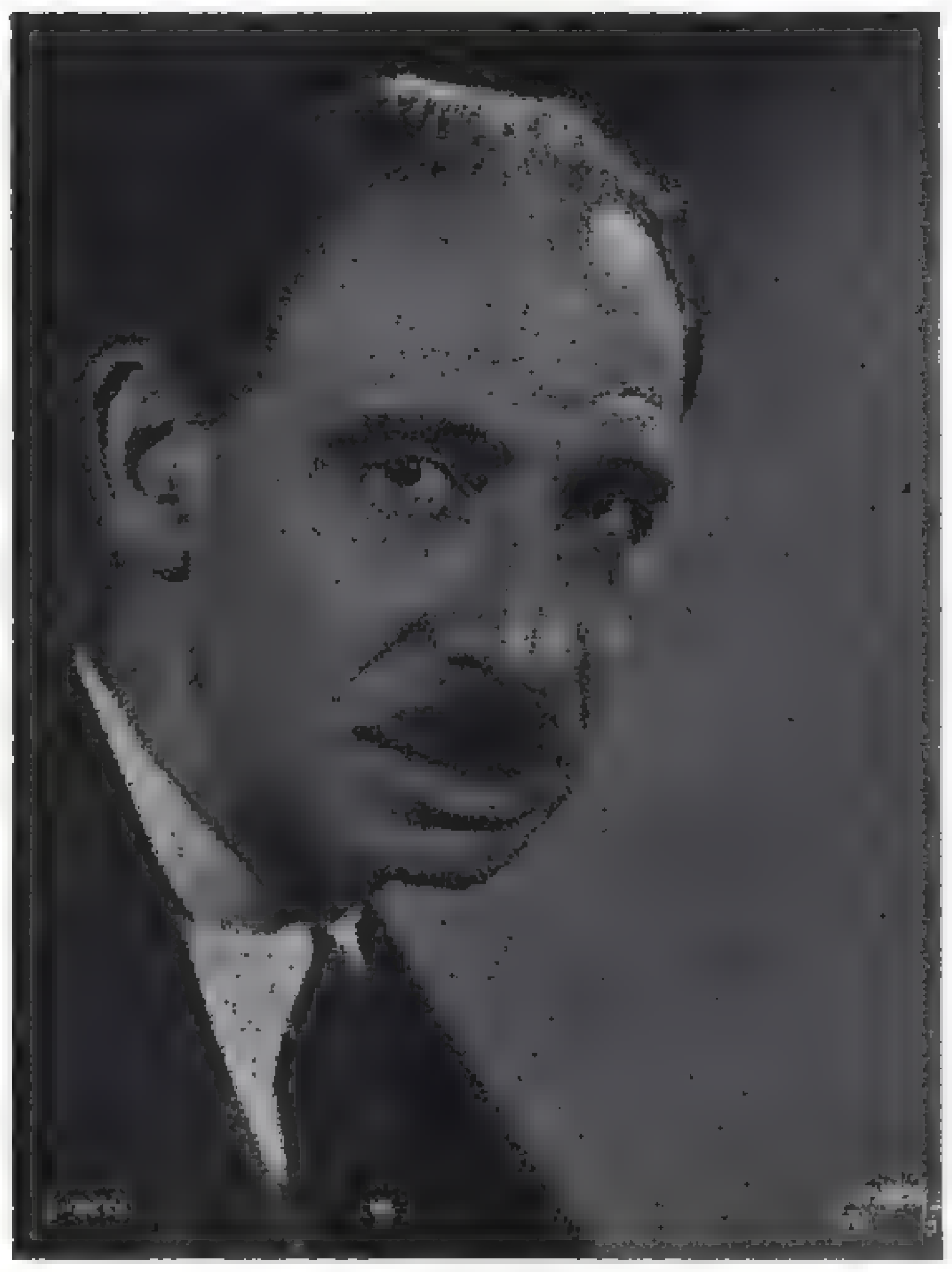
# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



*Franklin P. Adams*

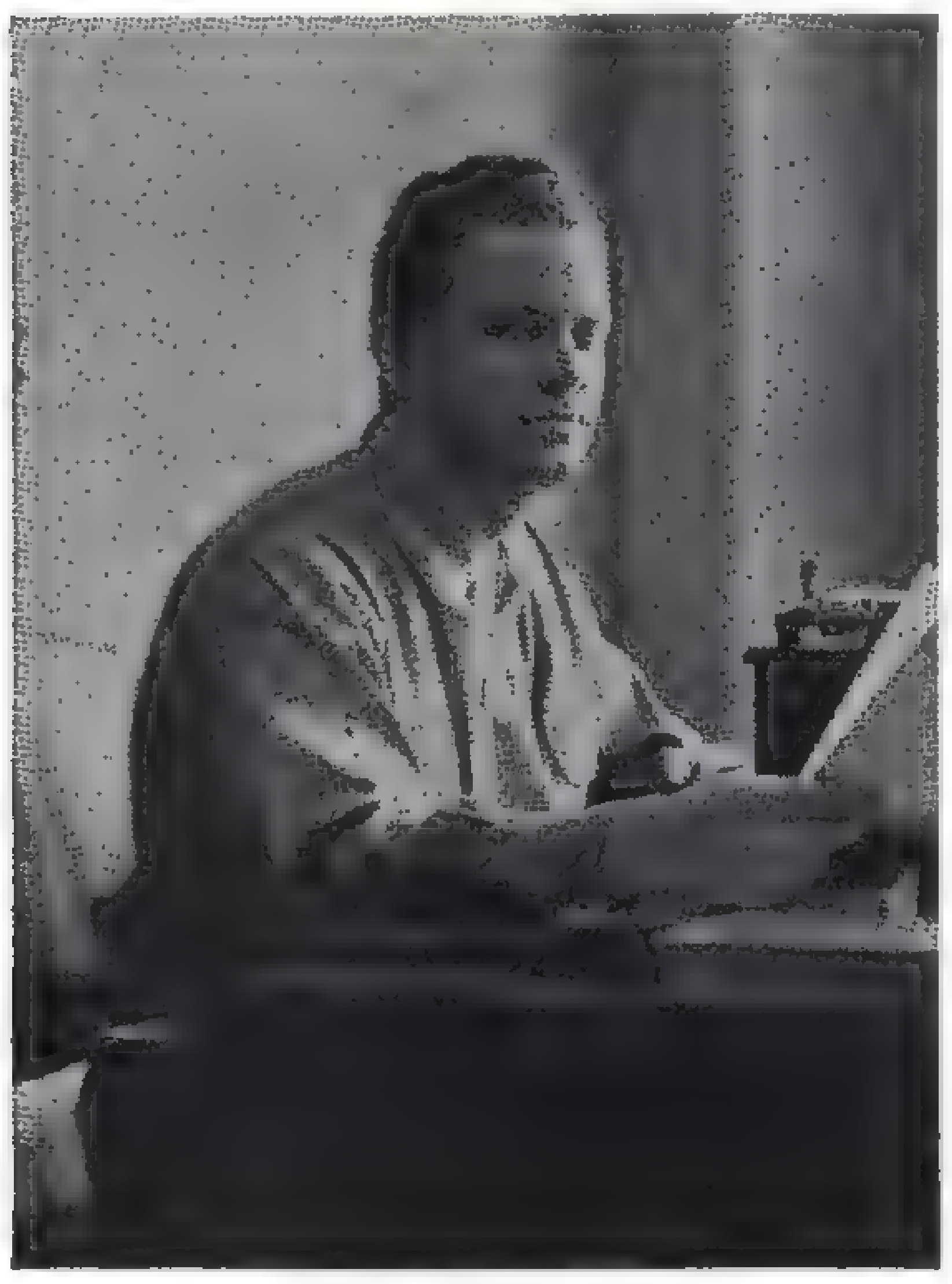
**Franklin P. Adams** says nobody begged for his autograph until he began saying "I don't know" on *Information, Please* on Fridays at 8:30, E.S.T. Born a third-generation Chicagoan, he left that city in 1904 and now lives in Westport, Connecticut, but says: "I still feel that I'm visiting in the East and that I am going home on the next train." From the *Chicago Journal* he progressed to the *New York Evening Mail*, the *N. Y. Trib*, the *World* and finally the *Herald Trib*, where he conducted his famous column, *The Conning Tower*. He is the author of many books, including *The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys* and *The Melancholy Lute*. And back in 1909 he wrote, with O. Henry, a musical comedy entitled *Lo*.

•

**H. N. Hedrick** was born on a ranch in the Rogue River valley of southern Oregon, is ex '24 of the U of Oregon where he says he lasted two years; is married, has a boy and two girls so far, lives in a sport paradise and fishes the Rogue "where salmon and steelhead come lashing up from the sea fighting mad."

•

**Sloan Nibley**'s migrations started in Portland, Oregon, where he was born thirty-two years ago. He has attended several universities in several countries, has worked at lumber-jacking, cattle-ranching, pool-halling, newspapering, beer-selling and copywriting, but complains he missed his big literary chance when he failed to complete medical school. He has played the cello in symphony orchestras here and in Europe and is now a screen writer in Hollywood. Gail Sheridan, the actress, is his wife. His fiction story, *The Swamp Angel*, is on page 66.



*Sloan Nibley*

•

**Benjamin Graham** has been a New Yorker since leaving London in 1895 at the age of one. His principal activities are in investment and as an author and expert witness on security values. He lectures on finance at Columbia University and is the senior author of two standard texts on the subject. One of his main interests now is promoting a proposal to deal with post-war problems which he advanced in a book called *Storage and Stability*.

*Jack Woodford*

**Jack Woodford** is the author of the best-selling textbook for writers, entitled, *Trial and Error*, as well as hundreds of stories for the pulps, and so-called sex novels. A member of the Hollywood film colony for many years, he is one of its best and most faithful sneerers. His current snort, *Aces in the Hole*, is on page 39.

•

**John W. Campbell, Jr**'s education included Blair Academy, theoretical physics at M. I. T. and Duke University. He says: "I had the poor judgment to graduate in 1933, after getting married. The demand for theoretical physicists had become something to be detected only by advanced physical instruments. Since the magazine business seemed to be the only one expanding, I tried writing, while making a little something selling anything handy, from chemical soups to automobile nuts. I tried assembling airplane instruments but the company and I agreed that my fingers didn't fit. Six feet one and 230 pounds didn't seem quite handy with a pair of tweezers and a jeweler's lens, so I tried research for Mack Truck. Then I went all out for writing, wrote a textbook on the chemistry of petroleum—and Street & Smith's *Astounding Science-Fiction* invited me to come edit it, instead of writing it. Most of the material is gathered by questioning scientists who have a peculiar sort of linguistic cramp; their logic is perfect if you can follow a compound language of one-fourth English and three-fourths mathematics."

•

**J. C. Furnas** sends this pleasant note: "The groundhog in the sumac patch is now so big and tough he won't get out of the way of the car till honked at. Neither self, wife nor dogs has yet been maimed in the present hunting season though it is evident New Jersey never issues a license to anyone who can read a *No Hunting* sign and the spent shot patters on the roof all day like popping corn."

*Nick Kearns*

For a period of twenty-two years, **Nick Kearns** made his mark and his living by officiating in big-time basketball. He was graduated from De Paul University, (where he captained four teams) in 1919, and as a Naval Ensign at the Chicago Municipal Pier he played halfback on the undefeated football team and pitched for the baseball team. After that he served as pitcher in the New York State, International, Three Eye and Northern Leagues. Aside from sports, he followed the oxy-acetylene engineering field for awhile and for ten years was a bond broker. Now he's in business for himself—specializing in placing athletic groups in hotels which he represents—bedding down some 80,000 of them every year.

•

*H. A. Hattstrom*

Like many good bowlers, **H. A. Hattstrom** got acquainted with the game as a pin boy when he was fifteen. Born and raised near the White Sox Ball Park, he learned baseball from the Sox players and played shortstop on minor league and semi-pro teams. Other diversions during his busy teens included speed roller and ice skating and a Chicago-loop championship in pocket billiards. He is captain of the Chamber of Commerce bowling team in Evanston, where he practices optometry. His article on bowling is on page 57.

•

Here's Macho with his master, **James Fair**, who writes: "He's half English bull, half boxer. He was one of a litter belonging to Mexico's ex-President Calles, who gave him to Marjory Anderson, the actress, who passed him on to my wife and me. He has never lost a dog fight, but when he tangled with Lou Ambers, then lightweight champion, Macho dropped the decision. He snoots the hell out of Leftwich, former Olympic middleweight champ who neglects to tell him every two minutes he's the Indispensable Dog. He bites me on odd Fridays to keep me in line. Once an old coot got out of his limousine and said: 'I'll buy your dog.' I said he wasn't for sale but he insisted he would pay any reasonable price. 'Okay,' I said, 'ten million dollars and New York State. He'll be yours in title but must live with me.' The old coot didn't think it was reasonable and stormed back into his limousine."

*James Fair*

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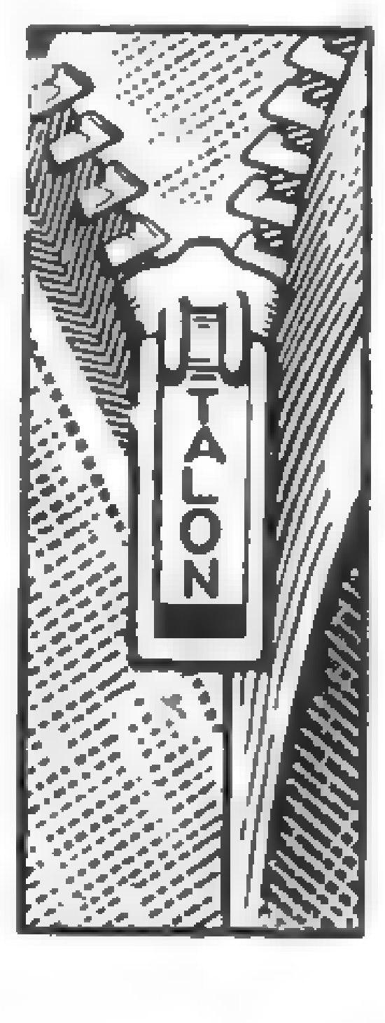

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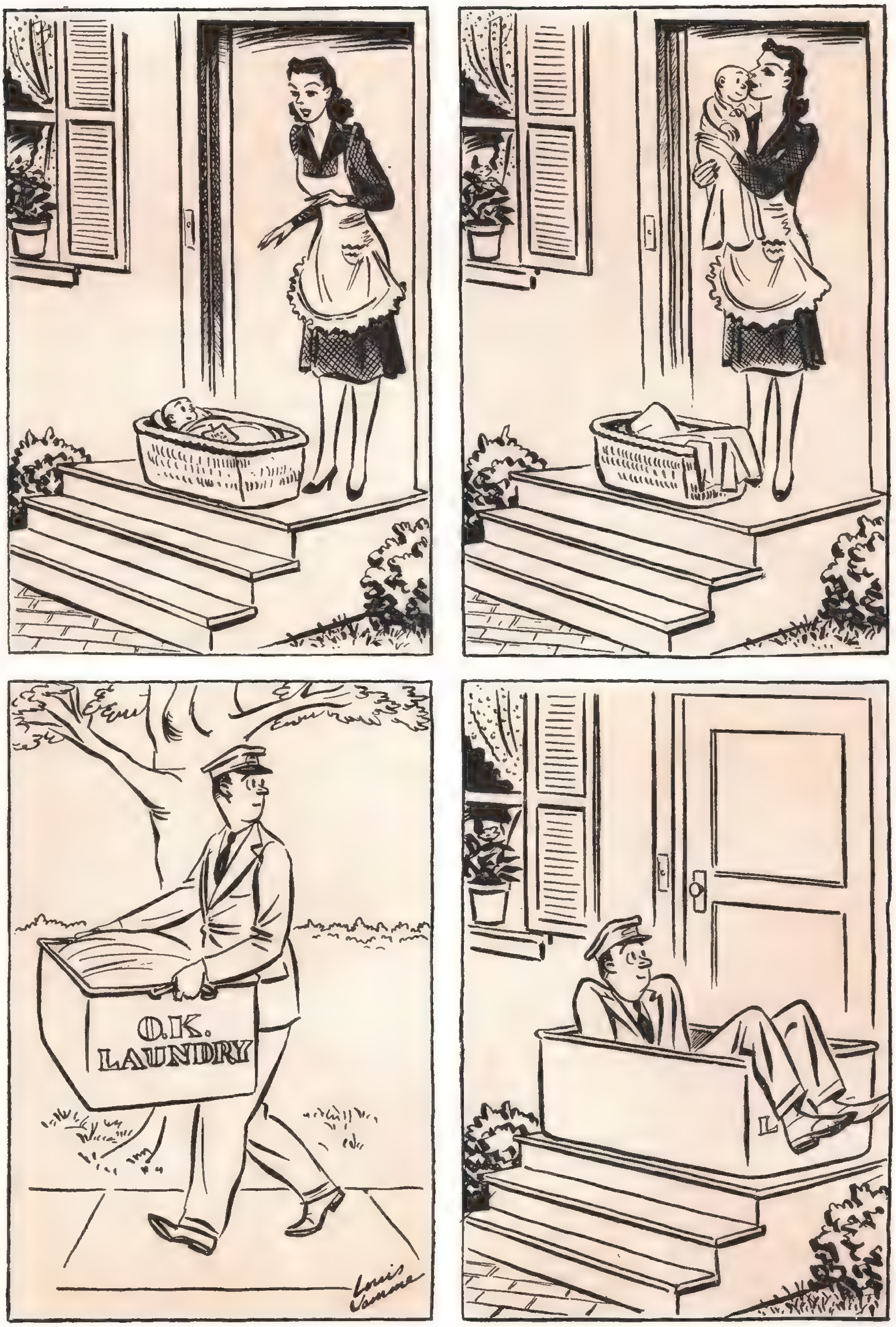

O.K.
LAUNDRY
L
Louis Jamme

# America's Greatest Soldier

## He was truly a one-man army, with an astonishing record for single-handed mass destruction never yet equalled

### *by* ROBERT BUCKNER

• ARTICLE •

Two or three million young Americans are being made into soldiers. Most of them will be fighters, combat troops, the iron backbone of the Army. Eventual victory will depend, as it has since wars began, upon their ability to dish out more disaster than they receive. "Anything else they teach a good two-fisted fighting man," said General Smedley Butler, "is just so much silly eyewash!" General Keitel of Germany, Hitler's Number One Boy, is equally frank on this subject: "A soldier is an instrument of destruction, and the best soldier is the best destroyer. He may do it with his hands or with his head, but the objective is identical and fixed—the quickest possible annihilation of his enemy."

Reduced to even more simple and brutal terms, this military maxim means that a fighting soldier must become an expert killer with a killer's cold-blooded mind, before he can do his job as it should be done. For obvious reasons our Army publicity is evading such unpleasantly basic facts to emphasize instead the many cultural and physical advantages of military life. That is good psychology. But the destiny of America will depend finally and completely upon what Private John Doe does when he comes face to face with Private Karl Schmidt—and if he does it first.

Private Doe is not seriously worried about how he will behave under fire, for he knows that behind him personally and the American Army collectively there is a great fighting tradition. He is merely curious, and as his training in the technique of death increases its tempo daily, he is beginning to get the idea of Generals Butler and Keitel. The quicker and better he does his work the sooner he'll be through and back home.

Every first-class soldier has always had the same idea. Get the dirty job over with. The American Army has had more than its share of such men, the "fighting fools," the super-killers whose brilliant if bloody methods were conspicuous short-cuts to victory. We call them heroes, which is quite correct. They were cool, courageous and skillful gunmen, all working for the Nation's best interests. Sergeant Alvin York of Tennessee is perhaps the most famous of these men, and he is an excellent model for any soldier of 1942 to follow.

But measured by the yardstick of mass destruction, of personally created chaos and confusion among the ranks of an American enemy—not merely in one isolated action but again and again and always single-handedly—we once had a soldier in this country whose astonishing record has never been equalled. If there is anyone even remotely like him in our Army today we have very little to worry about.

You have never heard of him, unless you happen to be a snooper in the dusty files of American history. But the first President of The United States said this: "Without him we would have lost two crucial battles, perhaps the War, and with it our freedom. He was truly a One-Man Army."

Nowhere else in the entire record of mortal combat has an honor that great ever been bestowed upon a buck private by his commander-in-chief, and we have been told that George Washington was hardly inclined to exaggeration.

The soldier's name was Peter Francisco.

Nothing whatever is known about his birth, his parents, or where he came from. The strange but documented evidence of Francisco's first appearance on the American scene reads like the most fantastic fiction imaginable. A Mr. James Durrell of Petersburg, Virginia, wrote the following report to the Governor at Williamsburg:

"On the morning of June 23rd, 1765, an unfamiliar barque appeared in the harbor of City Point (a small colonial trading port on the James River in Virginia). While the citizens on the dock watched with some curiosity, the ship hove to in the middle of the river, dropped its anchor and lowered a longboat which rowed quickly toward us. The sailors, of a race and tongue which was impossible to detect, spoke no word as they lifted a small boy ashore; then turned and pulled hastily back to their ship, which at once weighed anchor and sailed eastward to the sea.

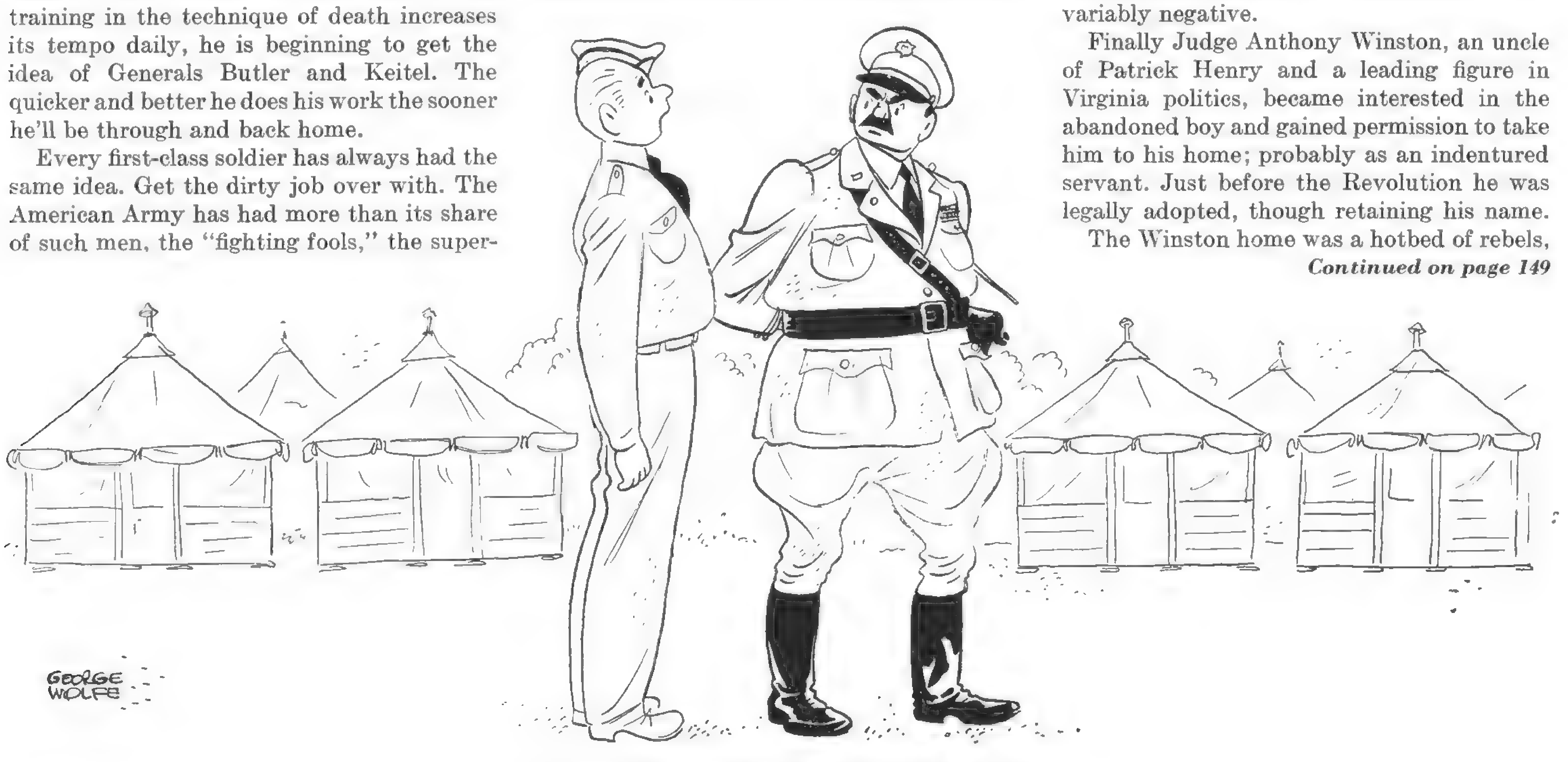
"The sturdy black-eyed boy was about five or six years old and wore a suit of some rich foreign cloth with collars and cuffs of fine lace, all extremely ragged and sea-worn. On his shoes were heavy silver buckles with the letters *P.F.* and something else too badly scratched to be read. The child stared around at us, but to all our questions he only replied with a puzzled shake of his head. Finally Mr. John Wyatt, who understood a little Spanish, learned that the child's name was Peter Francisco."

For several weeks this extraordinary event created much excitement and speculation among the colonists. Letters were dispatched to England, Spain and the West Indies, trying to identify the child, but the replies were invariably negative.

Finally Judge Anthony Winston, an uncle of Patrick Henry and a leading figure in Virginia politics, became interested in the abandoned boy and gained permission to take him to his home; probably as an indentured servant. Just before the Revolution he was legally adopted, though retaining his name.

The Winston home was a hotbed of rebels,

*Continued on page 149*



*"Could I borrow the tank tonight, sir?"*

# Boom in Bikes

### Since they can't buy new cars or new automobile tires, lots of people will ride to work on a bicycle and like it

### *by* JOHN R. TUNIS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Bicycles are booming. No question about it. Bikes are booming not only in Europe; where thanks to Herr Hitler they are almost the only means of conveyance, but also right here in the United States. This boom will almost certainly affect you or members of your family in the immediate future. Automobile production has been cut several times already and will doubtless be curtailed again. Instead of looking for a new Ford or Buick, you may soon be considering a 1943 Schwinn or a new model Snyder.

This boom started long before the war (1939 model). It began from an all-time low because ten years ago under 200,000 bikes were produced in this country and the industry faced bankruptcy. In 1941, production was over a million, probably the largest in the sixty-five years since Colonel Albert A. Pope of Boston built his first high-wheeled bike. The manufacturers don't seem to have any clear idea of what caused this boom. They are simply sitting with their fingers crossed, busy making bicycles and hoping.

Back in 1936 there were said to be 3,000,000 bikes in use in the United States. Today there are three times as many. Actresses in Hollywood ride to reduce. Postal Telegraph boys ride to business. College students ride to classes. A few years ago a daring couple rode a tandem from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back again. Louis Pierson, Milwaukee's grand old man of the bicycle, planned a seventy mile bike trip on his seventieth birthday. You may find yourself mounting a bicycle to go on a short tour any day now.

If you can remember as far back as 1932, you may recall that during the crash it was generally assumed bike sales would increase as automobile sales fell away. Actually the depression didn't help bicycles much. In 1929, sales of bikes in the United States were 307,000, in 1931, 260,000, and in 1932, less than 200,000. In fact if the depression proved anything at all, it was that the American people would gladly go without education, clothing, food or other necessities to have cars. Whenever they couldn't get new cars they bought second hand ones. But they didn't buy bikes.

In the Spring of 1933, something happened. The culotte or divided skirt was born about this period, and may have helped popularize the bike with the ladies. The cycling events at the '32 Olympics were also a factor. They publicized the sport, and soon film stars headed by Marlene Dietrich in pants, were riding. At this time men with ideas on promotion and merchandising began returning to the bicycle business. The old bike shop which had produced our mechanical geniuses such as Henry Ford and the Wright Brothers was opening up again. Mr. Frank N. Schwinn reversed the usual procedure. He went from automobiles back into bicycles which his father, then one of the leading manufacturers, was producing. (Schwinn in Chicago, Snyder in Little Falls, New York, and the Westfield Company in Massachusetts are said to do about fifty per cent of the total business among them.)

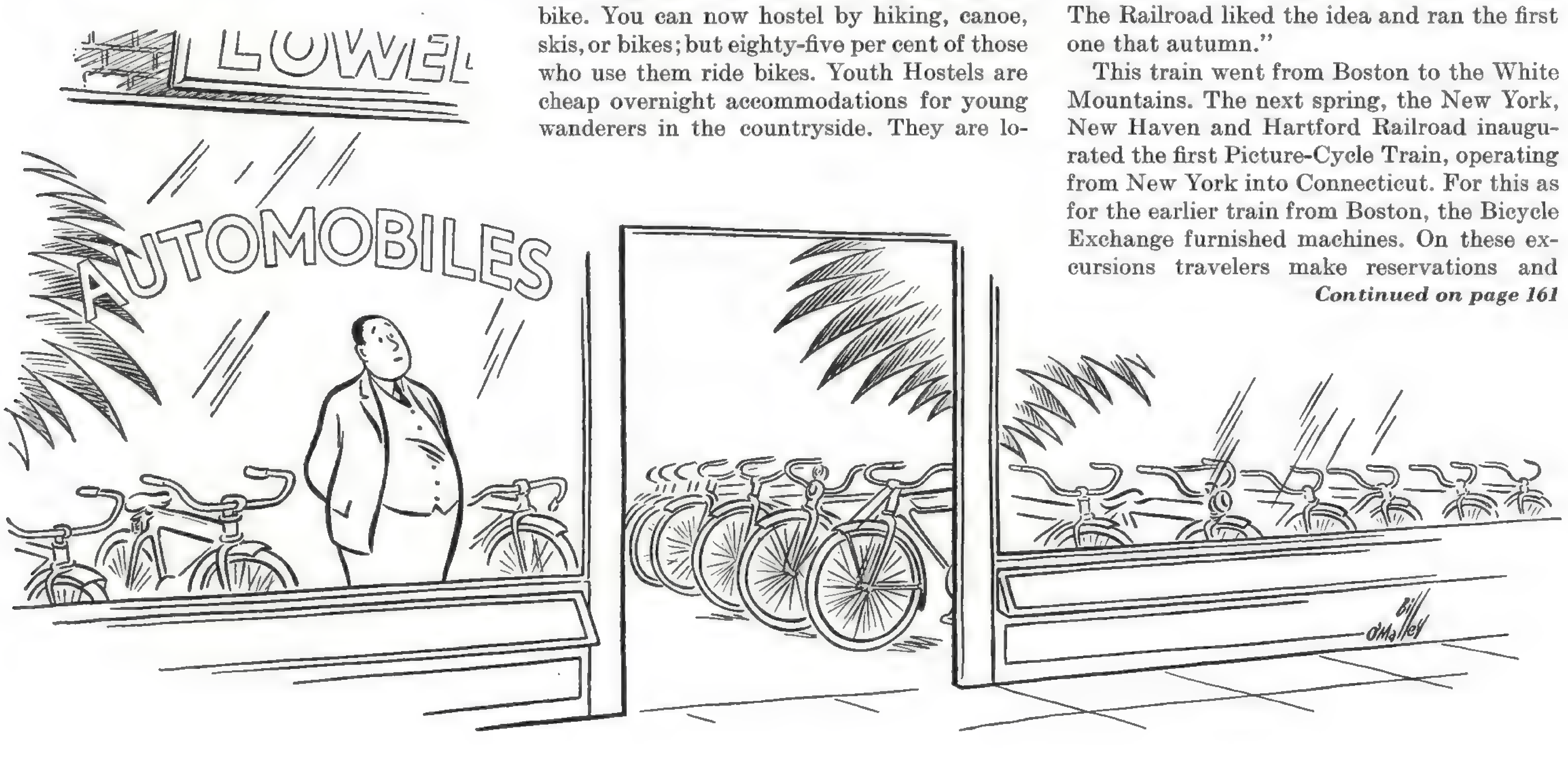
Unquestionably the introduction of Youth Hostels in this country also helped sell the bike. You can now hostel by hiking, canoe, skis, or bikes; but eighty-five per cent of those who use them ride bikes. Youth Hostels are cheap overnight accommodations for young wanderers in the countryside. They are located off the main roads at such intervals that you can travel from hostel to hostel each day. The first, established by Munroe and Isabel Smith at Northfield, Massachusetts in 1934, was a success from the start. Today there are 209, located all over the United States and Canada. Frequented largely by boys and girls who travel on bicycles and budget their vacation at a dollar a day, the Youth Hostel movement has been a big factor in the spread of the sport.

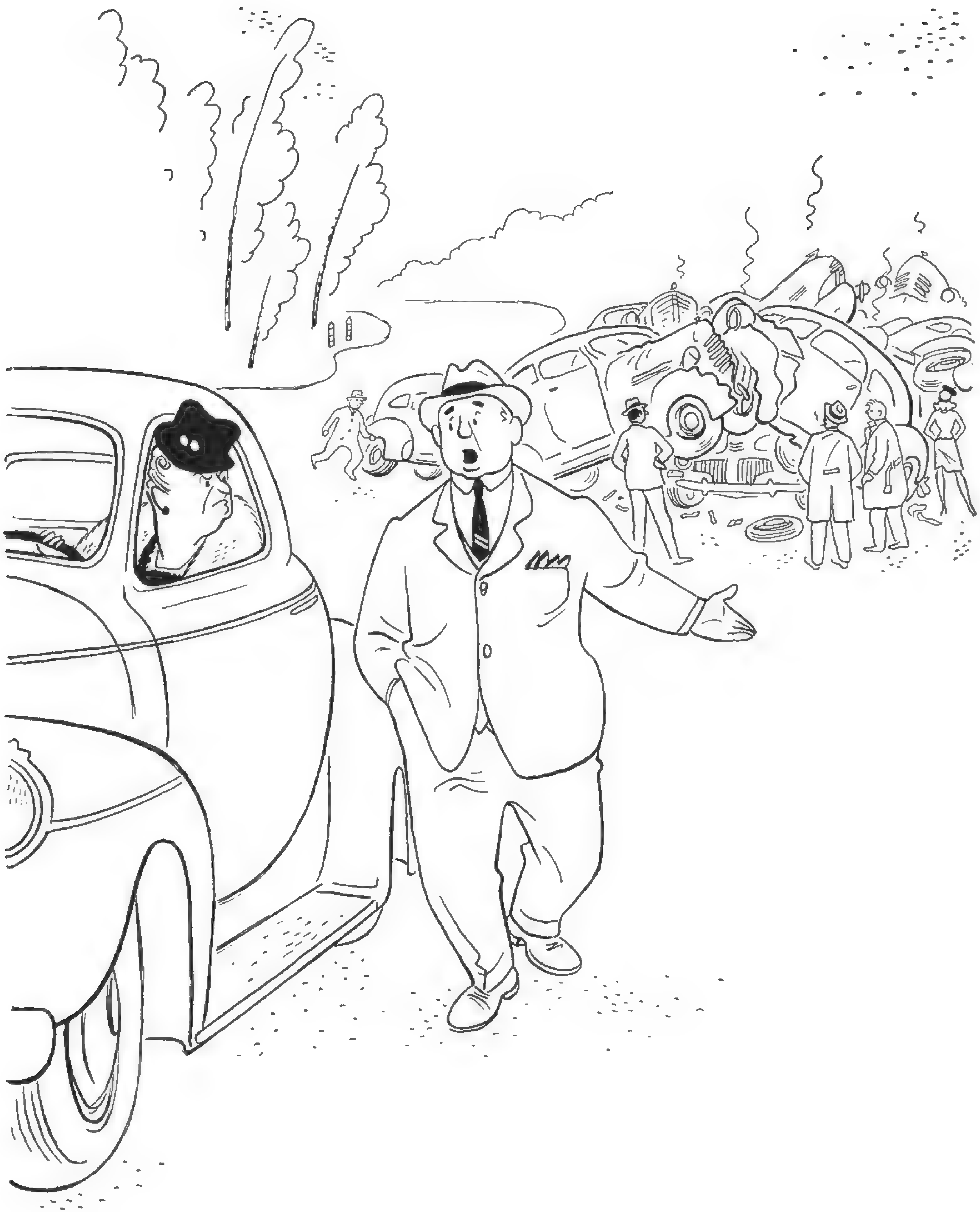
Meanwhile, back in the year the first Youth Hostel was started, a Harvard senior named Harold Frankel who owned a secondhand book store was trying to find some way of keeping open after the close of college. "Bikes," someone suggested. So he rented four used bicycles for the summer. Before long he had to add to his stock. Helped on by clever publicity (he cycled from Cambridge to New York in nineteen and one-half hours on an alleged wager) the business grew and he had to take in two partners, a classmate named Harry G. Olken, and the latter's brother, B. F. Olken, an unemployed architect. Today that modest beginning has become the Bicycle Exchange, of Cambridge. It is now listed in Dun and Bradstreet and does a $25,000 business yearly.

The bike train idea is said to have originated with one of the partners in this firm. "In the Summer of 1936," says Mr. B. F. Olken, "we noted an increase in the use of bicycles. I approached the Boston and Maine Railroad and outlined the idea of a Bike and Hike Train, which would transport riders and their machines for a day in the open country. The Railroad liked the idea and ran the first one that autumn."

This train went from Boston to the White Mountains. The next spring, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad inaugurated the first Picture-Cycle Train, operating from New York into Connecticut. For this as for the earlier train from Boston, the Bicycle Exchange furnished machines. On these excursions travelers make reservations and

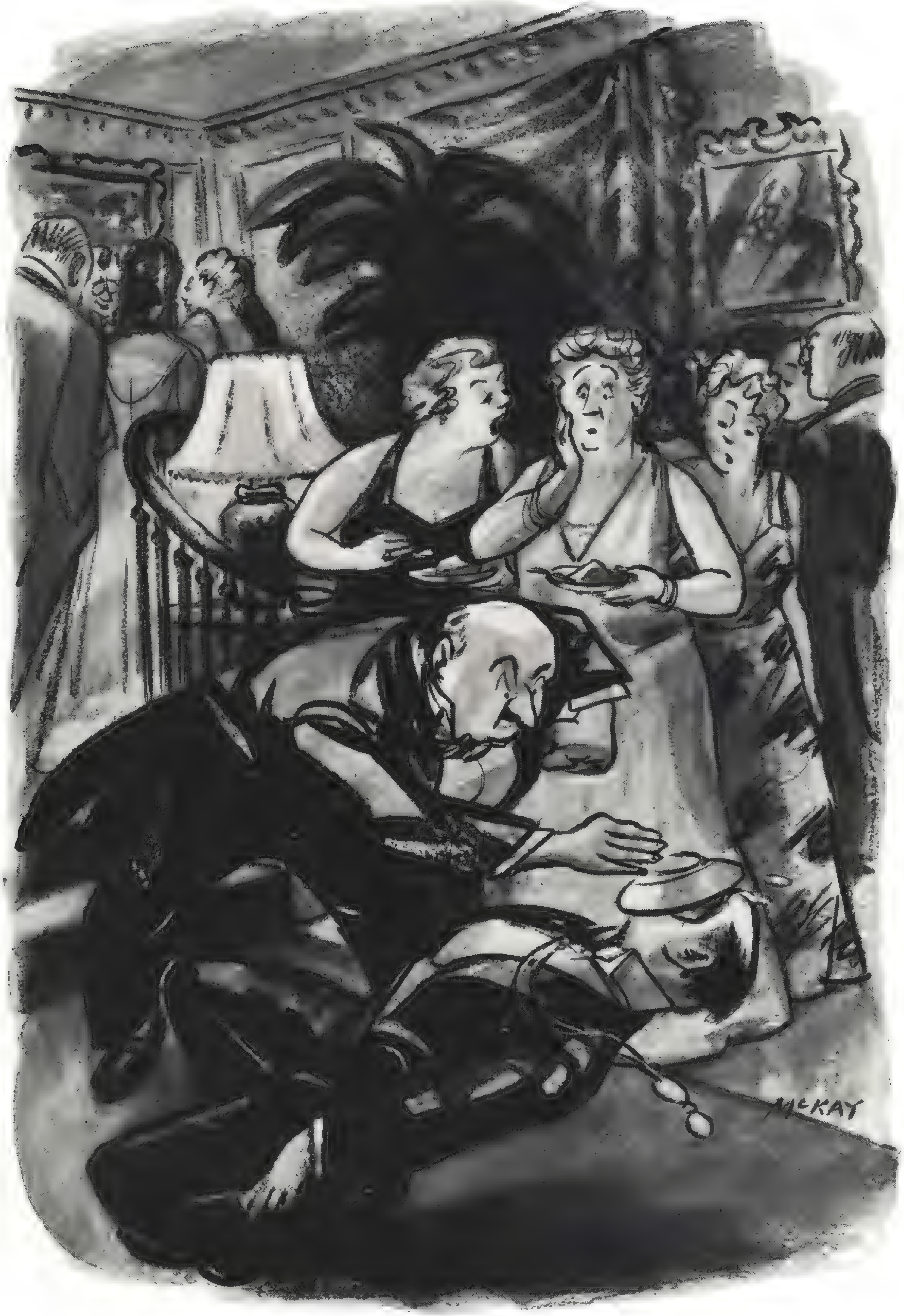
*Continued on page 161*





GEORGE WOLFE

*"The way I understand it, dear—a woman driver put her hand out for a left turn and made a left turn"*



*"Are they dissolving their partnership?"*

# Iceland of the Pacific

## Good news of American preparedness in Dutch Harbor, stronghold in our plans for Japanese war in the North Pacific

### *by* BEN EAST

**• ARTICLE •**

YOUR name is Johnny A. Public. The A stands for American. You're just the average man. The kind who ducks for the nearest shelter when the air-raid sirens shriek, who sleeps all night in the subway, who finds his house blown to match-sticks on a warm summer morning. You're the sort they take for hostages when the general of the Occupying Force is making up a pool for next week's reprisal affair in front of a brick wall at daybreak.

You were sitting in front of your radio that crisp Sunday afternoon back in December when the Japs started to paste Pearl Harbor and Honolulu with aerial torpedoes and heavy bombs. The first cold shock of amazement rolled over you, and then you were mad clear through! "Why, the dirty yellow bastards!" you said. "We'll fix 'em for that!"

So we will, but meanwhile, there's a war on, and most of the brass-hats in position to know believe it will be on for quite a spell.

The chances are you already know something about what's been going on in the Atlantic. You know, for instance, about the overage destroyer deal, and that United States troops have been based in Greenland and Iceland for many months back. You know the Atlantic fleet was doing a good job, all last summer, of patrolling the cold grey ocean between New York and Reykjavik. You suspect maybe they sunk a few of Fritz's subs out there, and kept their mouths shut about it. You have a hunch the whole North Atlantic is pretty well dominated right now by the businesslike battlewagons and cruisers and destroyers of our Navy. And it wouldn't surprise you to learn they have run a few errands in the South Atlantic, too.

OK. You know about the things Uncle has been doing in the Atlantic Ocean to save your skin in the event Adolf decides he can take time off from the Russian front to look our way.

You know about Pearl Harbor and the Philippines, and the news about 'em at the outset wasn't exactly reassuring. But the fleet is still afloat, or at least part of it is, and Pearl Harbor isn't exactly blown off the map.

So much for the part of the Pacific you've heard about. What about other sectors? What about the North Pacific, for example? There are gateways to the United States there, too. What have we been doing the last year or two to bar them?

What you really want to know, is whether there is an Iceland in the Pacific. You can bet your boots there is! And you can take another bet we weren't exactly neglecting that Iceland of the far west when we were making preparations for the things that happened on the seventh day of last December!

The Iceland of the Pacific is an island, as bleak and foggy and windswept as any chunk of land in the North Atlantic. It's called Dutch Harbor. It's a nipple on the earth's crust, green and rugged, streaked with ribbons of dirty white snow even when the brief summer of Alaska ends, in mid-August. It lies across a narrow bay from Unalaska Island, a hundred and fifty miles west of the tip of the Alaskan peninsula, two thousand north and west of Pearl Harbor. It is about as close to Japan as Iceland is to Germany. It's nearer Russia than Reykjavik is to London. And at this writing it's a stronghold in our plans for war in the North Pacific!

If you really want a clear picture of hemisphere defense in that western ocean, better get yourself a globe, and a pair of dividers.

Start at Seattle, the gateway port of the Northwest.

Swing your dividers north and west and pace off six hundred miles from Seattle. Just a tidy jump for a bomber squadron. That will bring you to Ketchikan, in Alaska.

Keep going. Measure off a few more miles to Juneau, the thriving, mountain-walled capital of Alaska at the head of the long, scenic, submarine-proof sea lanes of the Inside Passage. From Juneau turn northwest across the Gulf of Alaska, past Valdez and over the Kenai Peninsula to Anchorage. That'll be another six hundred miles. Then southwest to Kodiak Island and down Shelijof straight to the end of the Alaskan peninsula.

From the tip of the peninsula, running south and west into the ocean for eleven hundred miles, is a chain of islands, like a curving spear blade thrust out to sever Bering Sea from the North Pacific.

Those islands are the Aleutians of Alaska. Follow them to the west with your dividers until you touch the lonely dot that is named Attu. There the land bridge ends. And there you'll make a discovery.

You're three thousand miles from Seattle, there on Attu. You haven't much company. The only people who live there are a handful of Aleut Indians, about a dozen families, that make up Attu village. You're on an American island, under the American flag. The longest water gap you've crossed isn't more than a hundred miles. Yet you're as far west as New Zealand, farther than the Fijis. Three hundred miles back you crossed the hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude, that separates the Eastern Hemisphere from the Western. Less than two hundred miles beyond lie the Kommandorski islands of the Soviet. Six hundred to the south and west are the rocky Kuriles. And above the Kuriles floats the flag of the Rising Sun!

Japan isn't far away, there at the tip of the Aleutian land bridge. The little yellow bastards are literally your next-door neighbors, once you stand on the beach of Attu.

That's something you likely never knew before. But it had a lot to do with the plans the American Navy and Army and Air Corps laid

*Continued on page 119*

*"Wake up, dear—our 'Bundle from Heaven' is raising hell"*

# Professor Julian's Doll

### Obviously he couldn't be arrested for an attempt to murder, because according to modern science, witchcraft doesn't exist

### by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

Professor Julian he called himself, said my detective friend, and he spoke several languages fluently. He was a little man with purplish eyes and a peculiar twitching movement of the left cheek. I discovered in the course of my investigation that his name was Ralph Johnson, that he'd been born in Tennessee, that he was highly cultured and possessed a perfectly legal medical degree. A small, physically insignificant little Negro, this Professor Julian was probably the most dangerous criminal I'd encountered in twenty years of police work.

What I want you to realize, the lieutenant continued, is that Professor Julian was neither the commonplace quack practitioner nor the ordinary shady medico. He was gifted with a shrewd intelligence and certain remarkable powers, that much I can assure you from personal experience. The truth is, my own report to headquarters didn't contain the whole story. When I've finished you'll understand why.

Maybe this'll sound odd coming from a hard-boiled copper, but in my opinion there are a lot of things that science hasn't got around to explaining very satisfactorily. In spite of the progress civilization has made in eliminating superstition and the belief in magic, it's still hard to find a person who doesn't have some anecdote to tell which defies rational explanation. Why, for example, do we say we can feel someone staring at the back of our heads? How did we know the phone was going to ring? Hard work is supposed to be the key to success, but how many people are successful due to their peculiar ability to guess correctly more often than their competitors?

When such common doubts remain unresolved, you can hardly hold me responsible if the case of Professor Julian's doll seems extravagant. Our suspicions were first aroused by reports of a young handsome Negress who for several weeks had been given treatment at the city hospital for pernicious anemia. Pernicious anemia in a colored person is rare enough, but when the illness failed to respond to expert treatment the doctors' puzzlement gave way to suspicion. The patient exhibited a curious fatalistic attitude toward her own condition. Crime of one sort or another is often the cause of unaccountable illness, so that whenever circumstances of an unusual nature surround such a case the medical men are not slow to consult with the police. I took it upon myself to inquire into the matter in the usual routine way.

The girl was dying, no doubt about that. Her eyes were round and watery with fear. I've seen the same frantic stare in the eyes of condemned men going to the electric chair. But she wouldn't talk. She lay completely speechless and stared blankly at me with her doe-like eyes. My hunch was that the girl, whose name was Edna Harrington, was being frightened to death. I went, then, and looked up the young Negress's relatives and neighbors. When I got absolutely nowhere with any of them either, I was positive I'd run on to some unusual kind of crime.

Realizing it was the Negro temperament I was dealing with, and that the majority of the race still retained many deepseated superstitions, I went literary on myself for the next few days and haunted the public libraries. When I got through, I thought maybe my hunch that Miss Harrington was being scared to death might be sound enough at that. I told the Chief I wanted to take on the assignment and was given carte blanche to go ahead.

The patient was dying before our eyes—being murdered according to my theory—so I hadn't any time to waste. I went to the locality where the girl had lived, took up quarters in a mean little rooming-house, and proceeded to feign some peculiar illness. None of the doctors in the neighborhood could find out what was the matter with me, of course. However, the mulatto landlady, in response to my carefully worded inquiry, suggested that a certain Professor Julian had a way of curing things that baffled the ordinary doctor. This was precisely what I was banking on. The following afternoon I found myself in Professor Julian's studio.

He was a little unimpressive Negro, as I have said, with purplish eyes and a nervous twitch in his left cheek. He smilingly invited me to be seated. Except for several large and brightly-colored copper cymbals, obviously of African workmanship, the walls of the studio, which were hung with some dark green material like crepe, were unadorned. I observed no medical apparatus whatever. We sat on simple wooden chairs looking across a light bamboo table. The room was indirectly lighted in some soft shade of blue. Professor Julian himself was dressed in ordinary street clothes except that about his neck he wore a curious string of what looked to me like human teeth. In the middle of the string was a little metal disc.

"Ah, good afternoon, Lieutenant," he murmured in a low cultivated voice. I'm fairly hard to surprise, but my eyelids flickered when I realized he knew who I was. He noted the almost imperceptible movement with satisfaction. "What," he added, still smiling, "can I do for you?"

"As a matter of fact, I was going to ask you to cure me of some rare disease," I said. "But now I'd rather hear how you learned your mind reading."

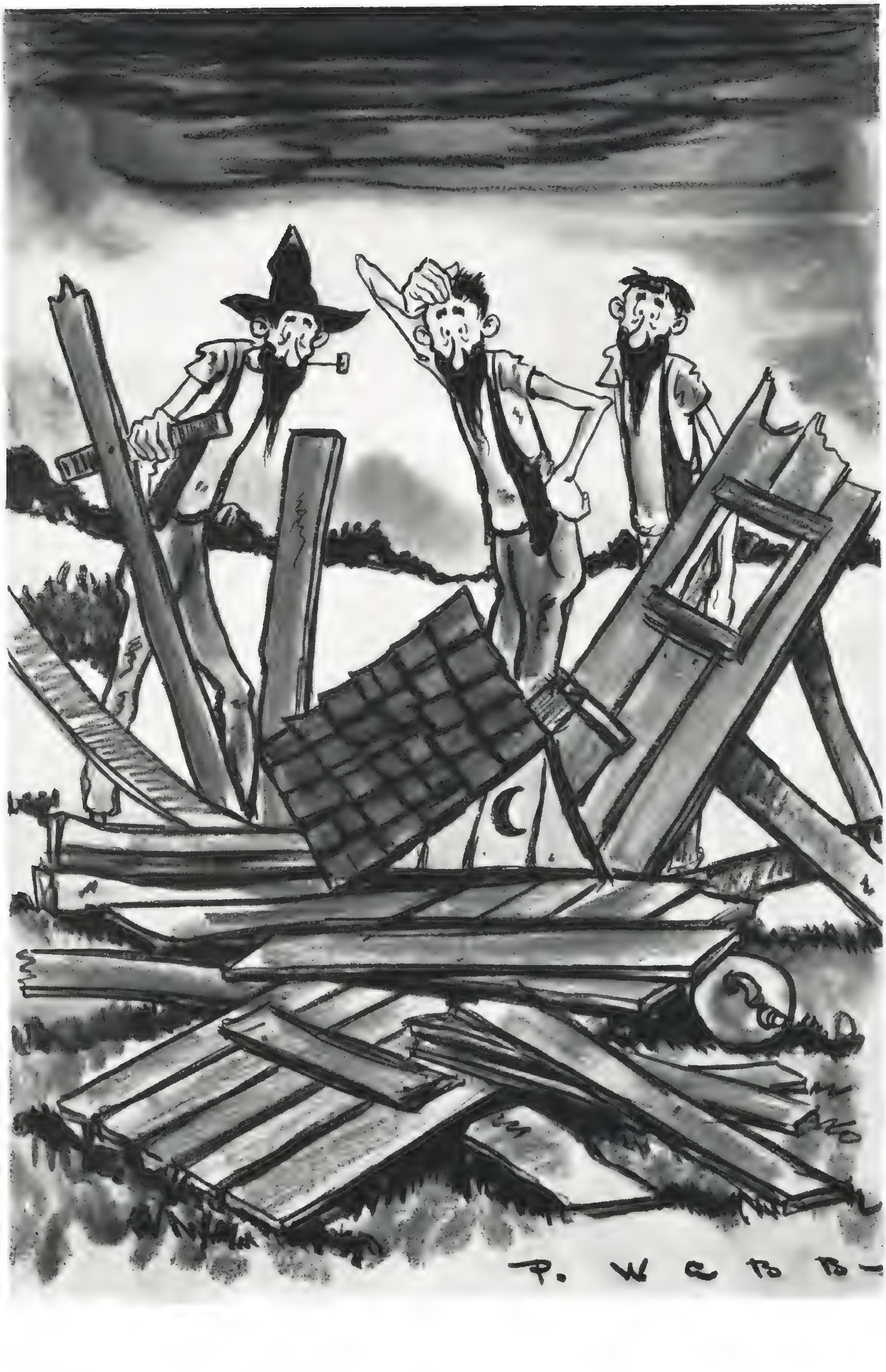
He laughed. "Mind reading is a little out of my line. There's nothing occult about an extensive photograph file."

"And my picture is in it?"

"A person in my calling is constantly ex-

*Continued on page 112*

*"While you were in the kitchen, he proposed!"*



*"Gawdamighty! Wait 'til Gran'pappy sees what the dang wind-storm did here—say—by the way—where is gran'pappy?"*

# Patron Saint of Shaggy Dogs

## Austrian Count Bobbi is credited with many of those jests with a backhanded point that hit only the slightly daft

### *by* J. C. FURNAS

• ARTICLE •

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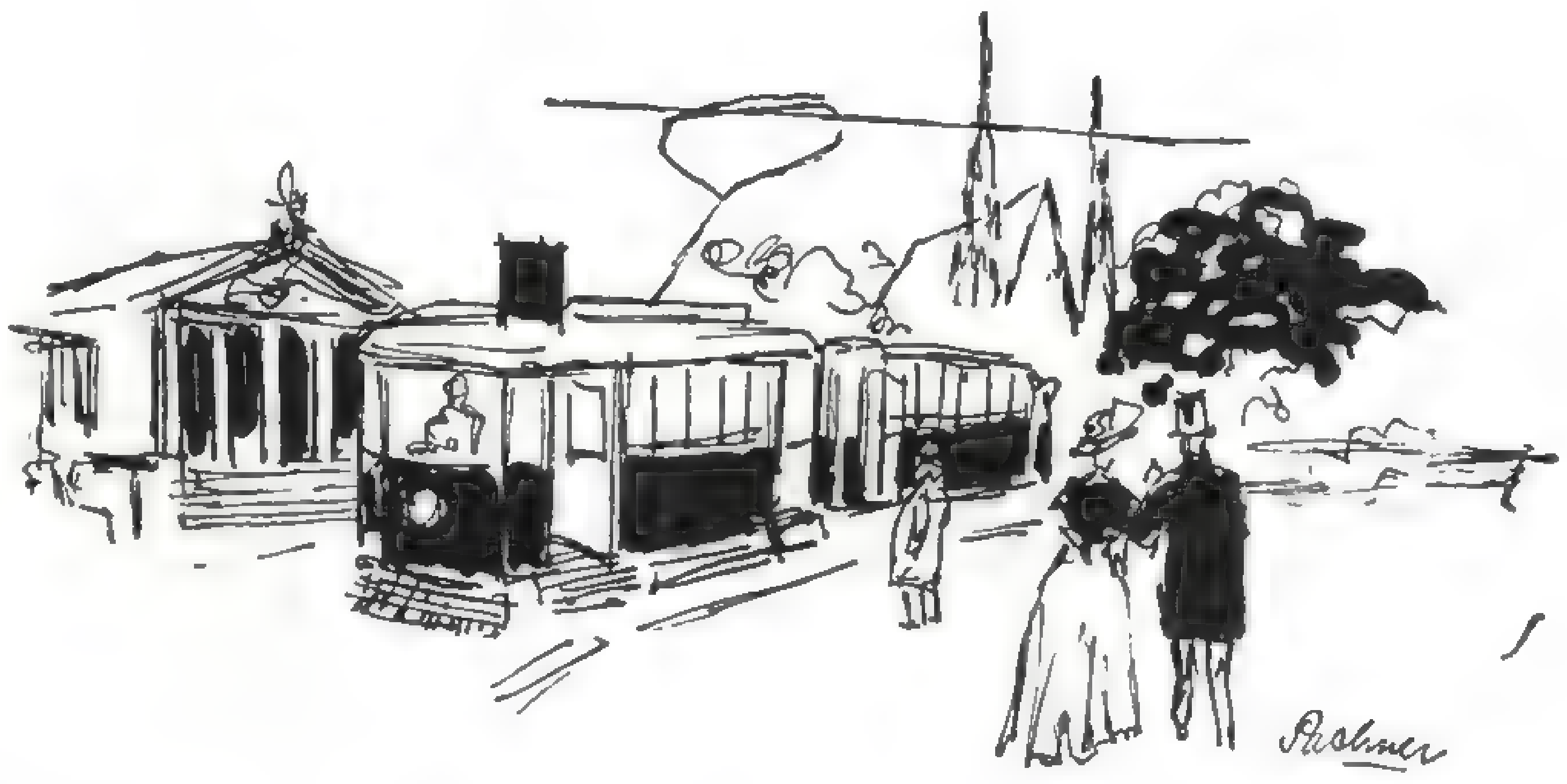


If I had ever been in Vienna, I could make a lot of the occasion when I first heard of Count Bobbi: We were sitting under the *knockerl* trees on the Schmalzstrasse eating *schlamperei mit wurst* and drinking new wine in company with Prince Fritz von Backhuhn and a delightful little baggage named Myrtl who was just then trying to decide whether to continue her illicit ménage with Heinz von Siebenundfünfzig or take up with a penniless violinist named Johannisberger Czardas who lived in a damp *kursaal* down three flights of cellar stairs in the Geigergasse. Suddenly Fritz, who was almost as *kaiserlich* as he was königlich, if you understand the distinction, laughed through the strains of the orchestra—it was playing the *Kesselflicker nach Immers nach Zufall*, I remember—and asked me if I had ever heard of the great Graf Bobbi . . .

Still, never having been within four hundred miles of Vienna, I first heard of Count Bobbi from a crack Hungarian photographer who left Germany in disgust when the Nazi press control forbade him to include such non-German fruit as bananas in still life color studies. I have since pursued the acquaintance through other former subjects of Franz Josef. The more I heard of him, the clearer it was that the Count—or Graf, as we used to say in old Vienna—was the immortal essence of shaggy dog stories.

Some years ago I did a piece for Esquire about shaggy dog stories, including some of the classic specimens. Never mind now why the name—once is painful enough to go through the explanation. Samples are better than definitions as illustrations. If you already know any of these samples, sorry in advance:

A nice lady gave a big moonlight party for a batch of ostriches on a California beach. She invited 500 ostriches—at a very late hour, only 499 had shown up. Pitifully embarrassed and distressed over the rudeness of the five hundredth, all the others stuck their heads in the sand. Presently the five hundredth came galloping up and looked round at the 499 others on the beach: "Where is everybody?" he asked.

That is the general idea. People who don't understand often try to palm off drunk or lunatic stories as shaggy dogs, which is a sure sign of miscomprehension. Occasionally there is a good bar-shaggy dog, but it will have nothing to do with the characteristic behavior of inebriates as such. Consider the man who walked up to a bar, ordered a Manhattan, drank it in modest sips, then put the glass in his mouth and ate it down to the stem, swallowing the broken bits with considerable satisfaction. Laying the stem on the bar, he ordered another Manhattan and did the same—and another. Then he wiped his lips, paid and departed, leaving the broken stems on the bar.

"That guy must be crazy," said another customer to the bar-keep.

"He certainly must," said the bar-keep, picking up one of the stems and shaking his head. "Imagine leaving the best part."

Outside the barroom, but with the same spiritual values, was the well-dressed young man who came into a Postal Telegraph office, wrote out a telegram and gave it to the girl behind the counter. "Miss Mary Jones, 1111 Main Street, Smithburg, R. I.", she read, "Wooky, wooky, wooky, wooky, wooky, wooky, wooky, wooky, wooky. Harry." "Only nine words, sir," she said, "you have room for another wooky." "Don't be absurd," said the young man abruptly and walked out.

The whole country has been hearing of the man in the subway who glanced across the aisle and saw an apparently solid and sober citizen sitting quietly opposite with a large pigeon gravely perched on each of his forefingers. He leaned across: "Excuse me—but how on earth did those birds get so perfectly trained?" "Search me, Mac," said the stranger. "All I know is they got on at Times Square."

Recent trends in these matters have been somewhat zoological, if you can stand more before we get back to Count Bobbi. Leo Durocher, they tell us now, was startled down in Florida last spring when a horse trotted up to him while he was batting out fungoes in training camp and said: "Hey, Leo, how's about giving me a tryout?" Durocher gaped at him; the horse said: "Come on—knock me one out in center field." So Durocher aimed one at the flagpole and the horse took out after it, wheeled round with the sun right in his eyes, caught it prettily in his mouth and then twisted his neck round and pegged it on a dead line for the plate—Durocher got it on the fly without moving a foot.

The horse came back in and suggested a little batting practice. Whit Wyatt went out to the mound, kind of puzzled, and the horse picked a bat up in his teeth and squared off in the batter's box. Wyatt wasted a couple outside, to see if the horse would swing at bad ones—he never moved a muscle. So Wyatt wound up and let the horse have his fast ball just below the shoulders and over the inside corner. The horse leaned on it and the last they saw of the ball it was disappearing over the left field fence.

"Say, you," said Durocher to the horse, "that wasn't bad, that wasn't bad at all. How's about pitching?"

The horse flung his bat down on the ground. "I quit," he said. "Who in hell ever heard of a horse that could pitch?"

There has also been a vogue for the tale of the vaudeville agent who was telephoned at four A. M. at his private number by a very British voice that explained itself:

"Sorry to disturb you at this hour, but you see, it's most important—I'm just off the boat after a frightfully sticky passage, everything blacked out because of submarines and all, and I'm uncommonly eager to get a good booking in the States. I've been on the stage—London music halls, you know—for years and always most appallingly successful. I've a most unusual act."

The agent rubbed the sleep from his eyes and asked: "All right, all right—what's your act?"

"Oh, I just come out and talk," said the voice.

"Talk!" said the agent. "Monologues are dead."

"Not monologues," said the voice. "Nothing so formal, oh, dear no. I just talk—the alphabet or the multiplication table—the headlines in the day's papers—whatever comes to hand."

The agent began to yell: "You mean to tell me," he said, "that you phone me this time of night with a proposition like that? Hang up and stop wasting my time."

"But," said the voice, "you see . . . I'm a dog."

Getting back to the subway—another passenger got curious about the man across the way, who was moving his lips, starting to smile, then making a disgusted gesture with his right hand, and then going through the whole process again. When he finally worked up his courage to ask what it was all about: "Oh," said the man, "this is a boring ride, so I'm telling myself dirty stories. Trouble is, I've always heard them all before."

Count Bobbi would have been right at home with him. As patron saint of shaggy dogs, he displays the same sense of consistent logic—consistent in its own terms, handicapped only by being the merest trifle out of focus. He seems first to have developed his reputation by getting off a train one day, green in the face. A friend who met him—his friends more or less looked after him, for he was, after all, a member of the old nobility with sixty-four quarterings—asked what was wrong. "Train sickness," Bobbi said with a brave smile, "I'm always deathly sick when I ride backwards on a train."

"Why didn't you ask the man sitting opposite to change with you?" asked the friend.

"I thought of that," said Bobbi, "I've been told that before. But there wasn't anybody in the opposite seat."

An aristocrat but no snob. One morning he appeared in the Jockey Club and buttonholed the first acquaintance he met: "I've always maintained," he said, "that only the poor are honest. Now I have proved it."

"How?" asked the acquaintance, playing politely straight.

"This way," Bobbi said, beaming. "It rained this morning, so I took my umbrella along shopping. I went to half a dozen shops—prosperous ones—my tobacconist, my tailor, my gunsmith and so on—and when I started for the club, I found I'd left my umbrella somewhere. I went back to each shop, retracing my steps—and do you know, the only one of those shopkeepers who gave me back my umbrella was that poor little old shoemaker of mine who practically starves to death."

That has been used as a Hitler-Goebbels story—like the left-handed teacup. Goebbels is trying to tell Hitler that, whatever the official propaganda has to be, Jews get ahead actually because they're smart, not because they are the sinister figures Hitler thinks they are. To prove his point, he takes Hitler into a non-Jewish shop and asks for a left-handed teacup. The shopman says sorry, he never heard of such a thing. They try five or six non-Jewish shops and always get the same answer. Then Goebbels takes the Führer into a Jewish shop and again asks for a left-handed teacup.

"Certainly, gentlemen," says the shopman. "Just one moment, please—" and he disappears into the stockroom to return with a nice teacup carefully carried with the handle to his left. Goebbels pays for it and, as they leave the shop, says to Hitler:

"See what I mean?"

"Well, no, I don't," says Hitler. "Just lucky. He happened to have one left over out there in the back room."

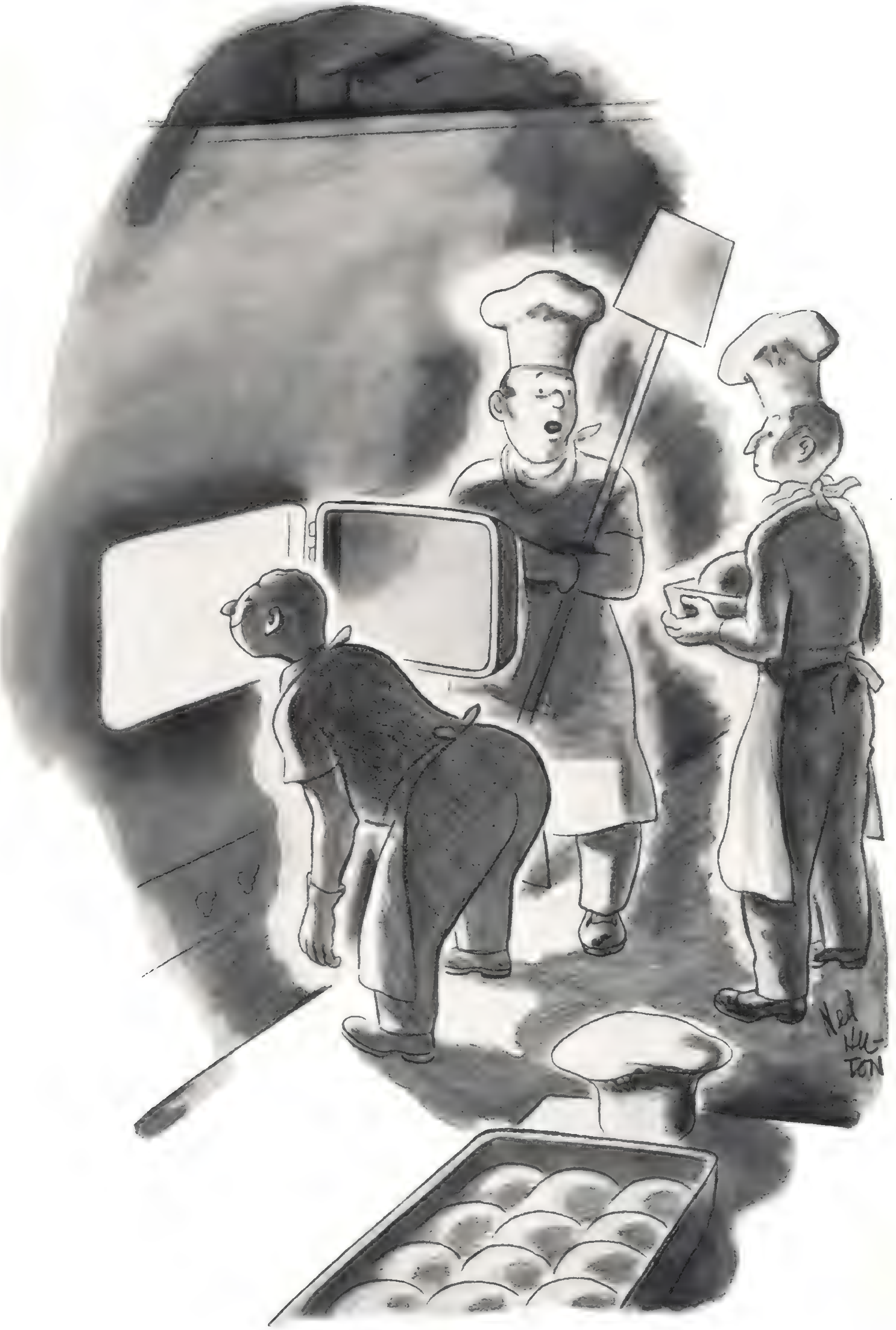
That is not strictly a shaggy dog. But the great tradition returns when Count Bobbi is found pegging along the Ringstrasse with a walking stick several inches too tall for comfort. Another of his solicitous friends says: "Bobbi, that's a nice stick—but better have somebody cut a few inches off that end." "That wouldn't help," says Bobbi. "It's this end that's too high." A few days later he was found strolling, wearing one black shoe and one white one. When they called his attention to it: "That's curious," he said, "the only other shoes I ever saw like these was another pair in my closet this morning." And then he met a man carrying a grandfather's clock on his back, taking it from the shop to the owner's house round the corner. Bobbi tapped him genially on the shoulder, democratic as always. "My friend," he said, "that isn't practical. Better get a wrist watch."

His social inferiors always liked him for himself as well as his social standing—such people as the headwaiter at the Golden Eagle, his favorite café. One day the headwaiter told him a riddle to cheer him up: "It isn't my sister, it isn't my brother, and yet it's the child of my father and mother. Who is it?" Bobbi struggled a while and then laughed himself double when the headwaiter explained: "Why, excellency, it's me." Bobbi ran chuckling to the Jockey Club and caught another acquaintance: "It isn't my sister, it isn't my brother," he said, "and yet it's the child of my father and mother. Who is it?" The acquaintance pondered momentarily: "It's you," he said. Bobbi laughed and laughed like Little Audrey: "No, no," he said, "Wrong! It's the headwaiter at the Golden Eagle!"

If Bobbi had been political-minded and a Serb instead of a blue-blooded Austrian, he might have found himself in the same frame of mind as the famous Irish bog-trotter, a red-hot Sassenach-hater, who finally worked up his courage one moonlight night to lie behind a hedge with a shotgun and blow off the landlord's head as he rode by. The landlord appeared on schedule, the Irishman aimed, fired, and missed—but, as the horse reared and took off across country at a dead run, the landlord lost his stirrups and was last seen on the verge of being thrown. The Irishman lowered the smoking gun and looked after him, open-mouthed: "Glory be to God," he said, "I hope nothing's happened to the poor man."

Bobbi's lot, however, was cast in quieter places. His one definite amour is definitely unprintable. But there is another recorded occasion when he was just strolling with a young lady and a bird bombed her new hat. She uttered a disgusted little scream and said: "Oh, dear! Bobbi, give me a piece of paper quick!" "What for?" asked Bobbi, "that bird's probably half a mile away by now."

You could work out some pretty deep stuff, if you liked, about the likelihood that his noble birth, aristocratic habits and mental approaches are most significant of what pre-1937 Vienna thought of the local nobility. In some sense, Count Bobbi probably was the Viennese equivalent of Low's famous Colonel Blimp in England. For me, however, he proves as little as Bertie Wooster—just a chinless, blue-eyed, well-tailored anecdote, perpetually tailed by a whole kennel's worth of shaggy dogs. #



*"Anybody else want a Florida tan before we bake the rye bread?"*

# The Death of Judas

### Those who saw the dark figure running through Jerusalem streets paused and smiled at one possessed beyond reason

### by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

THE noontide of the world's darkest day was past. The deed was done. And what was done could never, never be undone.

Lazarus and Judas stood in silence beside the hill of Calvary.

"We have come too late!" repeated Lazarus. "Who is there who could bring Him back to life? Who is there who could perform the miracle of miracles?"

"Alas! Only He and no one else," said Judas.

"My own life He gave back to me. From a dark tomb I rose to walk in the light. My eyes were opened and I could see and my lips spoke. This He did for me and now . . ."

"Only the Master could perform this miracle."

"And now He is Himself lain into the darkness of a tomb. A long night envelops Him."

"As long as eternity!" said Judas.

"Must it be forever and ever?"

"Forever is the guilt mine. Forever and ever. And all the rivers of Arabia cannot wash clean the stain."

"You betrayed Him!" shouted Lazarus.

"I go. I see by your eye that you cannot understand. We came to save Him but we came too late. Your voice is harsh. Yes, I betrayed Him. And the money is in the bag."

He held it up and shook it. The silver coins rang out a muffled jingling sound. It was the clang of a heart turned to granite struck again and again with the blade of a knife. It made the sound of a word, an ugly word, one which does not exist in any language.

"Your face has become loathsome!" cried Lazarus.

"The face of every murderer is loathsome. This is God's imprint, the hot-iron brand, so that all mankind may know what guilt looks like."

"It is horrid."

"I go and you will never see this face again. But what you see now is only the outside and if it is loathsome and horrid, then think of what it must be inside. A serpent's uncoil would have less creep."

"Go, go!"

"Ha, ha!" He laughed a maddened laugh and turned his head. "Forever," he cried. "Forever and ever! Ha, Ha! He was the giver of all things; even life He gave. And from Him the life was taken. And with this money . . ." He held the bag aloft and shook it at the sky . . . "I will buy the life eternal. Forever and ever. Damnation!" he cried hoarsely. "Ha, ha!"

With hair disheveled and eyes filled with an inner terror and rolling in their deep dark sockets, Judas turned from the Mount of Calvary and ran back into the streets of the city.

"Where are they who laughed?" he cried. "Let me find them. They were drinking wine because his life had been saved. And the Roman soldier carried a bundle of clothes. Where are they! I want them. If they are merry then I too . . . Ha, ha! Forever."

He ran on and on. And those who saw this dark crushed figure paused and smiled at a man possessed beyond reason and calling out with his voice a stream of words, which were to them meaningless.

"Where is this robber? Let me find him! They laughed. Ha, ha! And I will laugh with them!" He ran on wildly and people, seeing this mad figure approach, moved to the side to give his uncertain legs room as he reeled and staggered through the street.

At length he found the two he had been seeking. He had seen them before and here they still were in the little street beside a wine tavern. He breathed deeply and smiled, and while he waited for his breath to return he clutched the bag at his side so tightly that his fingers turned white.

"I know you," he said at length with a smile.

The robber turned and replied proudly: "All the world knows Barabbas. Today I was to hang and now, now wine pours down my gullet."

And not to be outdone, the Roman soldier beside him spoke. "I am lucky," he said. "And against luck the gods themselves are helpless. And luck breeds luck. And that is why the wine costs me nothing."

"And I too will drink with you," said Judas.

"You?" said Barabbas. "Not so fast. What are you and what have you done?"

"I have . . . I have . . ." But the words could not leave his mouth.

"Go away," said the soldier. "You are nothing. He has his life and he has a right to wash it down with wine. And I have luck. That is something too. But you . . . You have nothing. Go away!"

"I have something also."

"What?" asked the robber.

"Oh, it is something that will live longer than your life! Much longer. And it is greater than his luck. Much greater. I have . . . You would not understand."

"What have you in the bag?" asked the soldier.

"Silver." He shook the bag so they could hear the coins.

"With money it is easy," said Barabbas. "That is no trick. You can buy your wine."

"No, no. Not with this money."

"What will you do with the money?" the robber asked.

"Do with it? Why, I will . . . No, I will not touch the money because . . . Listen, let him give me a glass of wine because I have death in me."

"Real death?" asked Barabbas.

"Yes, real death. It is true. As you had life given you today, so I had death given me. And death is stronger even than luck."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the soldier. "It may be

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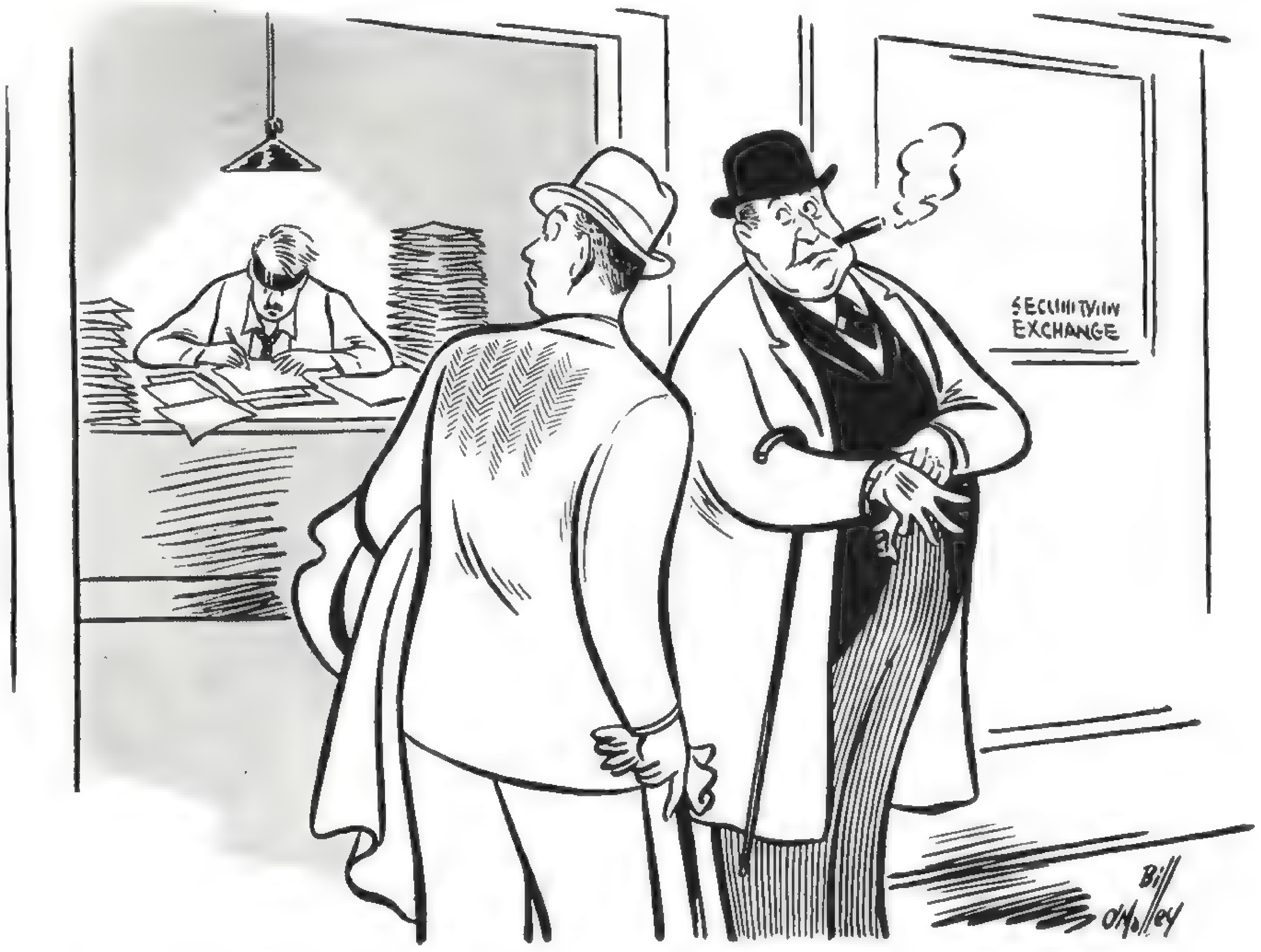

*"Pay no attention to Jordan! He's been working overtime every night for the past five years, hinting for a raise probably"*

# Make 'Em Substitute

## Maintaining that fire-house basketball can be saved for the fans by limiting the time a player can stay in the game

### by NICK KEARNS

• SPORTS •

The amazing drawing power of basketball today takes me back to the old rough-and-tumble game that was in vogue when Knute Rockne coached his famous Victory Five at Notre Dame in 1919-20. This team was called the Victory Five ironically because it won only five games and lost thirteen. Good Old Knute always thought the game of basketball very silly. About the only advice he gave his players was simply to carry out the first item in the rule book, which said: "Basketball is played by two teams of five men each. The purpose of each team is to throw the ball into its own basket, and at the same time to prevent the other team from securing the ball or scoring."

With only that in mind, Rockne would turn loose his quintet of football players on the floor and enjoy watching the fur fly—except when interrupted by the officials' whistles.

That famous Victory Five of "Rock's" was comprised of Roger Kiley, Judge of the Appellate Court of Chicago; Dr. Eddie Anderson, Iowa football coach; Harry Mehre, Mississippi grid mentor; Hunk Anderson, coach of the Chicago Bears; and Hector Garvey, who is now in defense work.

I recall one game I worked with them at Butler when I had to call three fouls in a row on Anderson. During a time-out, Kiley, always the smooth politician, wanted to know: "Have you got it in for Eddie?"

At which, Anderson himself put in: "If that guy don't know the rules now, we got no time to teach him."

Which was plenty funny, in view of the fact that after "Rock" had read them the passage from the first paragraph of the rules code, he literally tossed the rule book into the corner and the carnage began.

Rockne loved the action and contact. Contact has mostly been eliminated from basketball, but action has come back to the game in the last few years. The crowd loves action; there is no question about it. And it was a concession to the wishes of the spectators that, at last, the elimination of the center-jump has brought basketball back to the fire-house game that in the earlier days of the sport so stirred up the customers.

Having served as what you might call a control of the game, from as far back as 1909, I can now trace rather clearly the course of the sport from its original fire-house status, through a frozen refrigerator period of the slow break, and now back again to the fire house, sans the center tip-off.

I remember the old games when the crowd was in a continuous uproar of frantic screaming from start to finish of every close ball game. Before that there was a time when the ball was continuously in play, with nets around the court. There was plenty of contact in those days. A man literally had to fight off his guard to get a basket. A man dribbling down the side court would receive a flying body-block and go sailing up into the fifth or tenth row of the bleachers. Basketball was a battle then that thrilled the fans and pleased the players. Good teams wouldn't think of going on the floor without kneepads and elbowpads.

Then came a period of gradual refinement. Contact was gradually weeded out of the game by the rules changes. Officials were forced to bear down harder. An individual free thrower became for a time the greatest single offensive threat of a team.

In this period of experimental refinement also came Dr. Walter Meanwell of Wisconsin with his tight man-for-man defense, and his block offense. He worked set plays in which a guard would be blocked off from his man as the latter skirted another Wisconsin player. If these set plays did not open up a clean short shot at the basket, the ball would be passed back to midcourt, and another set play started. This obviously slowed the game.

Furthermore, Meanwell's perfecting of the five-man defense evolved the stalling game, or slow break, in which the attacking team strove to force the compact defensive formation to spread out more, thus giving a fast dribbler a chance to crash through to the basket. Zone defense dates from the beginning of basketball, but the highlight of this style was brought about in the Lombard-Knox game of 1921 at the time when Sam Barry coached Knox and Paul Schissler coached Lombard. This was a traditional rivalry. The final score was Knox, 3; Lombard, 2. Spectators booed and walked out, demanding their money back. The publicity on this game started a fad in which coaches upon entering a game where they knew they were going to be knocked off by a lot of points would immediately revert to a zone defense. This was very antagonistic to the spectators, and was the real start of a temporary downward trend of basketball. It became so bad that in the Big Ten a gentleman's agreement grew up to avoid this type of play. Finally rules were introduced to speed up play—such as the center line to force the offensive team to bring the ball up in 10 seconds, and the elimination of the pivot or post position man with the three-second rule in the free throw circle. These rules revived the game's speed and popularity.

Various ideas were suggested to speed up the game more to bring back the old fire-house days of action and excitement; but it was not until the elimination of the center-jump that this objective was achieved. This speeded up the game without bringing back the excessive contact of the fire-house days. Basketball attendance skyrocketed. Once more the fans were getting what they wanted—

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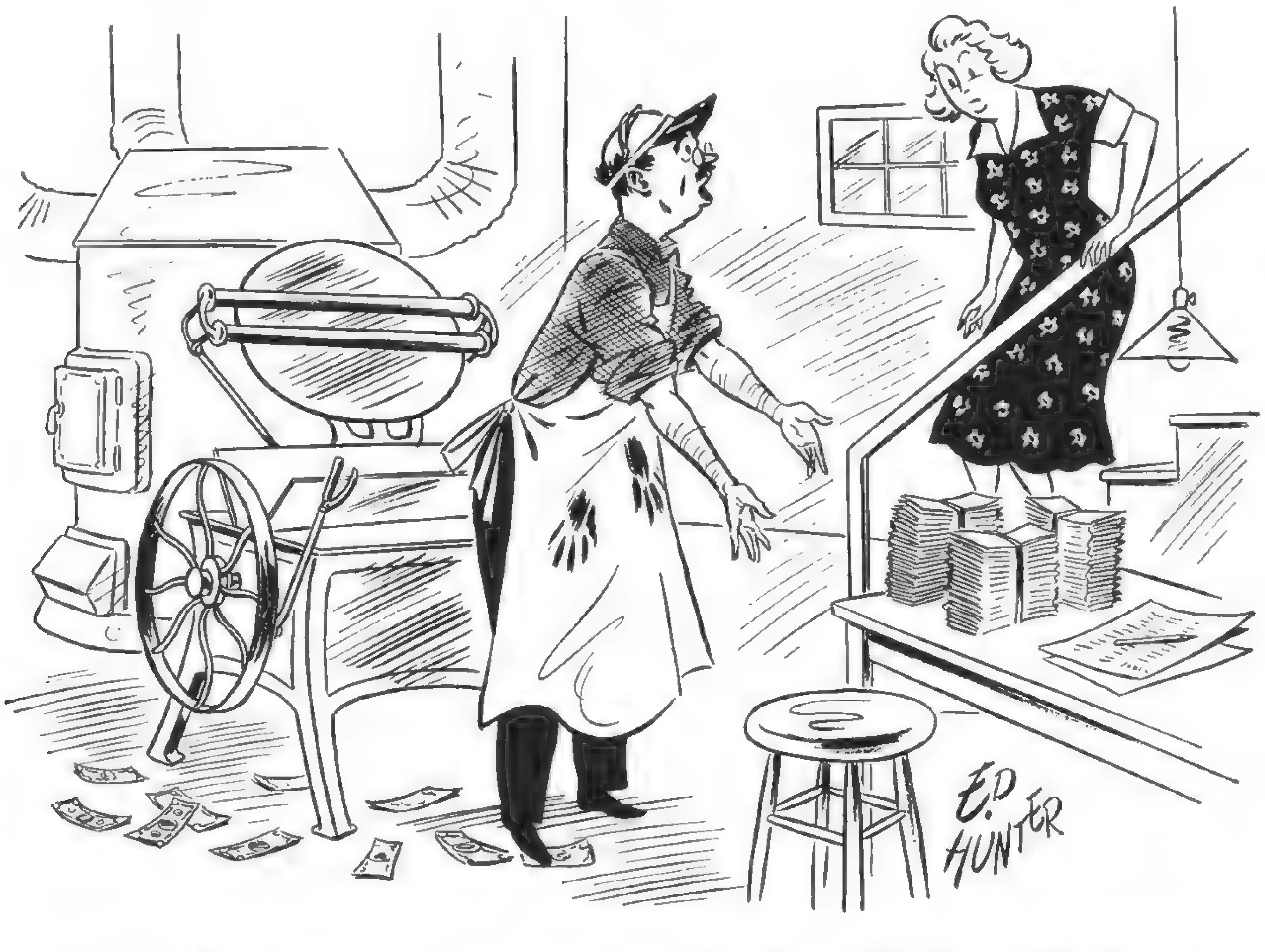
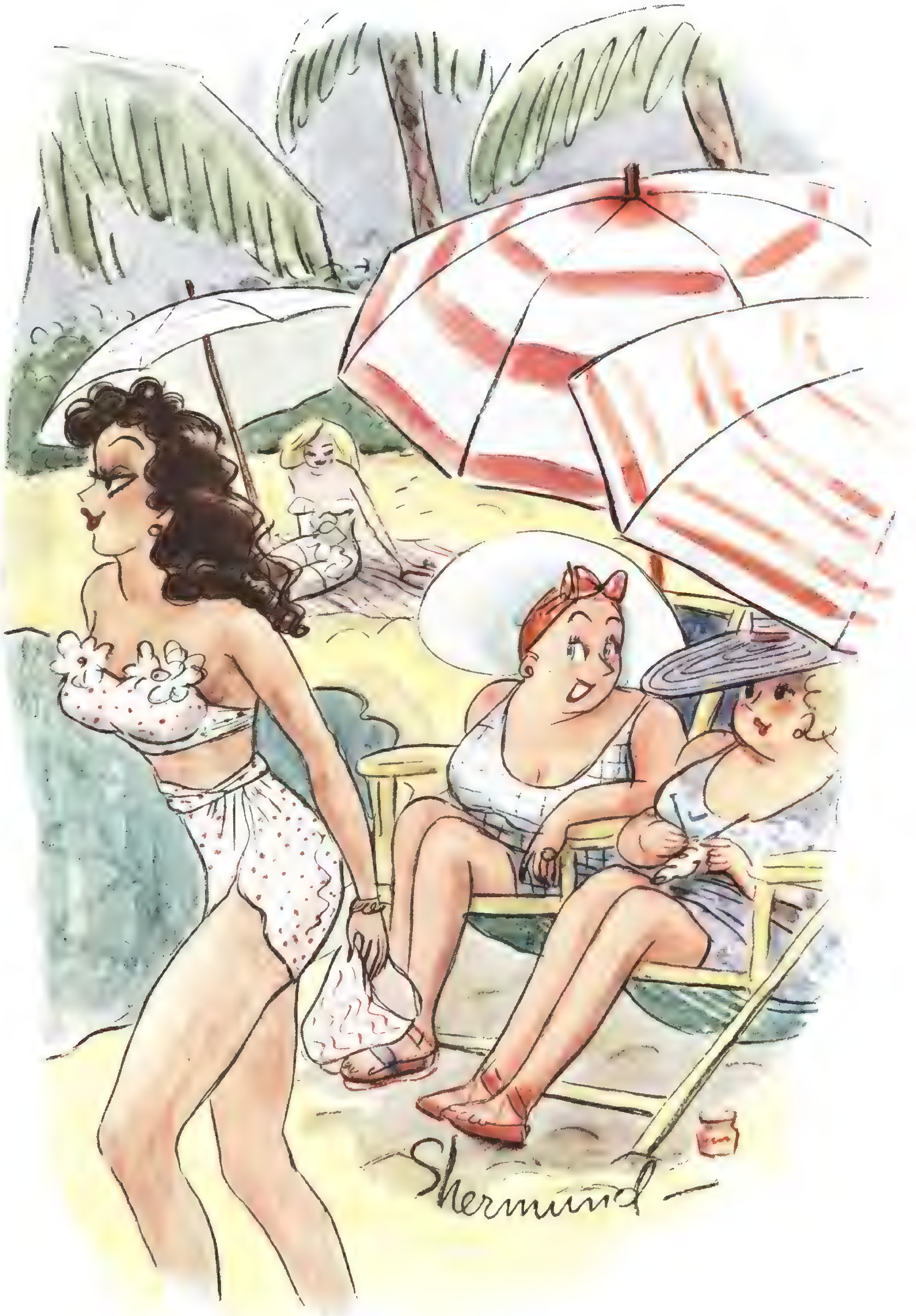
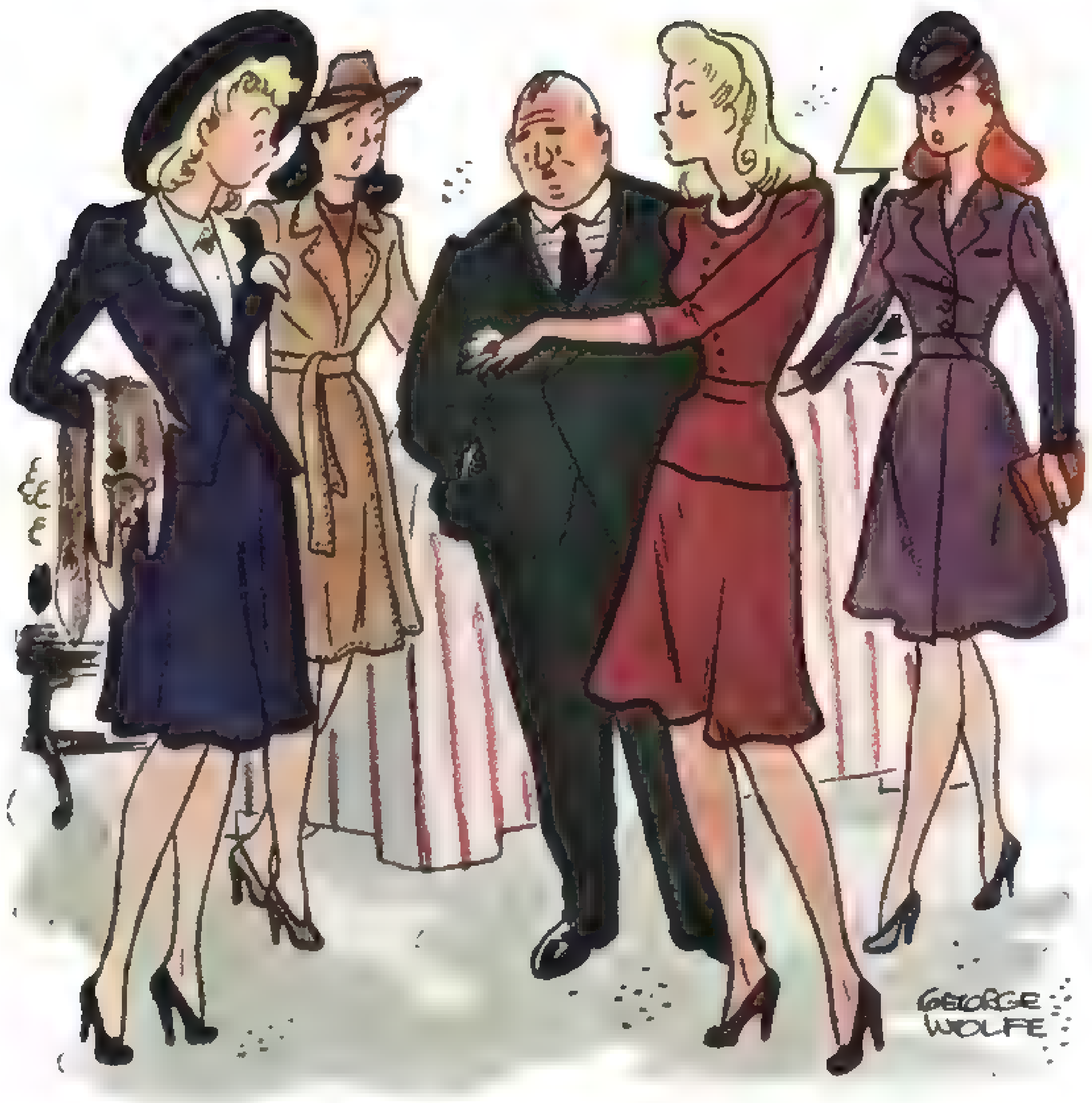


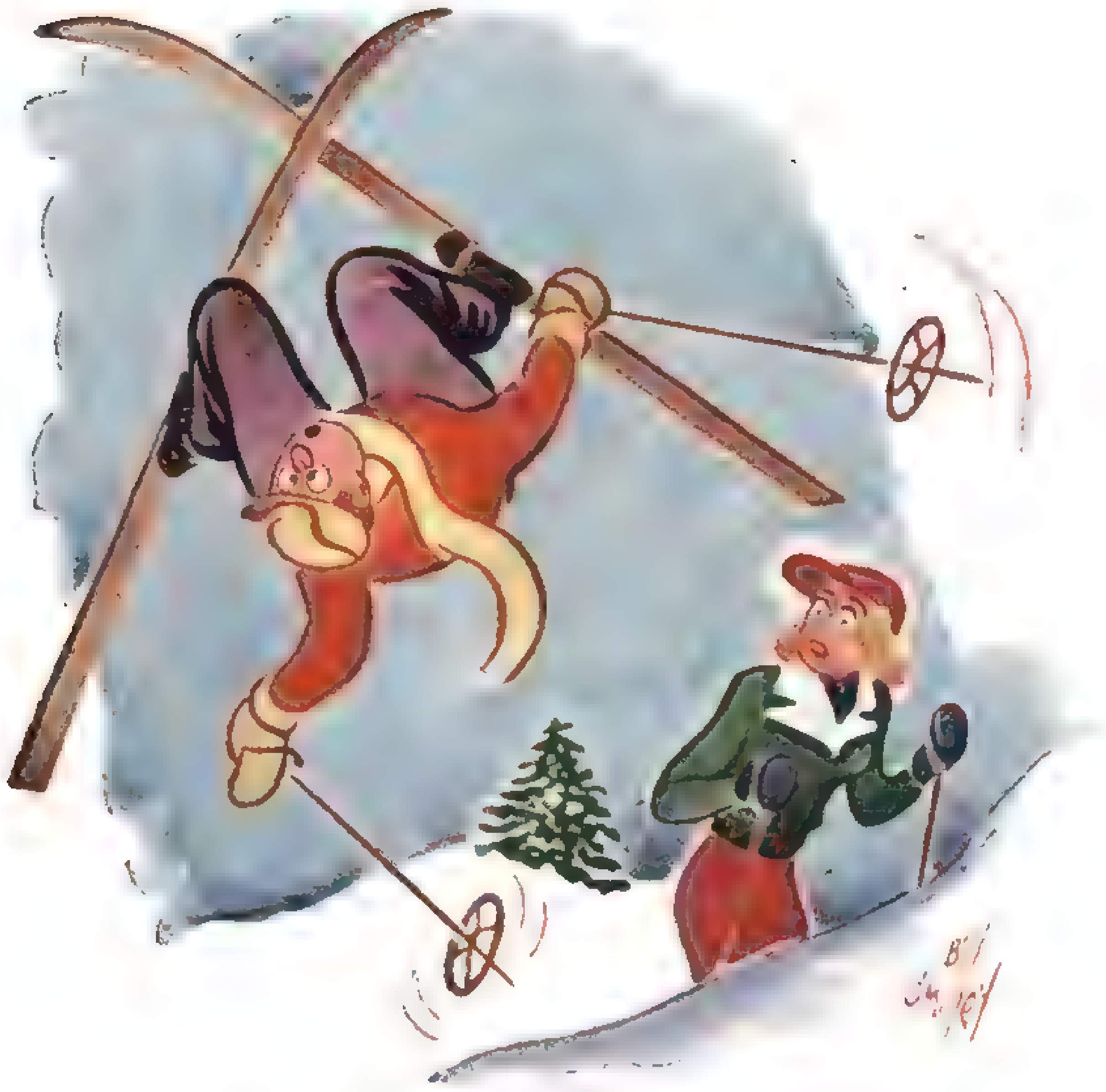
*"Gosh, Martha, when I answered that ad, 'Make Big Money At Home,' I didn't know what I was getting into"*



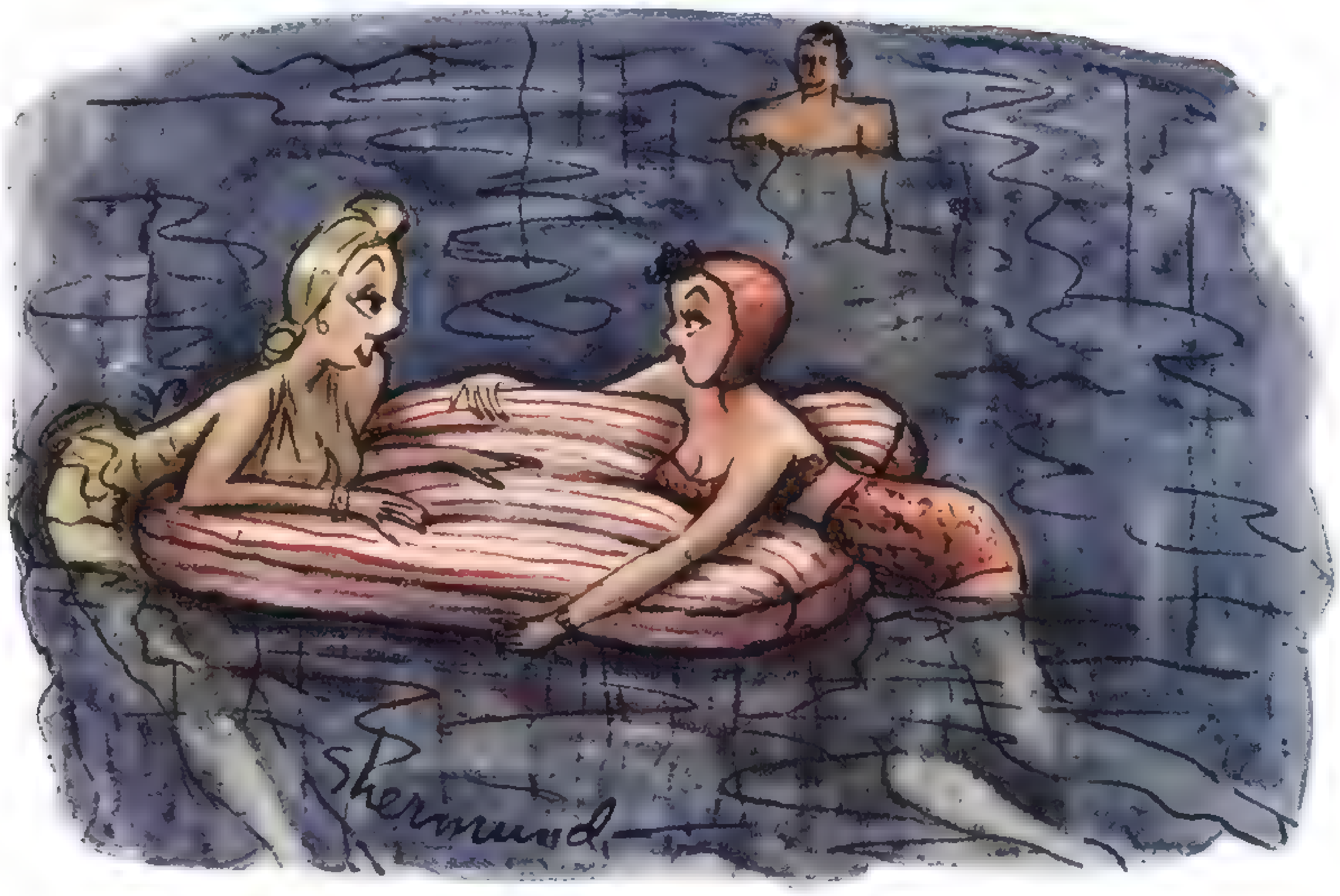
*"I must tell Henry about her—then we'll stay another month"*



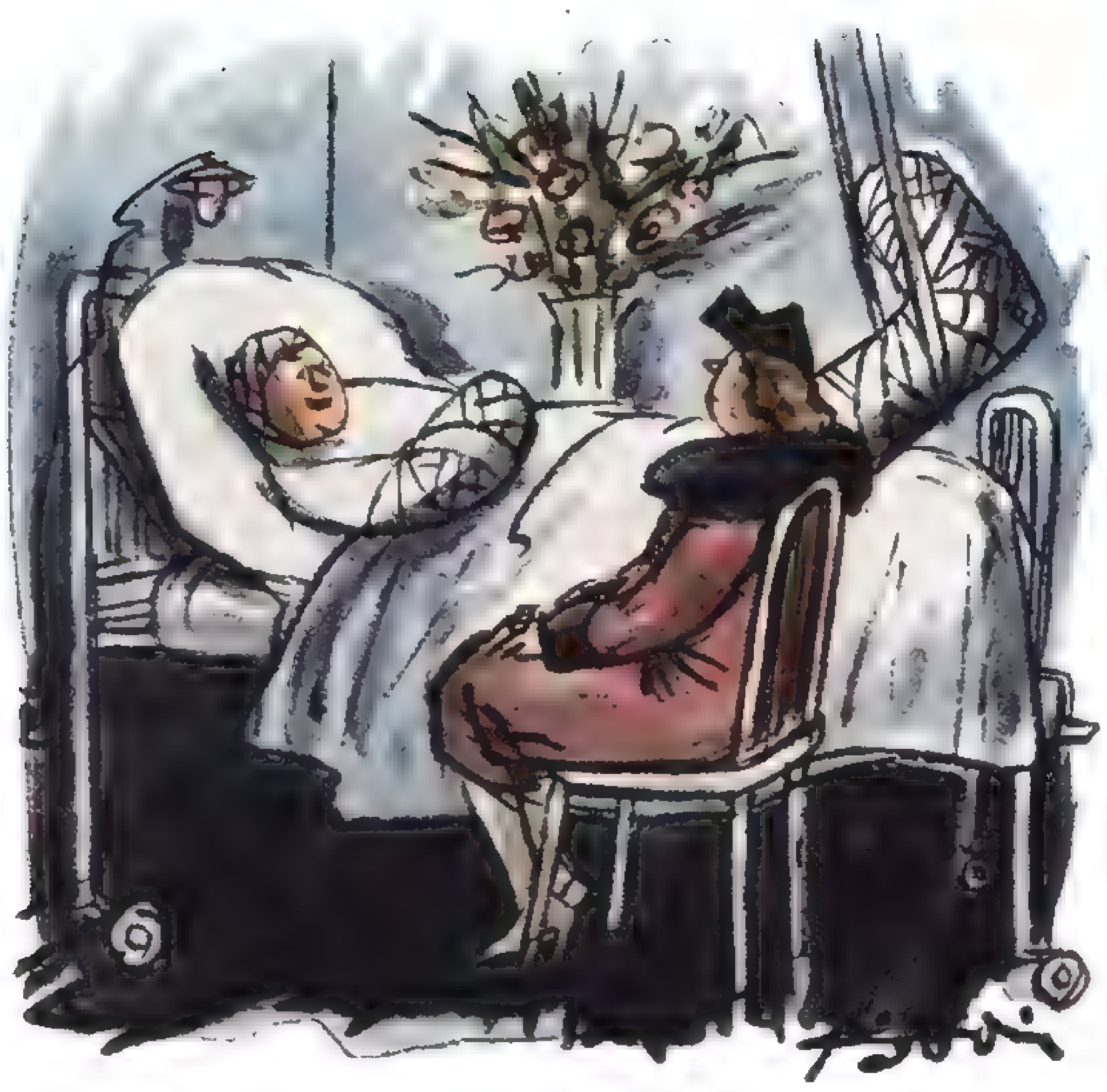
*"This is my engagement ring, and this is the jeweler who'll answer all questions"*



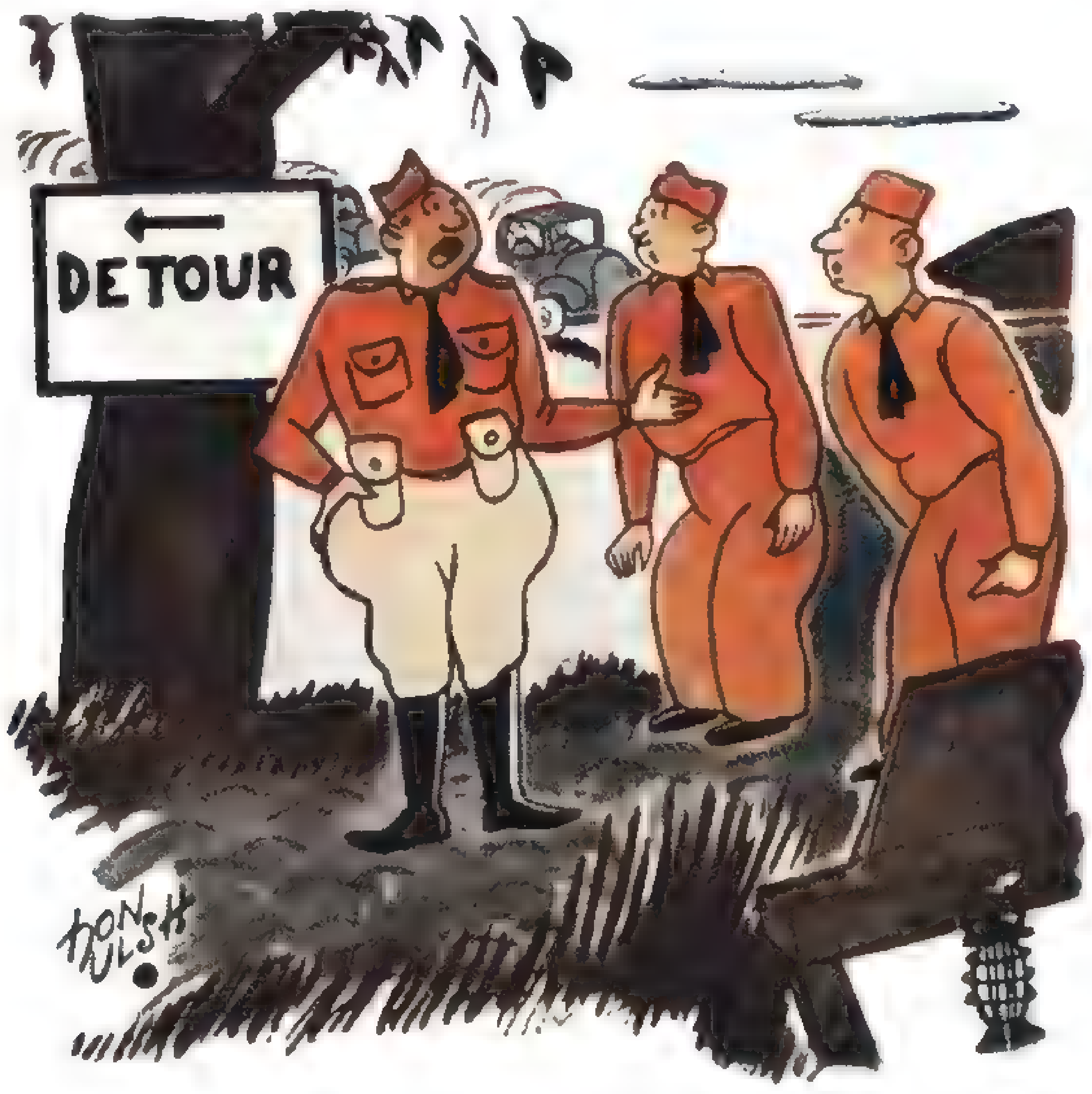
*"Oh, Horace, quit showing off!"*



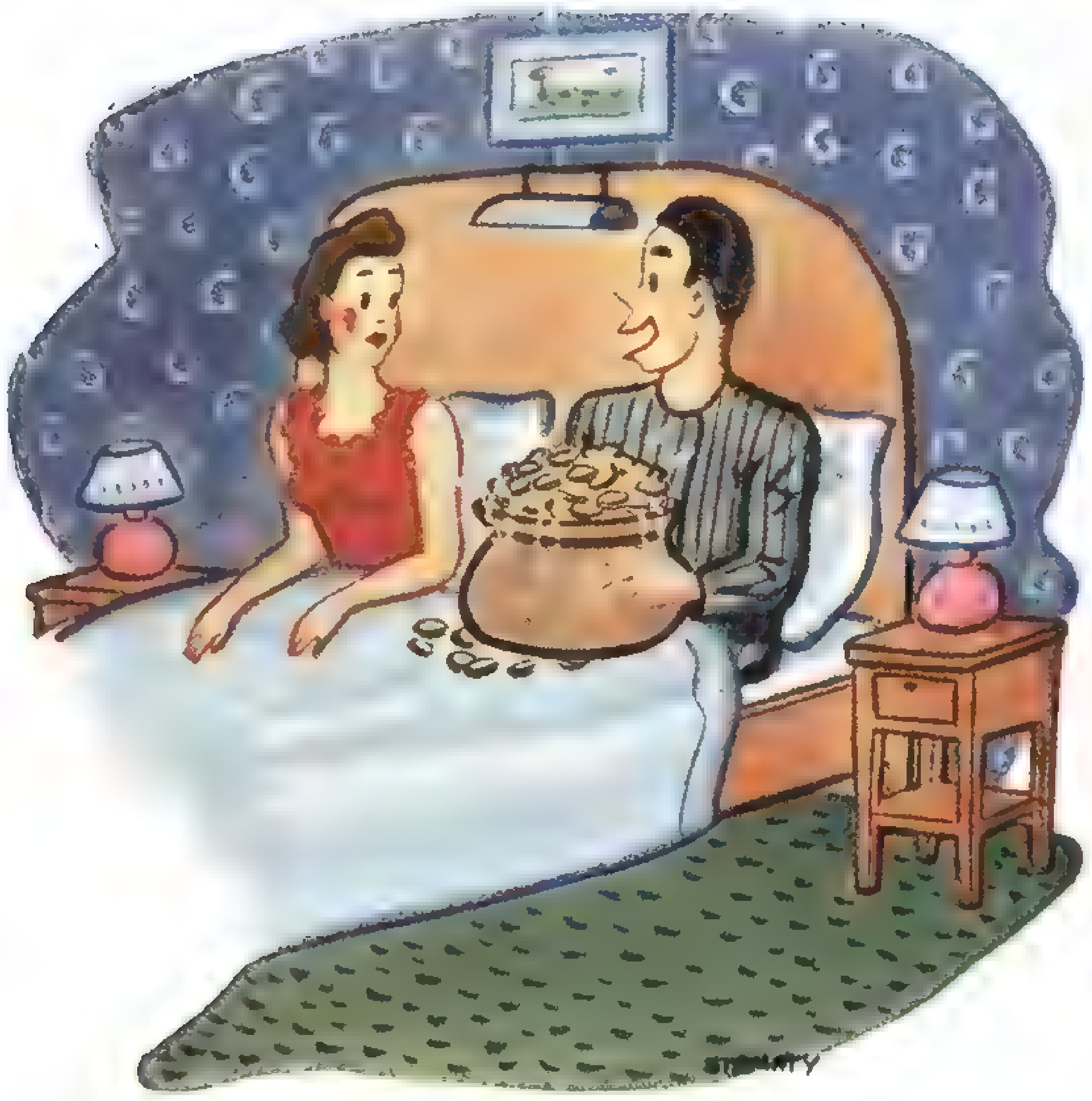
*"Now let's not fall in love the first day we're here"*



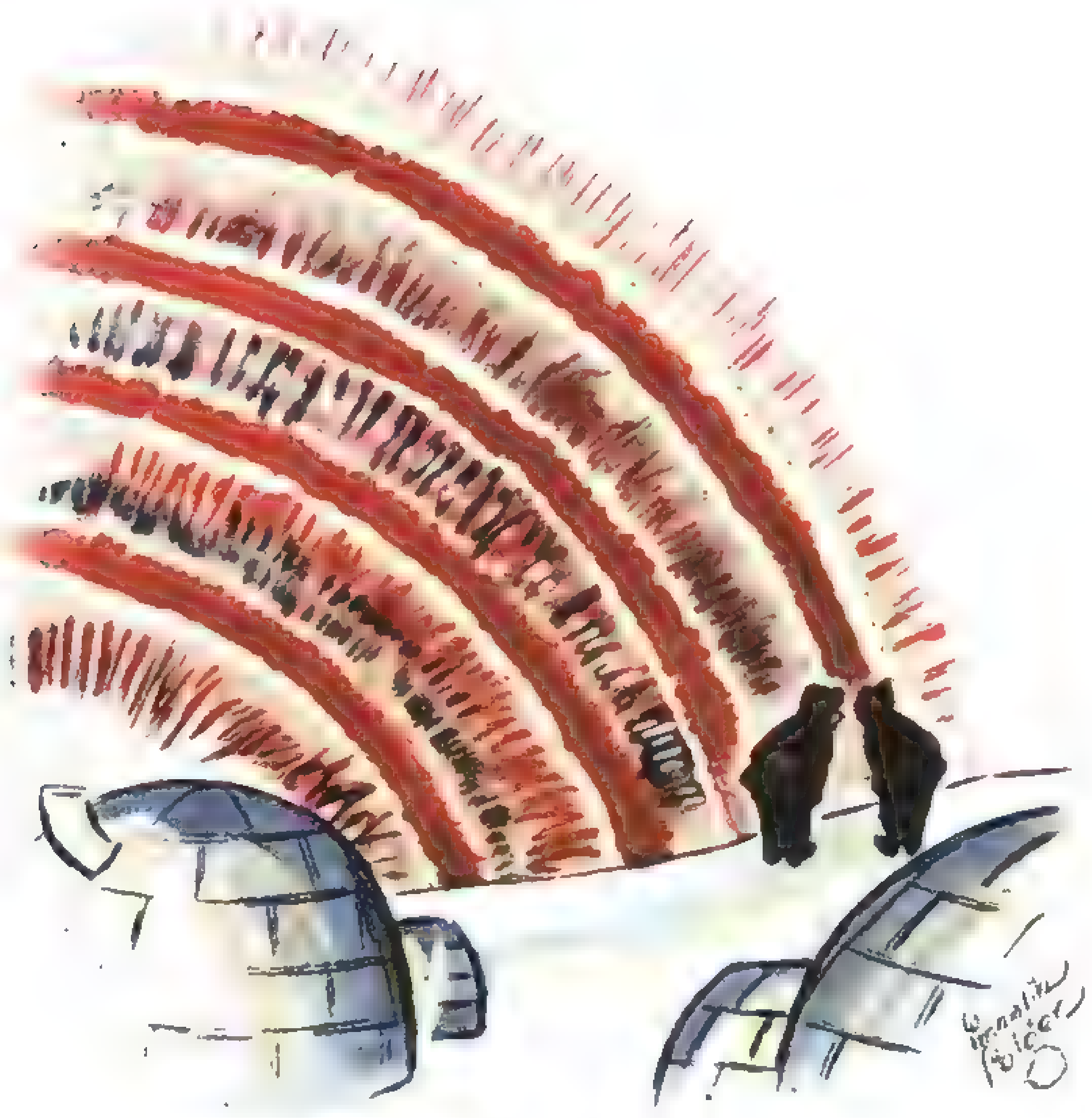
*"I'm getting wonderful care now that the doctor and the hospital discovered that the man who ran over me is insured"*



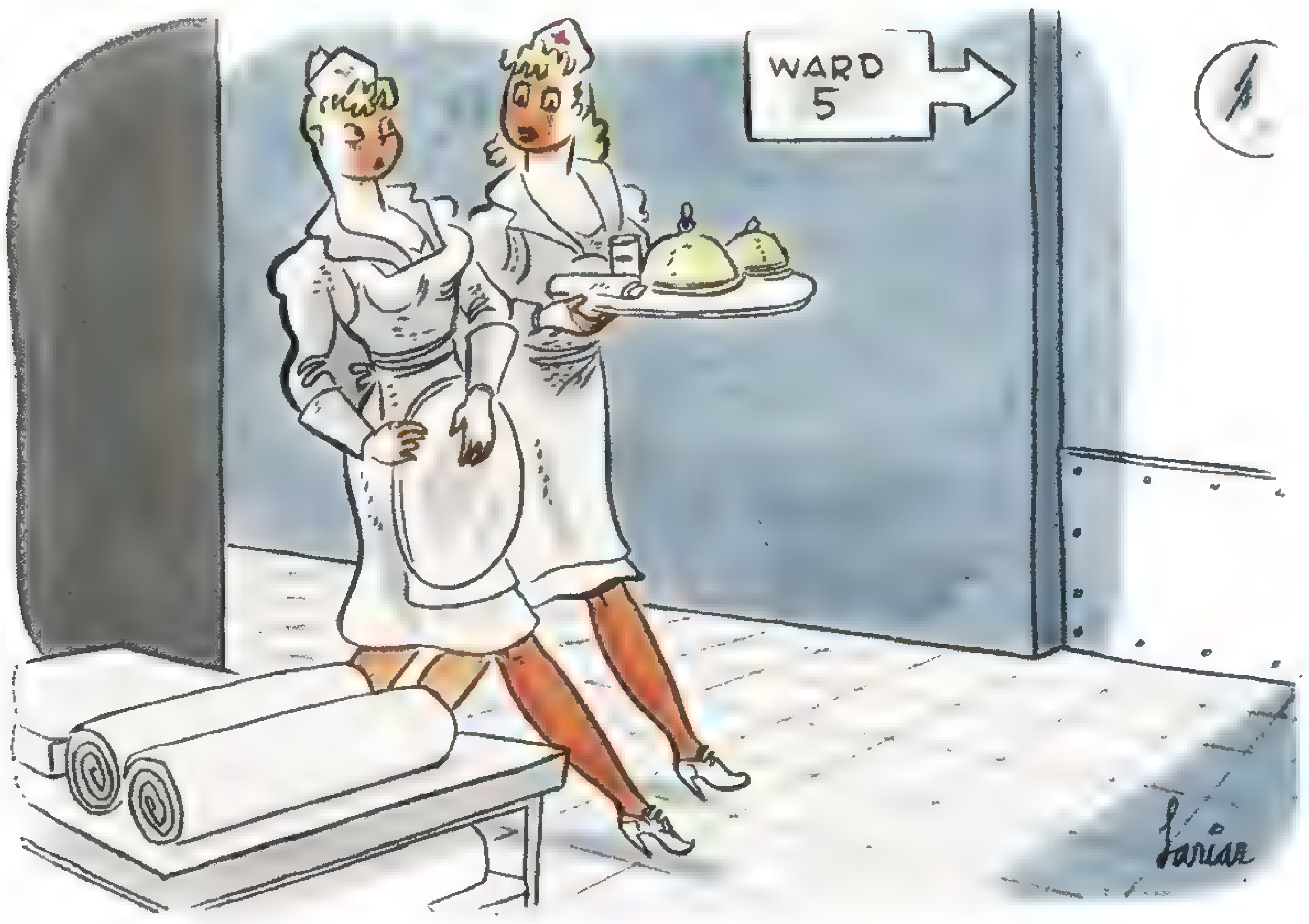
*"Can any of youse read French?"*



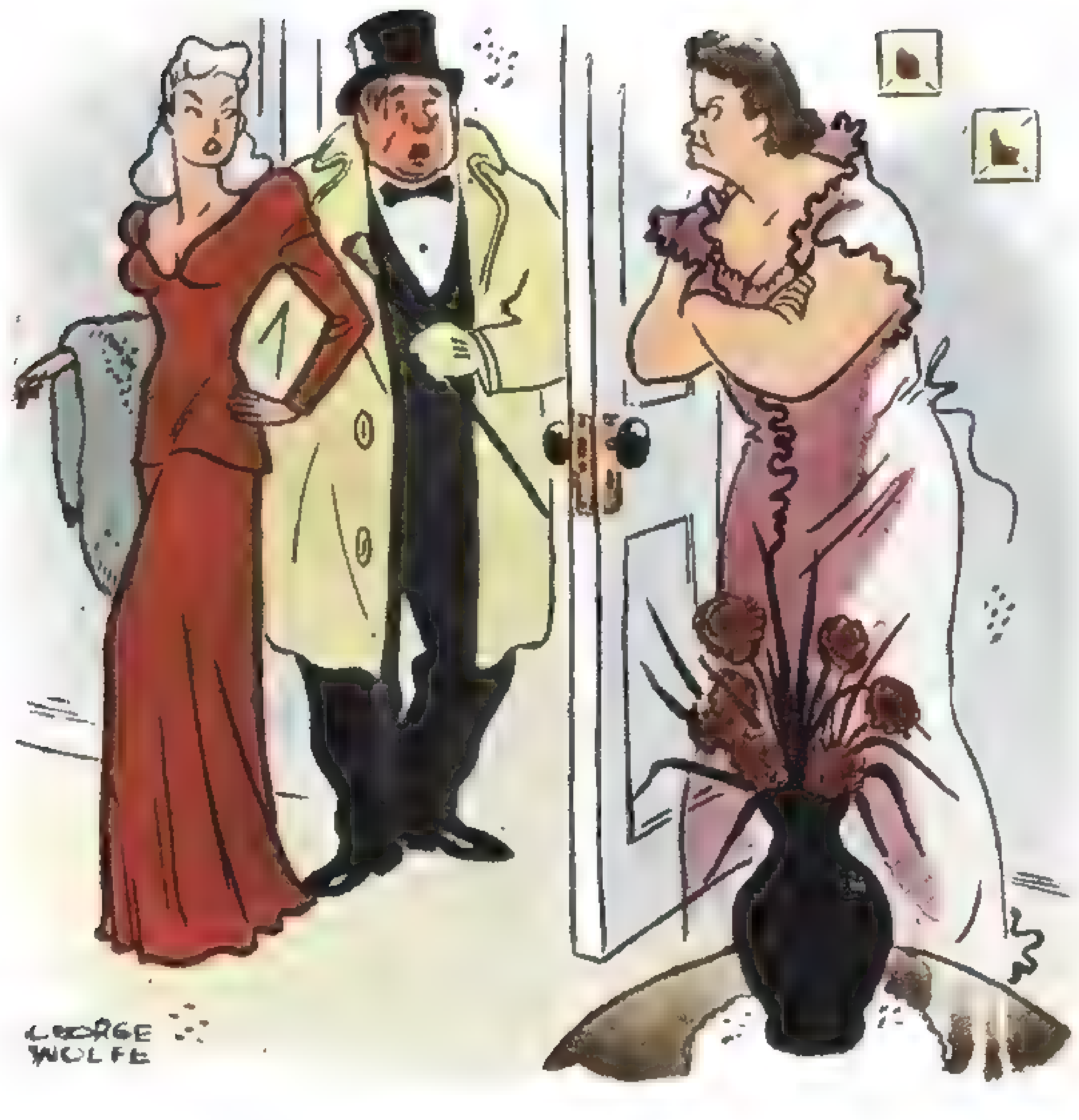
*"I saw it in a dream—and held on!"*



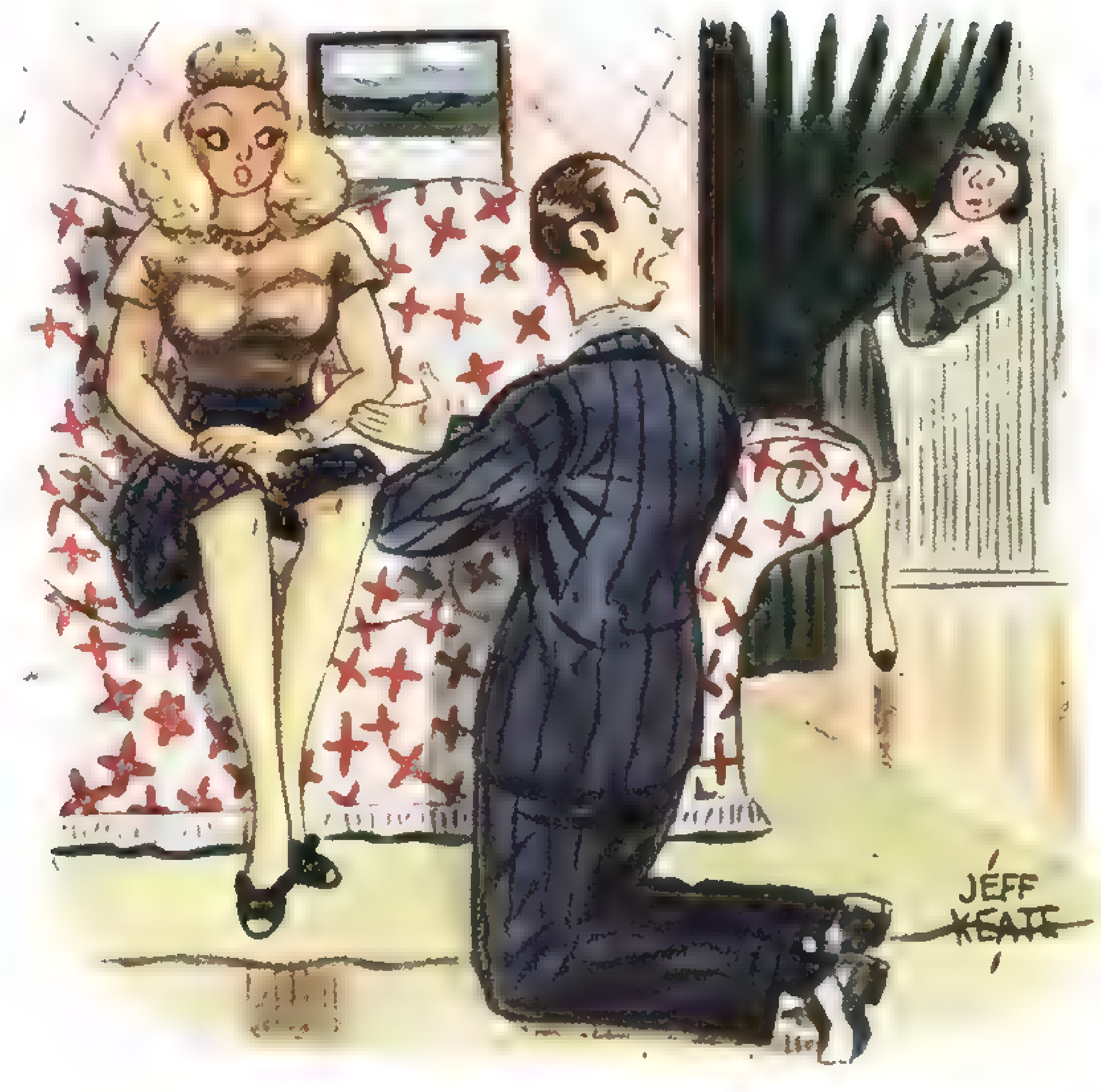
*"Just as I thought—neon!"*


WARD
5
Farias

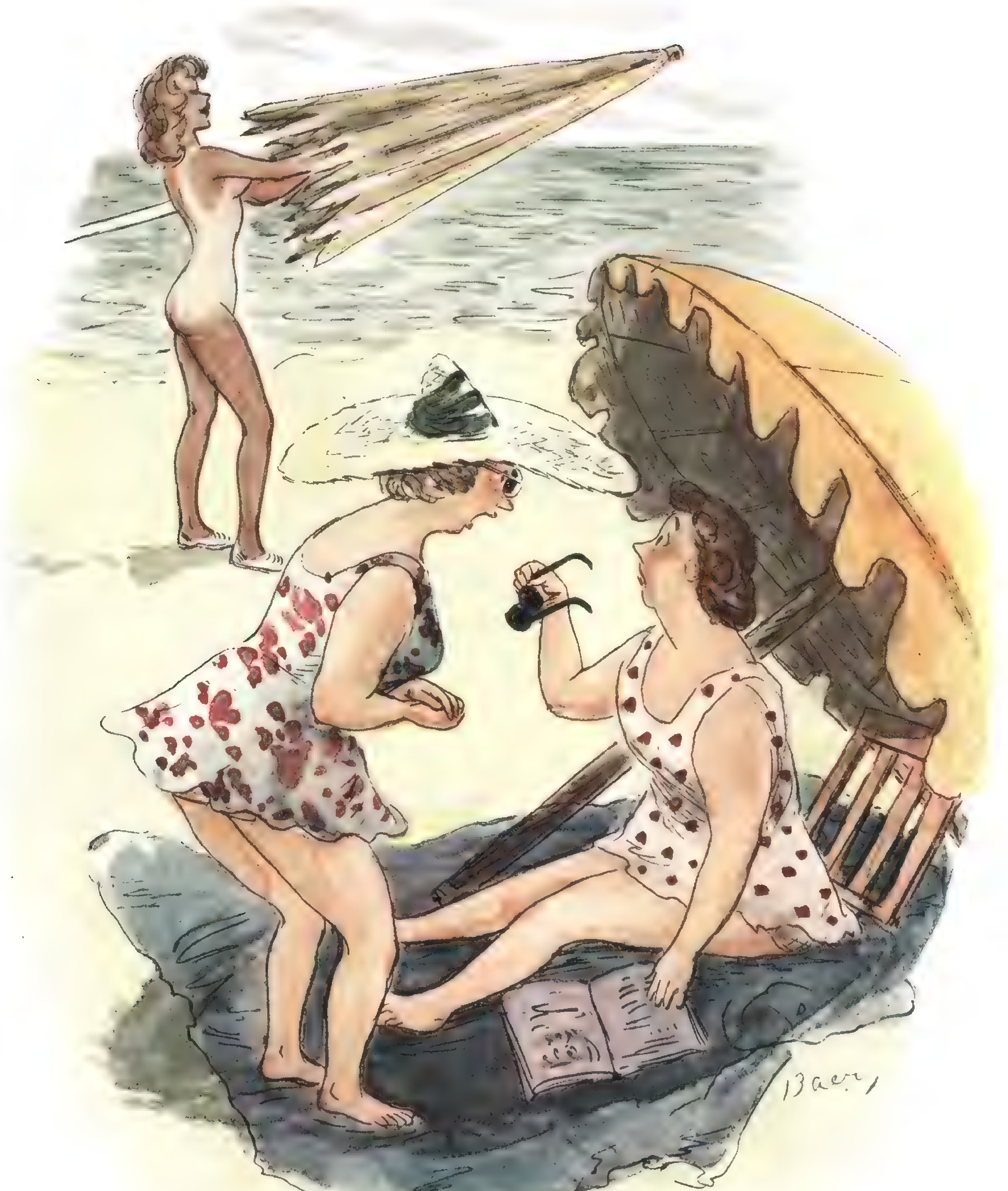
*"I wish I'd chosen a different career—I haven't had a proposal from a healthy man in years!"*


GEORGE
WOLFE

*"Why, Alice—why aren't you at your mother's?"*



*"No coaching from the audience, please! Let your daughter answer the question!"*



*"I commented on her lovely white bathing suit and she said, 'What bathing suit?'"*

# Aces in the Hole

## Movie colony builds air raid shelters in the grand manner but keeps them a secret lest the fans think them sissy

### by JACK WOODFORD

• ARTICLE •

R

Hollywood has gone in as enthusiastically for air raid shelters as once it did for yachts and swimming pools.

Many of the local swimming pools have, in fact, been converted into air raid shelters, either by building steel and concrete tops upon them, or tunneling under them.

This, however, the local air raid shelter engineers vastly frown upon as impractical and conducive to burial alive in case of any of various accidents which might occur. The local biggies in the movie colony are deuced touchy about the whole matter.

For nearly ten years the United States Government has dickered with swimming pool proprietors out here to permit the installation of a thicker foundation than the owner would otherwise have installed; the government to pay the additional cost. This in order that the pools may be listed as available for camouflaged anti-aircraft emplacements. Thus, America's sweethearts reason, where anti-aircraft is projected, aerial projectiles are expected.

Just an easy Molotov Breadbasket toss from Leo the Lion's den, out at Culver City, is Douglas aircraft. They are installing elaborate air raid scooteries. So are all the other new war industries establishments. One of them has specifications calling for enough loam on the roof not only to cushion bombs, but in addition to permit the planting of flora so convincingly that it would fool even a wandering Hess into thinking he was looking down upon Griffith Park. One plant has elaborate chutes on every floor wherein the employees can slide down into the air raid shelters in the basement, in decimal nought flat time.

Army and Navy men out here, when asked about the possibility of air raids, are quietly sinister. A dozen local construction firms are taking and executing orders for shelters. Who's Who among those ordering them is a secret as closely guarded as who could not be drafted or enlisted because he has all-out dentures.

One of those interested in their construction is Mr. Axel G. Andersson, now a resident of Hollywood, with an office at 8464 Sunset Boulevard, on the famous "Strip."

Mr. Andersson was formerly associated with his brother, in Sweden, in the building there of de luxe air raid shelters.

The big shot air raid shelter designer in Sweden today is Mr. John Weltheim, of the Weltheim Engineering Corporation, at Stockholm. Mr. Weltheim, having got in on the underground floor, is a veritable Lloyd Wright of air raid shelters. His blueprints—which are used by Andersson here for his installations locally, are luxurious in the extreme. They represent the sort of loamy garrison one might seek out for reasons of relaxation and pleasure, while the rest of the World goes flying by in pieces. But the best of them come high. They contain billiard rooms, master bedrooms; servants' quarters, everything that the Best Dressed Shangri-La will wear in the years to come, as the more flossy of our citizens—as particularly represented by the Hollywood colony of dainties, exchange their Ivory Towers for a cement underworld. Mr. Andersson has himself ducked air bombardments in the old countries.

There is every indication, in Europe—as the carriage trade goes in for bigger and better air raid shelters—that a whole aesthetic group of shelter subsod refuge architects will come into being, working up international reputations, and, no doubt, being optioned by Hollywood to do their most impressive jobs here.

What puzzles Mr. Andersson most is the attitude of the stars, producers and directors who order these shelters. They exact oaths from him never to reveal where these ground hog ateliers are located.

At first he supposed that this was due to the neurotic biggies' fears that somebody might pour formaldehyde down the air vents when they were inside; but he discovered that this is not the reason at all. It is because they are afraid of being called Sissies! It remains totally unintelligible to the forthright and realistic Mr. Andersson why anyone should be bashful about measures taken as against the possibility of their torsos being fricasseed by high explosives.

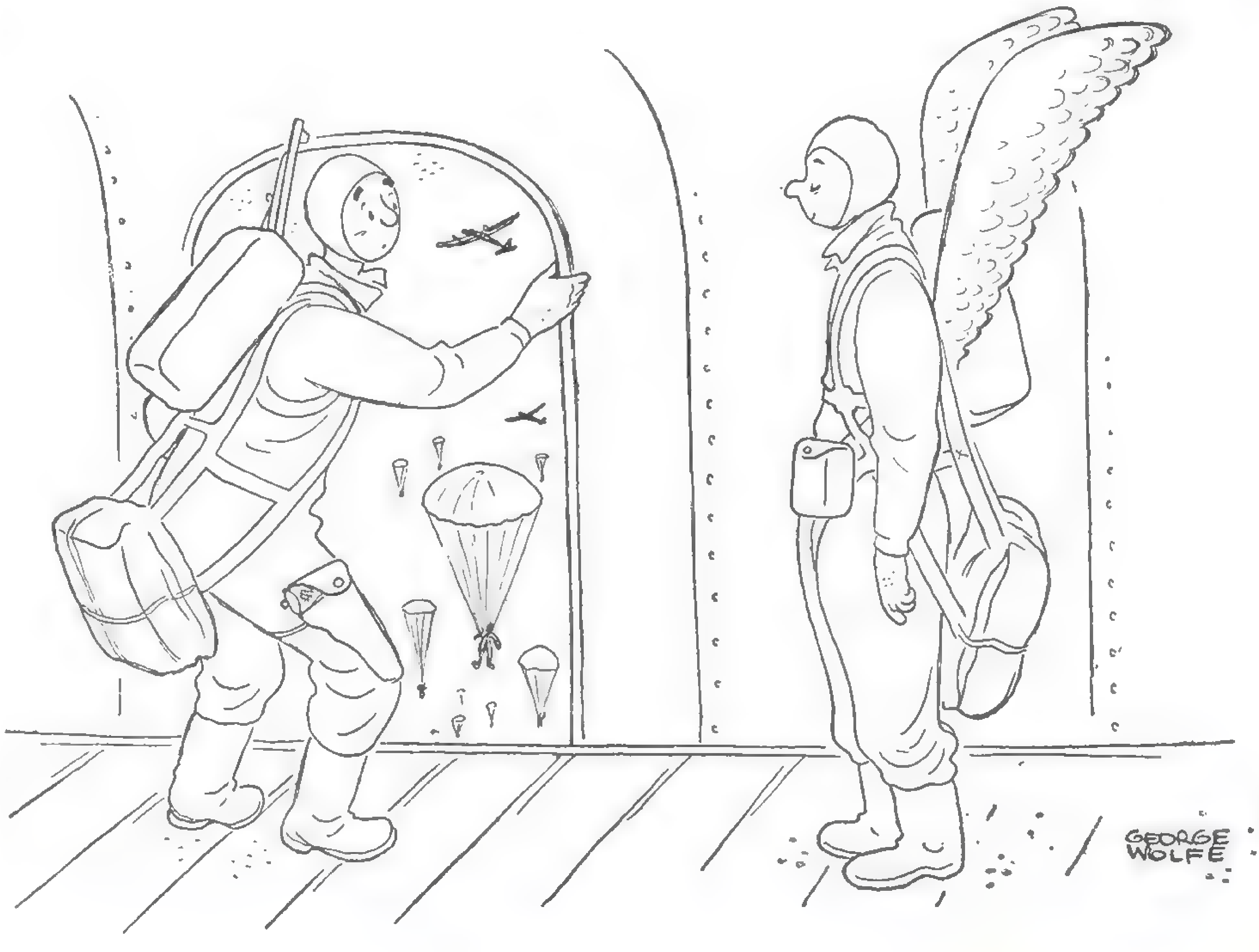
I had cocktails one afternoon last week in a typical worm rendezvous in Bel Air. This tricky cave is owned by an executive of a major film company. I attended with a man from the intelligence department of one of the government arms. We took oaths similar to our Masonic ones in order to gain entry to the party.

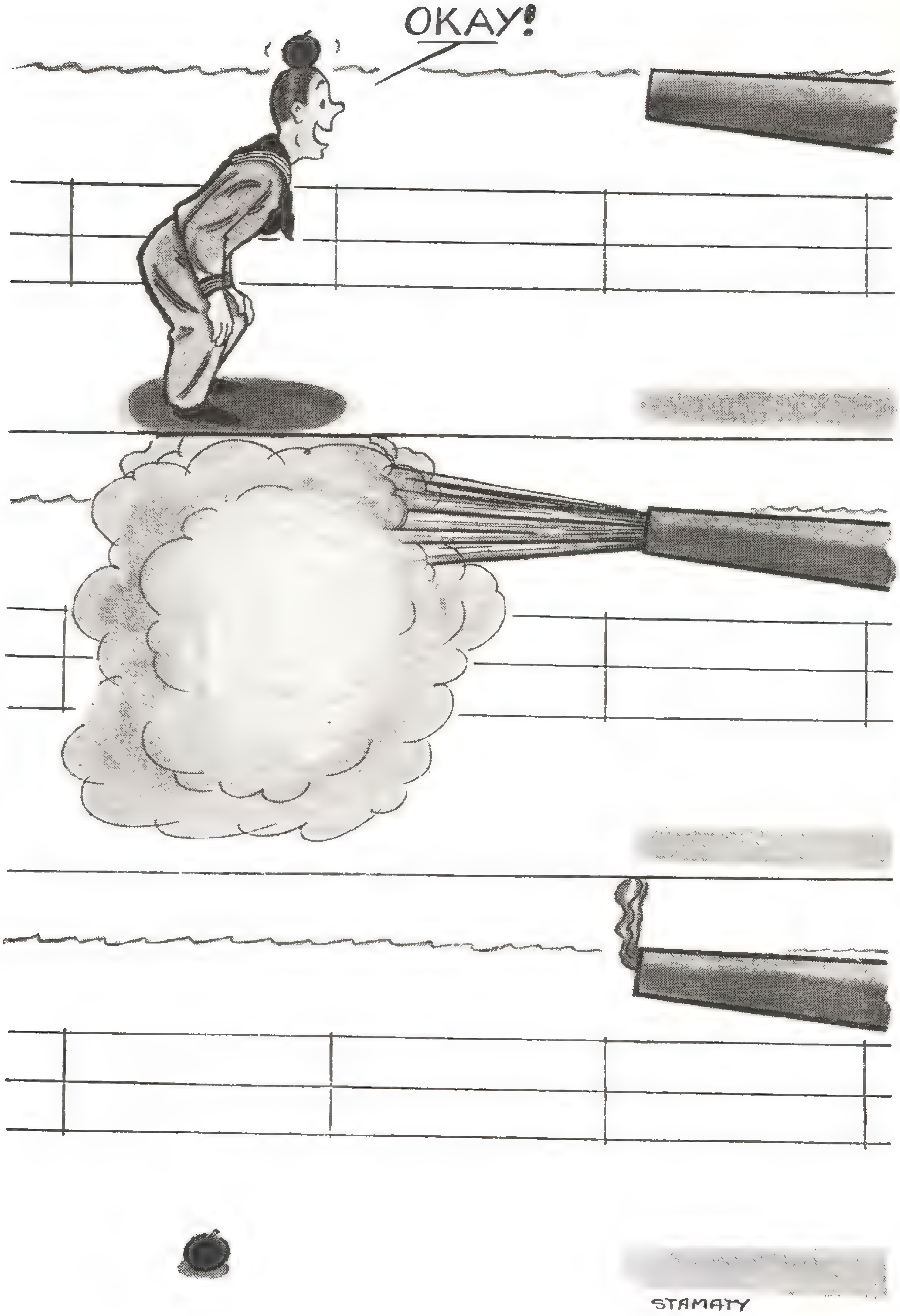
The shelter was precisely like any one of many high class modern apartments in Hollywood. It contained, among other things, auxiliary storage batteries to operate the electric utilities for one hundred hours if the main circuit went off. Our host had slept in it the night before, he said.

Food and water for forty-eight hours for six people is constantly on tap. This shelter contains a living room, two bedrooms and two baths. There is a radio room with a receiver that can catch chit-chat from foreign stations and from planes in the air. I noticed no dampness.

Another man in the dugout business in Hollywood is Mr. Eddie Ketchell, a prize fighter. (Don't confuse him with Stanley.) Mr. Ketchell is a Hollywood physical trainer. An average American, engineering and such like stuff is triple-talk to him; but greeting and contacts are his meat. He knows everybody. He turns his orders in to any handy

*Continued in center of page 134*




OKAY!
STAMATY

# What's the Chance?

## Computing the odds in football, baseball, tennis and racing and concluding the best man, horse or team won't necessarily win

### *by* FELIX MENDELSOHN, JR.

• SPORTS •

"DON'T hand me none o' that!" said Mr. Know-it-all. "Breaks? That's a laugh. Four in a row right on the chin, and he calls it breaks!"

The Cincinnati player chewed morosely on his cigar. He wasn't enjoying this post mortem of the just-concluded World Series of 1939. "All right," he growled, "maybe *you* could've hit them Yankee pitchers. Maybe *you* could've kept Keller and DiMaggio off the bases!"

Mr. Know-it-all leered cockily. "Listen, buddy, I'm a salesman, not a ball player. I'm just saying you guys never had a chance with that New York outfit—four games or forty."

The third man now spoke up. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe the Reds are every bit as good as the Yankees. In a series of forty games they might win twenty."

Even the Cincy star had to smile at this goofy remark. "Go on! We just lost four straight, didn't we? Does that look like we was just as good?"

"Well," replied the other man, "suppose you tossed a coin in the air four times, and suppose they all came heads. That's easily possible, isn't it? You guys would look and say: 'Poor old tails, they haven't a chance. The heads are just too strong.' Still we know that no matter which way the luck goes in a few trials there'll be about as many tails as heads in the long run."

"So what?"

"Well, now, with two evenly matched teams you have the same situation as tossing a coin, or—"

"So then you claim the Reds are just as strong a ball club as the Yanks?"

"No, I simply point out that they *may* be. As a matter of fact the mathematical chances are 1 out of 8 that a coin will fall with the same face up in four successive tosses—or that a ball club will win or lose four in a row against an equally strong opponent."

"You're nuts," said Mr. Know-it-all. "What the hell has tossing a coin got to do with baseball?" He walked away.

But Mr. Know-it-all was wrong. Baseball and other sports are subject to the same laws of probability and chance as gambling games or insurance statistics.

In baseball's World Series the championship goes to the first team to win four games. This means that the series may be four, five, six or seven games long. If the teams are evenly matched, the chances that the series will end in

4 games is 1 out of 8
5 games is 1 out of 4
6 games is 5 out of 16
7 games is 5 out of 16

In the 34 World Series played on a four-out-of-seven basis only 8 have gone the full seven games. If the teams had been evenly matched we should have expected 10 or 11 last-ditch series as in 1940.

On the other hand only 8 of the 38 Series of all lengths have seen one team cop the first four games (not counting ties). That's 21 per cent. Compare that with the 12½ per cent which we'd expect if each Series were between equally matched teams. It seems that the Series were *not* always equally matched.

But suppose they were. Then what would be the odds on the leading team to win the Series? Here they are:

| *Leading Team Ahead* | *Odds Favoring Victory* |
|---|---|
| 1 game to 0 | 21 to 11 |
| 2 games to 0 | 13 to 3 |
| 2 games to 1 | 11 to 5 |
| 3 games to 0 | 15 to 1 |
| 3 games to 1 | 7 to 1 |
| 3 games to 2 | 3 to 1 |

Just for your own amazement compare these odds with what the betting commissioners quote next October.

A pet belief of sports writers and fans is that a pitcher must be "hot" to pitch a no-hit game. Nuts!

Each season about 1,230 games are played. With two starting pitchers in each there are 2,460 opportunities for a no-hitter each year; during the last twenty-two seasons (the so-called lively ball era) there have been about 54,120 chances, resulting in 21 nine-inning no-hit games—about one every 2,577 starts.

In order to pitch a no-hit game, 27 men must be retired without a hit (omitting from consideration walks, errors, double-plays, etc.). A little hocus-pocus with the trusty slide rule reveals that the average batting mark of the sluggers facing our no-hit pitchers should be .252.

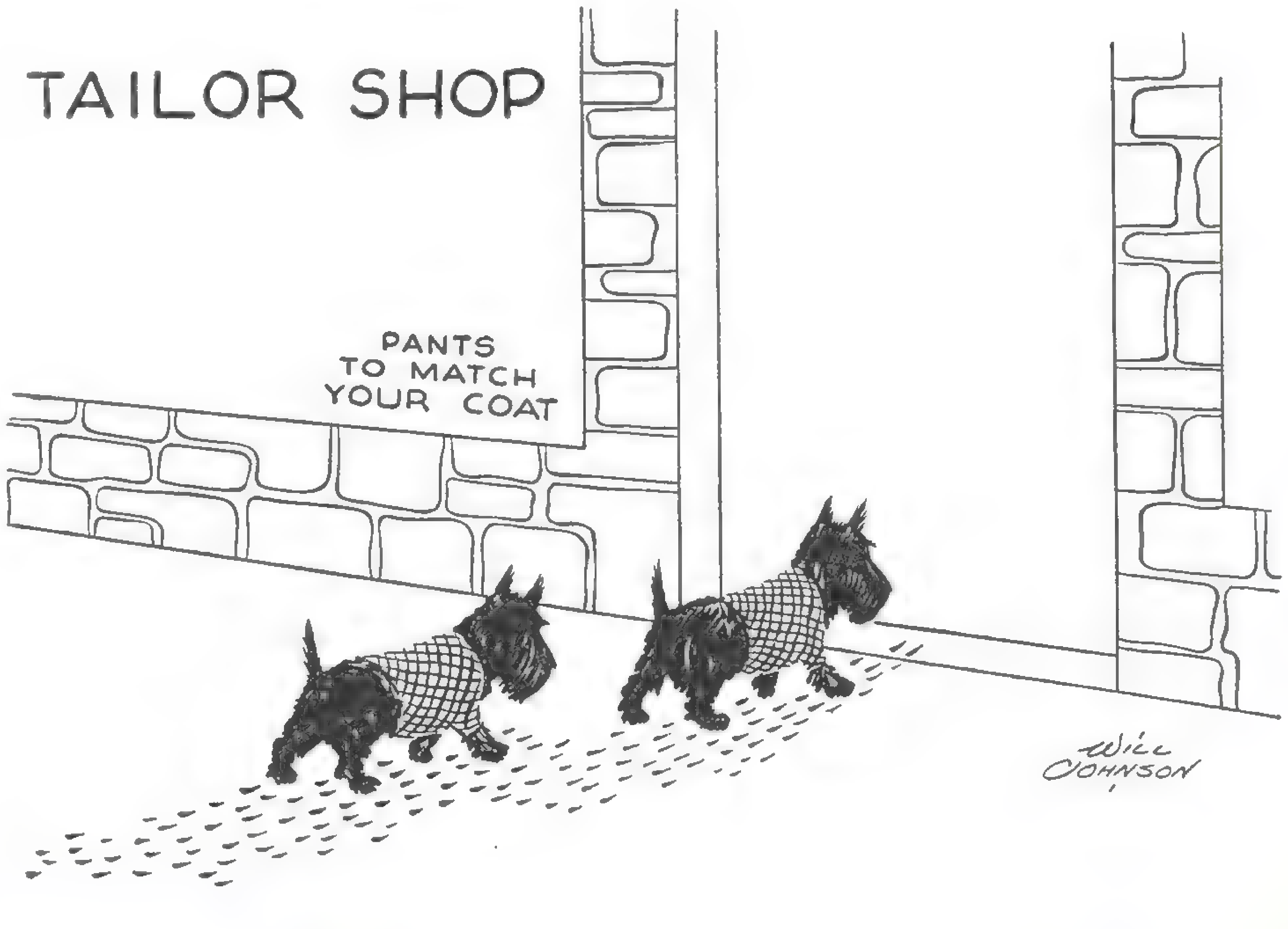
But say! that's nearly as high as the 1941 major league average of .262. In fact the 1941 average against *starting* pitchers would be appreciably lower.

In other words just pitching along, taking the hitters as they come, the legion of starting hurlers should hang up a no-hitter about once a year—which they've done without benefit of frenzy. No-hit pitchers often regard their hall-of-fame games as by no means their best exhibitions of pitching. It's just a case of catching up with Old Man Percentage.

Batting safely in successive times at bat is always a spectacular performance. Several men have hit safely in 10 consecutive times at bat in modern major league baseball. Ed Konetchy, George Sisler, Harry Heilmann, Kiki Cuyler, Harry McCurdy, Chick Hafey and Joe Medwick have all had sensational streaks until a Roman numeral X marked the spot where their strings were cut short. Tris Speaker did even better when he rapped out 11 safeties without a miss.

The most brilliant hitting streak, however,

*Continued on page 103*



# How to Worry a Wife

### It takes study and practice to do it well and subtly but sometimes it's necessary for male prestige

### by HER HUSBAND

• ARTICLE •

℞

*Resolved: that a little mayhem in matrimony is not amiss; that it takes a little friction to light an eternal flame . . .*

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
Rodney deSarro

THE most effective way to worry your wife, I find, is not to worry her at all. No man is a saint, and if he tries to act like one, any intelligent woman's suspicions are aroused. So, while there are minor ways of tormenting your lady-love, the best will always remain model conduct accompanied by a faintly guilty air. Your wife will begin by thinking you ill, and end with Heaven knows what horrid leap at conclusions.

The only trouble with this technique is that maintaining this saintly mode of life for any length of time is a terrible strain. But then, being a husband puts you under a strain anyway.

Unfortunately, women do not worry easily. It takes a lot of time and effort to worry your wife even half as much as she can worry you. But sometimes it's necessary, as a form of self-preservation.

When such a moment comes, as it does to all men, remember that the Achilles heel of every woman is her appearance. You can call a woman uneducated without seriously offending her. You may question her manners or even her morals, and her reaction will be one of pleased interest. But where her clothes are concerned, it's much safer to scorn the woman than her new hat.

The reason for this is that women are never entirely sure of their own taste. When the lady of your choice comes home with some weird confection of fur or feathers on her head and asks brightly, "How do I look?" she is genuinely concerned with your answer, for half the time she doesn't know whether or not she likes it herself.

Actually, there are three schools of thought as to which type of masculine reaction to this question is most diabolical—the blank stare, the retort sardonic, or uncontrollable mirth.

Exponents of the first believe in gazing at the adornment with mingled pity and incredulity, saying nothing. Advocates of the second specialize in bitter wit. "It looks," they prefer to remark acidly, "like a hat that's been pulled out of a rabbit." The third reaction—peals of merry laughter—is probably the most insulting of all. Any one is usually successful. You just have to figure out which annoys your wife most.

There are countless small ways in which you can worry your wife without undue inconvenience to yourself. Nothing so crude, of course, as forgetting anniversaries or inviting people for meals unexpectedly or complaining about the food. Such devices are scorned by experienced wife worriers as primitive and heavy-handed.

The expert knows that it's the sly little things that count—like referring constantly and smugly to your wife as "the little woman," or hounding her about what she did with the change from that five dollar bill that you gave her last Friday.

One of the most effective wife baiters I ever met was outwardly a paragon of courtesy. He performed all the little gallantries so dear to the heart of woman. He lighted his wife's cigarettes and opened the door of her car. He even took off his hat in elevators. But at least once an evening he could be counted on to reduce his wife to frenzy by revealing the climax of one of her anecdotes just before she got to it.

His timing was nothing short of superb; it must have taken years of practice.

A satisfactory, but rather perilous form of wife-worrying is to try to make the lady feel mentally inferior. Until relatively few years ago, this was a waste of time, inasmuch as the ladies were content with their allegedly lower I. Q.'s.

But nowadays they value their brains almost as much as their looks, and they deeply resent the patronizing, oh-you-wouldn't-understand-dear attitude that men sometimes adopt when discussing anything more profound than the local movie.

The best way to establish this intellectual supremacy is to lure the lady into keeping a budget. Since most women believe that money, after all, is not of supreme importance, not one in a thousand can keep the budget balanced. There is, then, this tangible evidence of female scatterbrains always at hand, and whenever the husband is getting the worst of an argument, he can re-open the battle of the budget, which the wife nearly always loses.

Now, all these methods sound plausible, and look good on paper, but I should like to close on a solemn note of warning to other husbands. Two solemn notes, as a matter of fact.

First, never try to worry your wife without some very good reason behind it. Second, if you worry easily yourself, don't mention it at all.

It's too much like trying to discourage a porcupine by sitting on it. You may cause the porcupine some distress but you'll certainly wish you hadn't. #

# How to Harass a Husband

### Considering man's vanity and his small-boy need for approval, it's possible to carry things too far

### *by* HIS WIFE

• ARTICLE •

℞

*Resolved: that a little mutual irritation in marriage is like antiseptic on a wound; it stings, but it prevents more dangerous germs from gaining a foothold in the organism . . .*

Harassing a husband is a delicate, diverting, and sometimes dangerous art. To master it you must bear in mind three things; first, that a husband's vanity is very vulnerable, second, that he is really a little boy at heart; third, that more than anything else in the world he needs a woman's constant approval.

If you remember these things and act accordingly, you can probably have him eating out of your hand—just about one third of the time.

Any man's pride, like an automobile fender, is easily dented. This is simply because he cannot bear to be laughed at, or thought absurd, or made to look ridiculous in any way.

There are various ways in which a wife can send a poisoned shaft into this vulnerable spot, but probably the most subtle and fiendish is to pretend—before a large audience—that she herself is stupid. The most terrible revenge that a wife can take on her husband is to make other people think he married a moron. The average man can stand up under a lot of punishment, but he simply cannot endure the pitying glances of his friends when his wife—with a baby-eyed stare—lets it be known that she thinks Ibid is a Latin poet, or that Rousseau's *Social Contract* is a book on bridge.

This business of wounding a man's pride, however, should be attempted only by an expert. The true connoisseur of husband harassment, like a skillful surgeon, will know how to remove the excess ego without harming the self-respect. But unless great care is exercised, the operation can easily prove fatal. Usually it's much safer to amuse yourself by tormenting the small boy in your husband.

That small boy side is easily recognized, and just as easily hurt. It is the side that clings so passionately to old odoriferous garments, and is so deeply grieved when you send them to the cleaner's. It is, too, the side that loves to exaggerate stories, enlarging the role of the narrator to heroic proportions. If, therefore, you want to wring a man's innermost soul, just make a point of always dragging him back to the cold factual truth.

Like this: "But John, that fish weighed only six pounds last time you told the story." Or, "Wait a minute, dear, that's not what you said to the traffic cop; that's what he said to you."

Another small-boy luxury indulged in by most husbands is feeling dreadfully sorry for themselves at the slightest provocation. A sore throat or a well-deserved hangover is the signal for a gloomy plunge into bottomless depths of self-pity. The cruelest thing a wife can do under these circumstances is to belittle the tragedy, thereby depriving her beloved of his martyrdom.

I knew a certain Mrs. Smith once, though, whose technique was just the opposite. Whenever she wanted to harass Mr. Smith a little, all she had to do was observe that he looked pale. Instantly the hypochondriac latent in every male took possession of Mr. Smith, and he would spend half the day at the office peering anxiously at his tongue, to the consternation of his associates and the jeopardy of his job. The only trouble with this system was that once or twice Mr. Smith actually worried himself into bed, and had to be looked after by Mrs. Smith for several days.

A husband is never more like a small boy than when he has sinned in some way and knows that he has broken some window or other in the glass house of matrimony. The best way to harass him then is to make him ashamed of himself—and this is rarely achieved by recriminations or scolding. Far more effective is an attitude of sweetly enduring tolerance, a silence that says, louder than words, "Well, yes, you *are* a heel, but I don't suppose you can help it." A good dose of this treatment usually renders the most defiant husband abject in no time at all.

The expert husband harasser, of course, will always endeavor to make the punishment fit the crime. If she is only mildly annoyed with her mate she can content herself with forgetting to give him his mail, or praising some other woman's husband extravagantly, or dressing with maddening deliberation when they are already half an hour late for dinner. If she is quite exasperated, she can overdraw her bank account; or, if she has too much money for that she can buy a couple of spindly antique chairs, since nothing infuriates a man quite so much as money spent on objects that do not fulfill their intended function.

But if she is really furious, then she can take the ultimate revenge of withdrawing her approval from everything pertaining to her husband, from his choice of neckties to his manner of making love. This technique is far too serious to be attempted lightly. For a woman's approval is the mainspring of nearly every man's life. If it is removed, he stops running. Or sometimes he *doesn't* stop running until he finds another one.

Here is safer advice: next time you consider yourself the victim of a grievous marital affront, and are practically convinced your husband doesn't love you any more, don't sit around brooding unhappily about Reno.

Go out and order yourself four dozen anonymous roses. Arrange them with a card saying simply "From an admirer" (which is true) where your husband can see them when he comes home from work. Watch his face when he does.

How to pay for the roses? That's easy. Just send the bill to your husband. ⌗

# The Right to Live

### Tale of those ominous years before the war when crossing any European borderline was a frightening ordeal

### by ALEXANDER HUNTER

• FICTION •

Europe was not turned into a living hell overnight by the outbreak of the war. For years before the catastrophe it had begun to show a more and more marked resemblance to the abode of the damned; only the heat hadn't been turned on full force. But indolence, treachery, and stupidity were busily heaping the coals under her cauldrons. Increasingly more joys of life were disappearing and every day some new unpleasantness would manifest itself. Those who had something were afraid to put their money to work; rather, they hid their tangibles, as a wary dog hides his bone. Those who had nothing found that one can lose a lot of nothing, too.

In this period of transitory hell it happened that a famous actress wanted to go somewhere for the summer. It doesn't matter what her nationality was, because by this time all Europe had been reduced to a common state of existence by the general hatred and suspicion with which its inhabitants ogled one another. The important point is that she wanted to go to a summer resort which was outside the frontiers of her own country. By this time it was an adventure to take a trip in Europe. At the borders of countries ready to leap at each other's throats the baggage of travelers was severely scrutinized to find something forbidden. And almost everything was forbidden.

It would probably have been much wiser in these times not to budge from one's country at all. But people are very reluctant to give up their accustomed habits. And the idea is deeply imbedded in them that with the coming of summer they must issue forth from their homes in long, ant-like processions to spend a few weeks in different surroundings, in the different climate of a foreign country.

The actress lived in a flat country and had a yearning to go to the mountains. It was a difficult task to get a passport, visas, and foreign currencies, but she managed to procure everything because the conviction that she had to spend July at a fashionable foreign resort had become a veritable mania with her. She owed it to her social standing, which was even more important than the slight probability that the fresh mountain air would have a good effect on her vocal cords.

The lady didn't travel alone; one of her colleagues accompanied her. They weren't exactly married, but a clever and pleasant relationship existed between them. The actress was forty; the actor twenty-five. She, smart and experienced; he, young and ebullient. They were a perfect couple.

They got on the train and had their baggage put in a compartment where they would be alone.

"It's terribly hot! Why don't you take off your hat, George?" the actress asked her companion when the train was already speeding in the open country beyond the station.

"Forgive me, Frances, for being so impolite," the boy answered her, "but frankly I don't dare take it off. This is a horribly valuable hat. I've got a hundred-dollar bill hidden under the band of it."

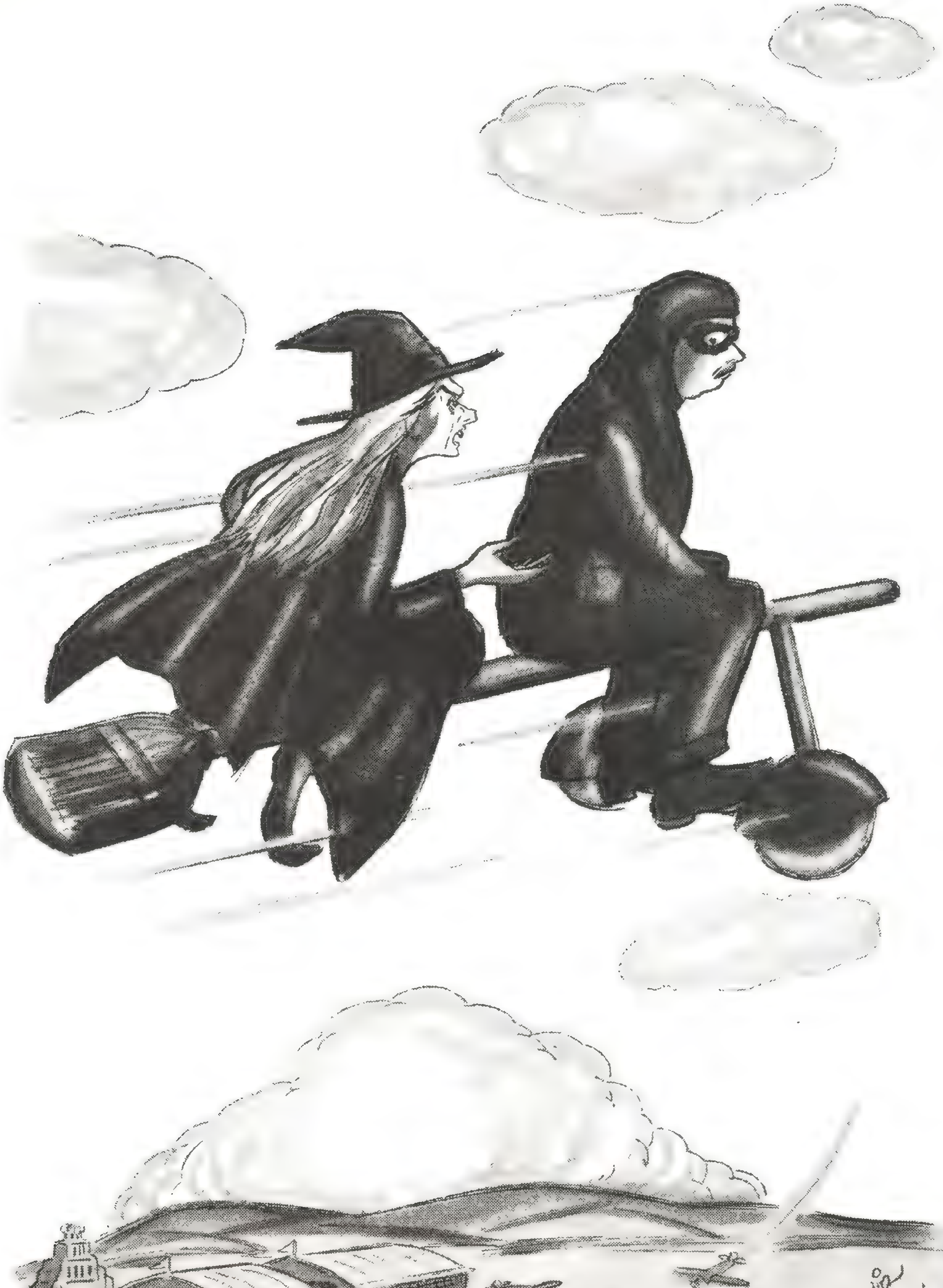
Here something must be explained, something of which every patriotic American, from the members of the Social Register down to the last dishwasher, may rightly be proud. In this infernal epoch the dollar was the only serious money in Europe. The currencies of the autarchic countries were all sick; from one day to another they might be completely devaluated; or, at least, within a few hours they could easily lose enough points to leave them only an artistic or sentimental value. The dollar, on the other hand, was sound and solid; more dependable than gold. For this reason anybody who had dollars (and such people were rare) had to turn them into the State Treasuries. The various governments needed this good currency in order to buy lead, copper, and steel for their armaments. It was a crime to hoard dollars; it was practically a capital crime to smuggle them across frontiers tucked under hatbands. The boy knew that he was risking at least as much as the smugglers in *Carmen*. If he were caught he might be hanged, but he would certainly be put in jail. And yet the motives of his crime were very innocent. His only reason for buying the hundred-dollar bill in a café behind the Bourse, for sewing it with his own hands under the hatband, was that the National Bank was willing to grant him so little foreign currency for his summer trip that it would not have satisfied the needs of the fictitious wandering minstrel. And the young actor liked to live with a flourish. He got his shaves at the barber's, he smoked expensive cigarettes, and took a taxi wherever he went. The hundred dollars he would have liked to use as a dessert with which to sweeten bare living.

He was scared and his heart was beating unevenly because suddenly the hat began to seem like a very dubious idea to him. He went out to the washroom, took off his shoes, pulled off his socks, fished out the banknote from under the hatband, and stuck it under the bare sole of his right foot. Then he put on his socks and shoes, and returned to the compartment. But after a while he began feeling worried again. It was possible, he thought, that they were not going to search him too carefully at the frontier; but, if by any chance, they should make him undress, he would certainly have to take off his shoes and socks. It would be much wiser to hide the money under the hatband, after all. A hat is something movable. One can drop it nonchalantly any place and act as if it didn't

Continued on page 97

ACE
COAL
MINES

*"Sure the center of gravity could change, but I still can't believe we've dug that deep"*


Franklin Folger

*"Of course I'll expect royalties"*

# The Wildest Tiger

## It was a mad night in Baltimore when Harry Greb fought Fay Kiser to defend his middleweight title

### *by* JAMES R. FAIR

**ARTICLE**

In a war-torn, stark crazy world, what we need is something out of the past to take us back to the days when dictators were still crawling around behind the woodwork and maybe beating their brethren to a piece of cheese.

That would be back yonder when there roamed the pugilistic jungle the wildest tiger who ever clawed beneath Klieg lights. It would be a story of the incidents leading up to and including a single ring clash of a fighting man almost puny-looking but as tough as rawhide and as fast as sin; of a rough-house man who used to snore through the dressing-room fanfare preceding a world's title struggle, then lope out into the ring and slash to shreds the unfortunate party of the second part. It would be a story of a man who was strictly a prize-fighter and behaved like one.

The men who fought him will never forget him because it was from him that they learned about "sneak" punching, heeling, hitting on the breakaways, slapping, butting, etc. It was from him that they learned about sticking the thumb in the eye without detection by the referee, about a training regimen that was pleasant and altogether different from the accepted routine of ten miles on the road before breakfast. His roadwork consisted largely of bouncing up and down the stairs in the red light district.

The fight fan aged forty or more needs not be told the name of this wild tiger of the resined floor, but only a handful of them know the story out of the past that is calculated, as previously billed, to take us back to pleasanter days.

Turn back the years to 1923. The wildest tiger, or Harry Greb of Pittsburgh, was world's middleweight champion. Not the New York or California version but the undisputed king of his class. He suddenly came up with the notion that he was only a "prophet in his own town" and decided to remove to Hollywood, "where," he said, "the pastures are greener and the skirts swishier." He told a pal, a sports columnist, he would stand for quotes to this effect. In bold, black type the size of an egg, the columnist imparted to his readers Greb's farewell message, which stated that Greb could get along nicely if he never again set foot in Pittsburgh. Following which the only man to hold a decision over Tunney—and it was as decisive as a knockout—lit out for Hollywood.

The pastures there proved greener, indeed. Viewing Greb's work for the first time, Hollywood fans lauded him for the rare artistry displayed against Ted Moore, English middleweight champion, who with bowed head and bloody brows moped off to a rest cure. But two weeks later when Greb played a return engagement, this time using up a native son so badly he had to be taken to the Missing Persons Bureau for identification, the pastures turned brown from the scorching of the fans, who yelled bum, thief, loafer, scoundrel and so forth.

It was all Greb needed to make him forget about being a prophet back home in Pittsburgh, where, unlike those uncomplimentary Californians, the fans merely smiled and collected their bets as Greb's victims, like sick dogs, limped off to lick their wounds. Still, Greb had been rather severe in his chastisement of Pittsburgh only a few weeks before and to return—and save face—he needed an excuse. A fight in the East, for instance. So he pleaded, via telegraph, with his columnist friend to put a bug in some promoter's bonnet. Slyly, the columnist suggested to Benny Franklin, a Baltimore promoter, that it would be less than difficult to secure the ring services of the middleweight champ.

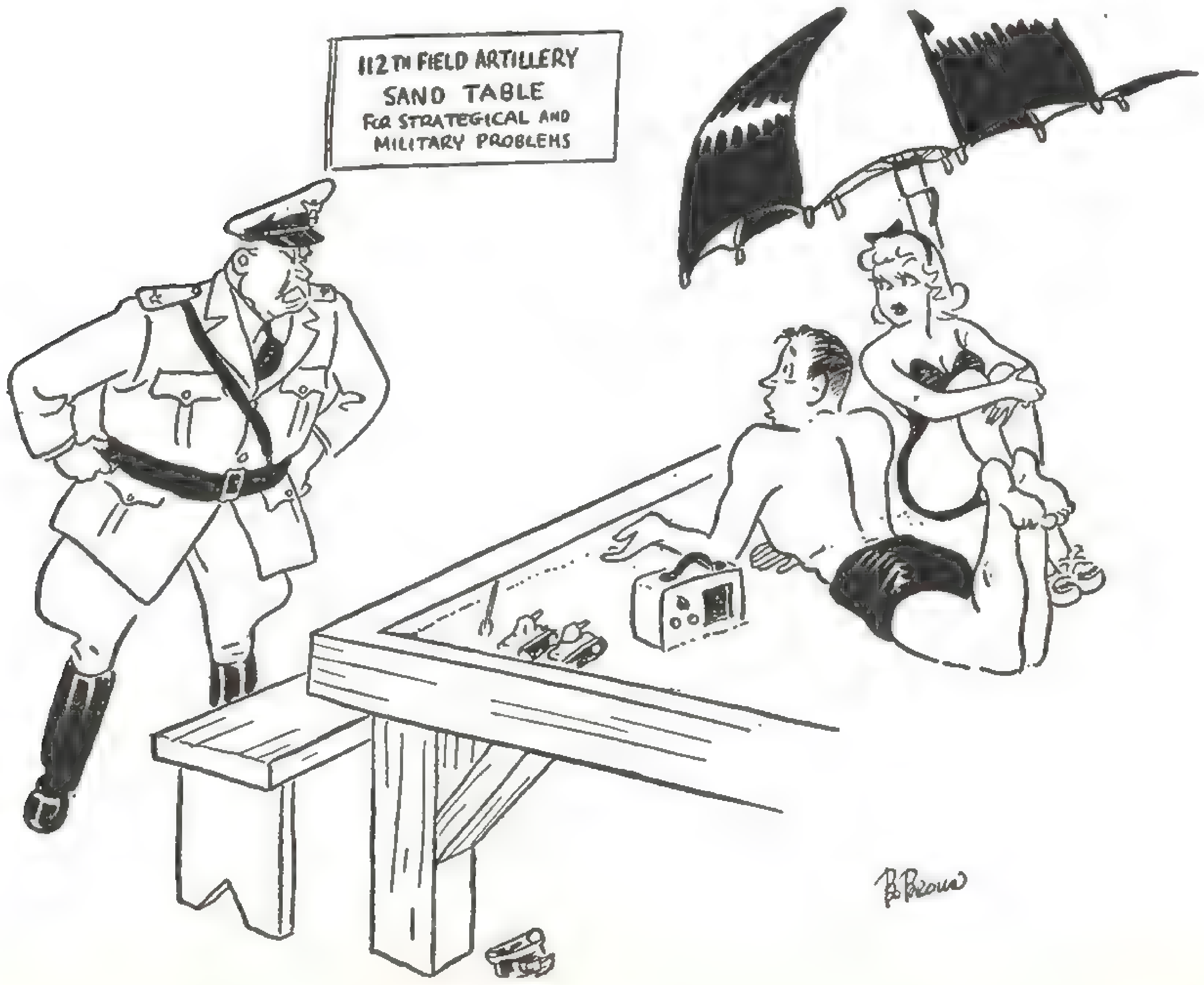
"Who," Franklin asked, "would I put on with Greb and how much would the champ work for?"

"Feed him Fay Kiser in a non-title bout," the columnist said owlishly, "and Greb'll work for marbles. Why? Because he's already whipped Kiser eleven times before—in Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Cumberland and all around the fistic loop—but never in Baltimore."

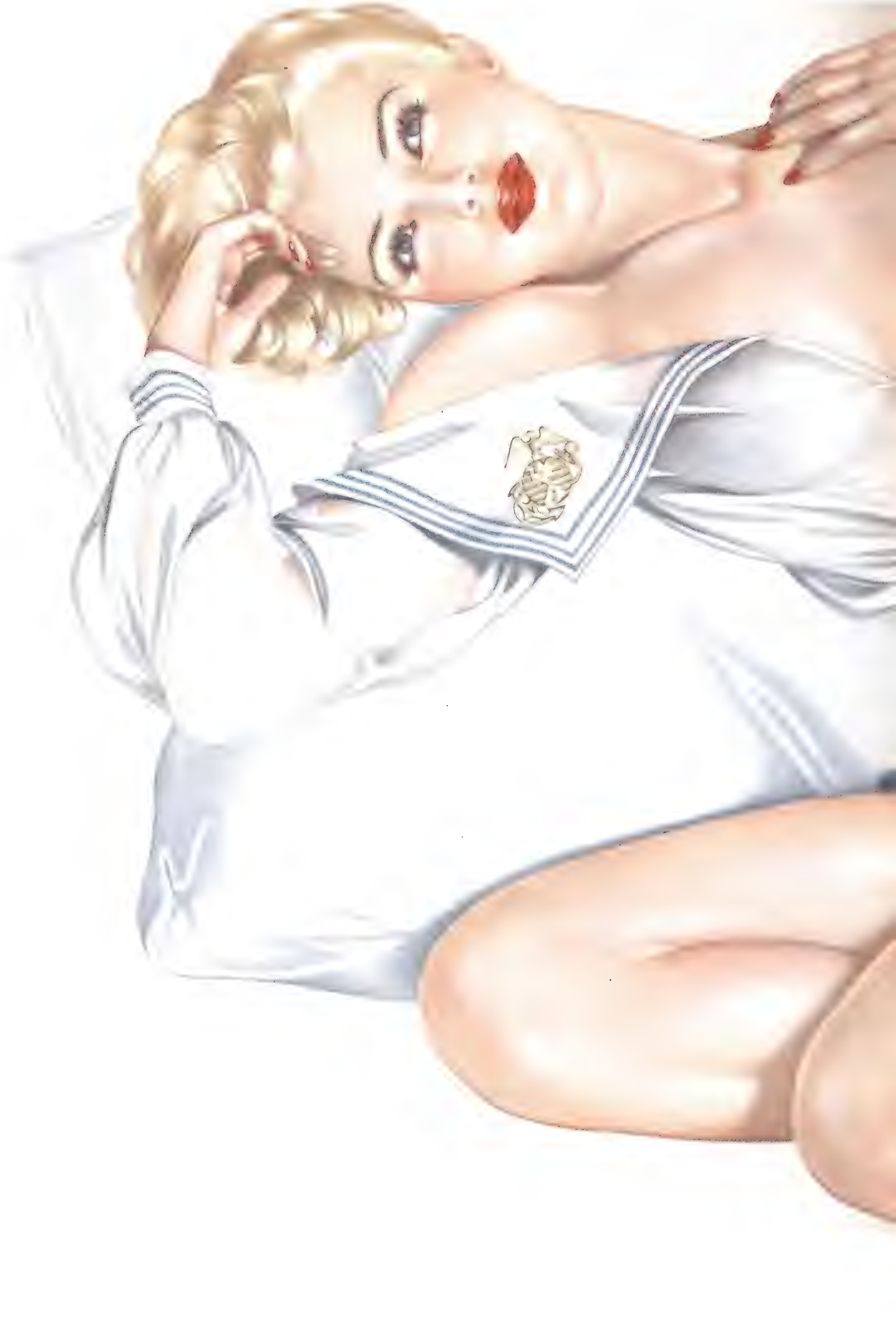
Kiser was a Maryland boy of considerable fame. He boxed Soldier Bob Martin for the A. E. F. heavyweight title in France and it was the concensus of everybody except the officials that Kiser won. Mustered out of the service, he fought Soldier Bob in Baltimore but by some strange coincidence the ring lights went out everytime Soldier Bob was in trouble and when they came back on he was all right again. It was under these somewhat mysterious circumstances, after being flattened at least once by Kiser, that Martin won the second fight.

But it established Kiser as a box-office draw in Baltimore. And in there with the terrific Greb he figured to break the turnstiles down. Promoter Franklin began beating vigorously on the ballyhoo tom-toms, even before offering Greb the match. Then he telegraphed him an offer of $3,000 to meet Kiser in a non-title fight. Greb was so anxious to come East that he skipped the "non-title" angle as he would a fat old doll and volunteered to put his title on the line. Tex Rickard would have paid him that much for the privilege of introducing him from the ring. It was worth more than $3,000 just to see the immortal Greb climb into the ring, bow his busted phiz around and about, then climb out without so much as tossing a punch. Yet here was Greb, as unpredictable as a feather in a cyclone, agreeing to defend his title for such chicken feed! It nearly floored the slightly apoplectic Franklin, a

*Continued on page 172*



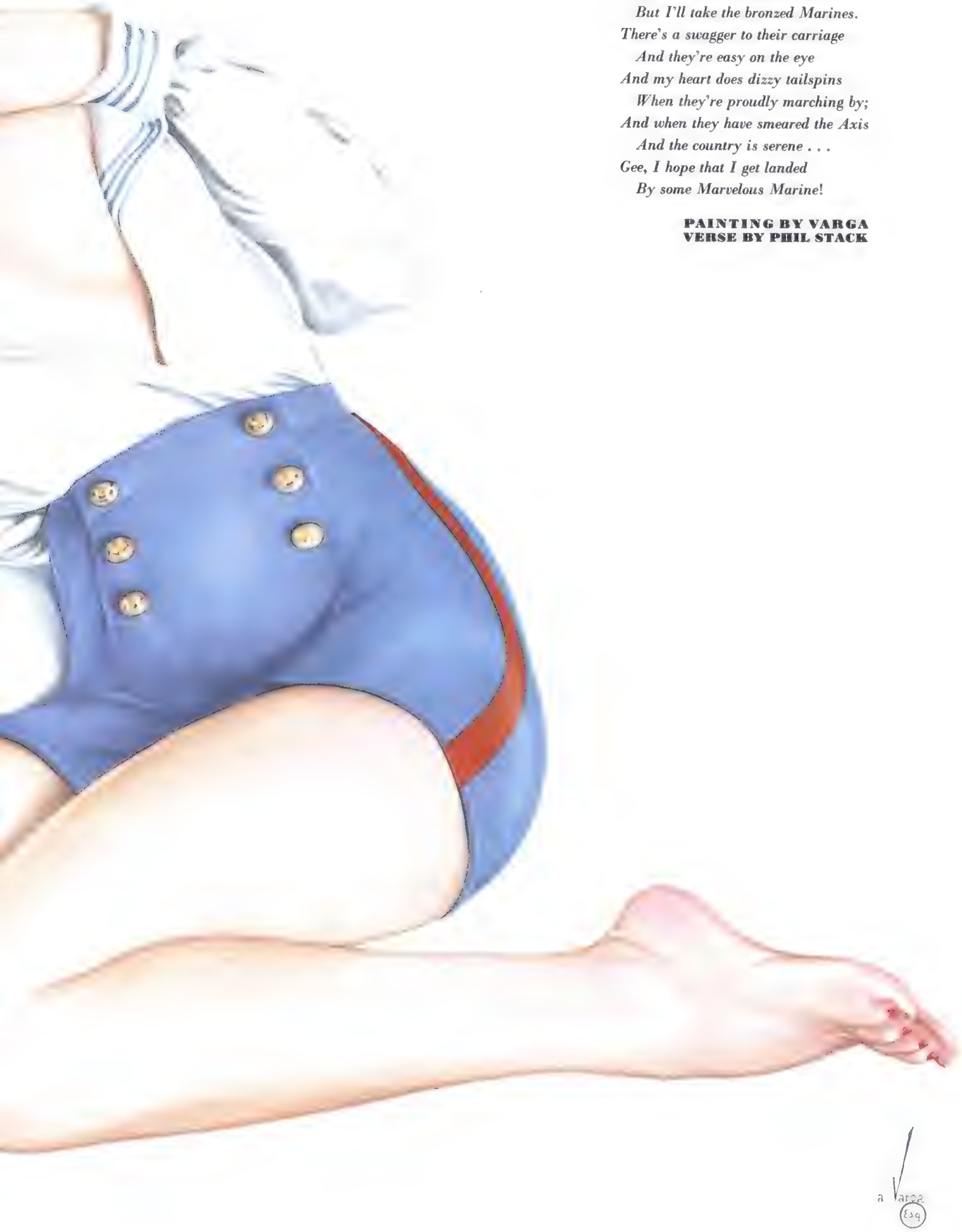
*"I thought it was a shame for all this nice sand to go to waste!"*



## SEMPER FIDELIS

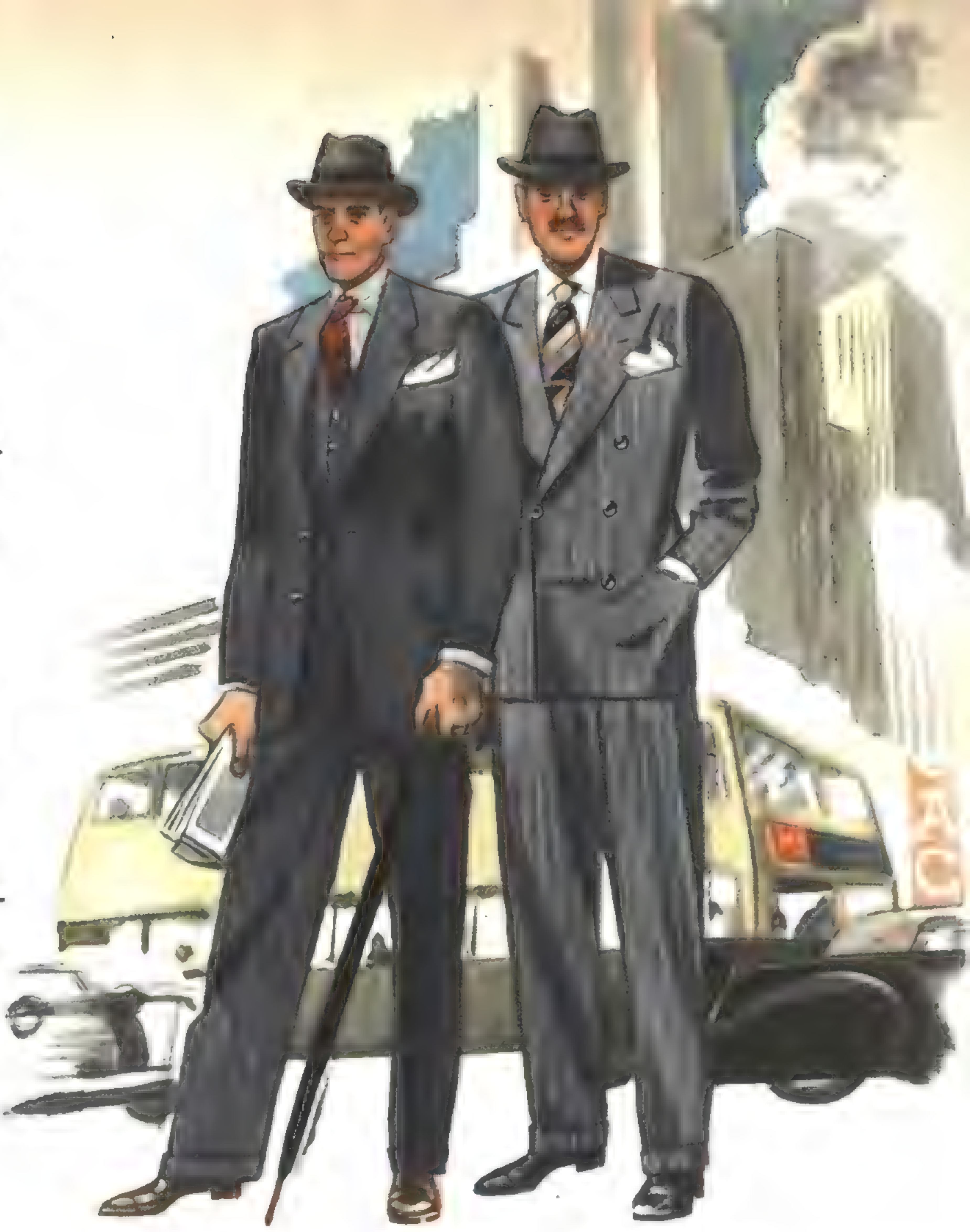
*The Navy's filled with heroes*
*And the Army knows its beans*
*And our Air Force is a rare force*
*But I'll take the bronzed Marines.*
*There's a swagger to their carriage*
*And they're easy on the eye*
*And my heart does dizzy tailspins*
*When they're proudly marching by;*
*And when they have smeared the Axis*
*And the country is serene . . .*
*Gee, I hope that I get landed*
*By some Marvelous Marine!*

**PAINTING BY VARGA**
**VERSE BY PHIL STACK**

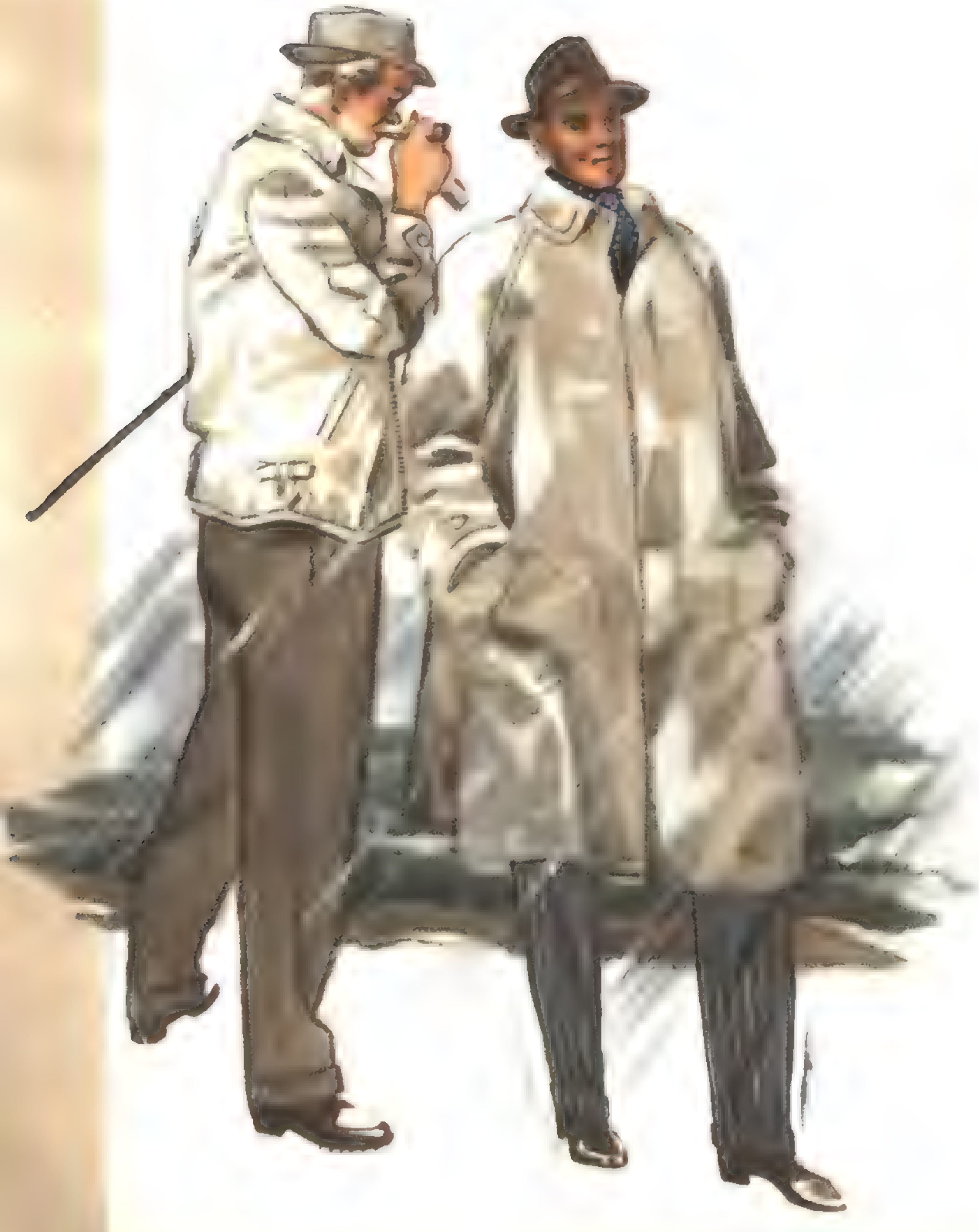


# Esquire's correct dress chart

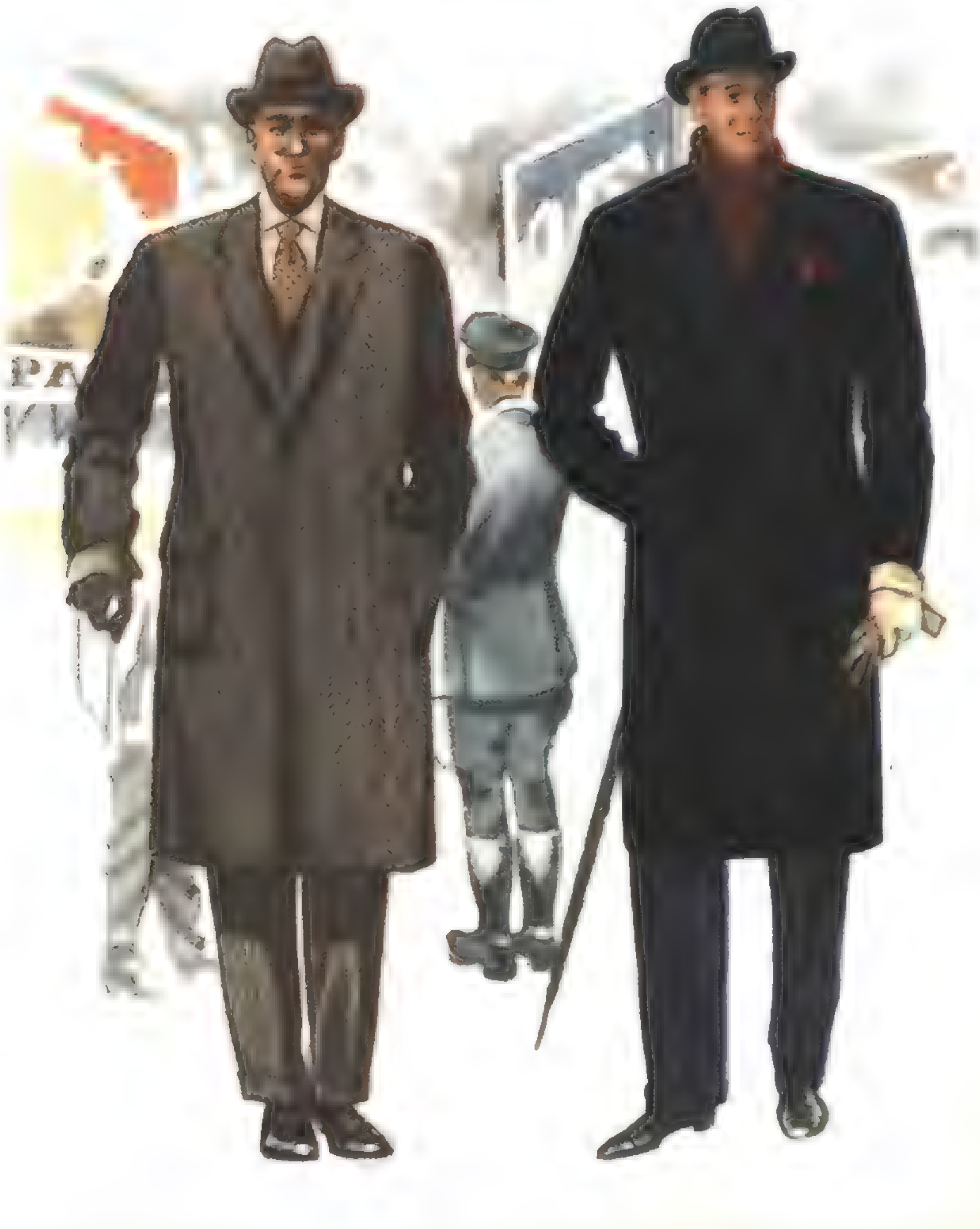
The fifteen figures on this gatefold portray correct clothes for town, campus, country, resort, summer, formal and semi-formal day and evening dress.



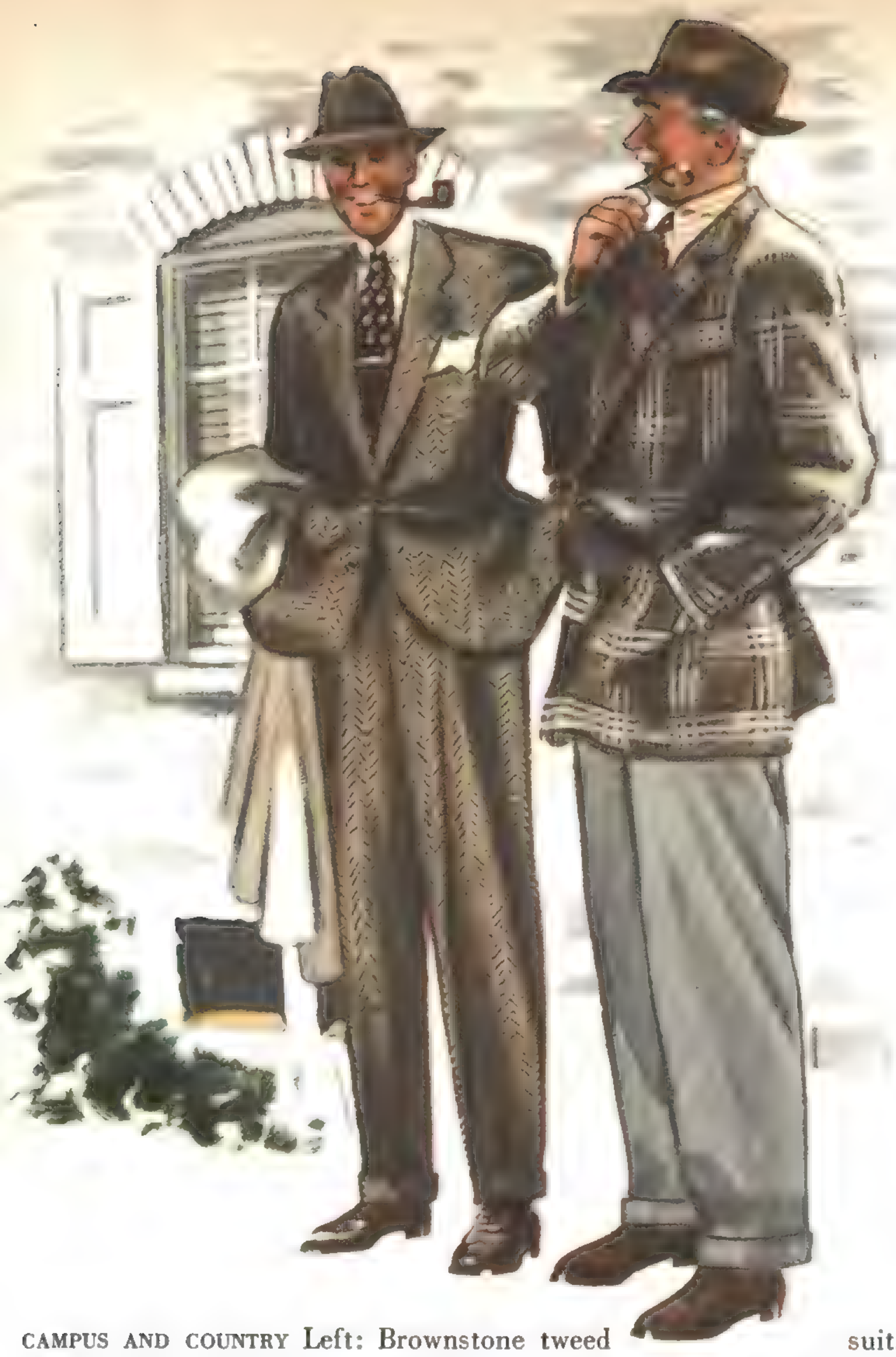
TOWN Left: Striped Air Blue worsted suit, three-button jacket, striped broadcloth shirt, widespread collar, silk tie, turned-up brim hat, brown shoes. Right: Striped Star Grey unfinished worsted suit, double breasted jacket, repp silk tie, white shirt, starched collar, Star Grey Homburg, black shoes.



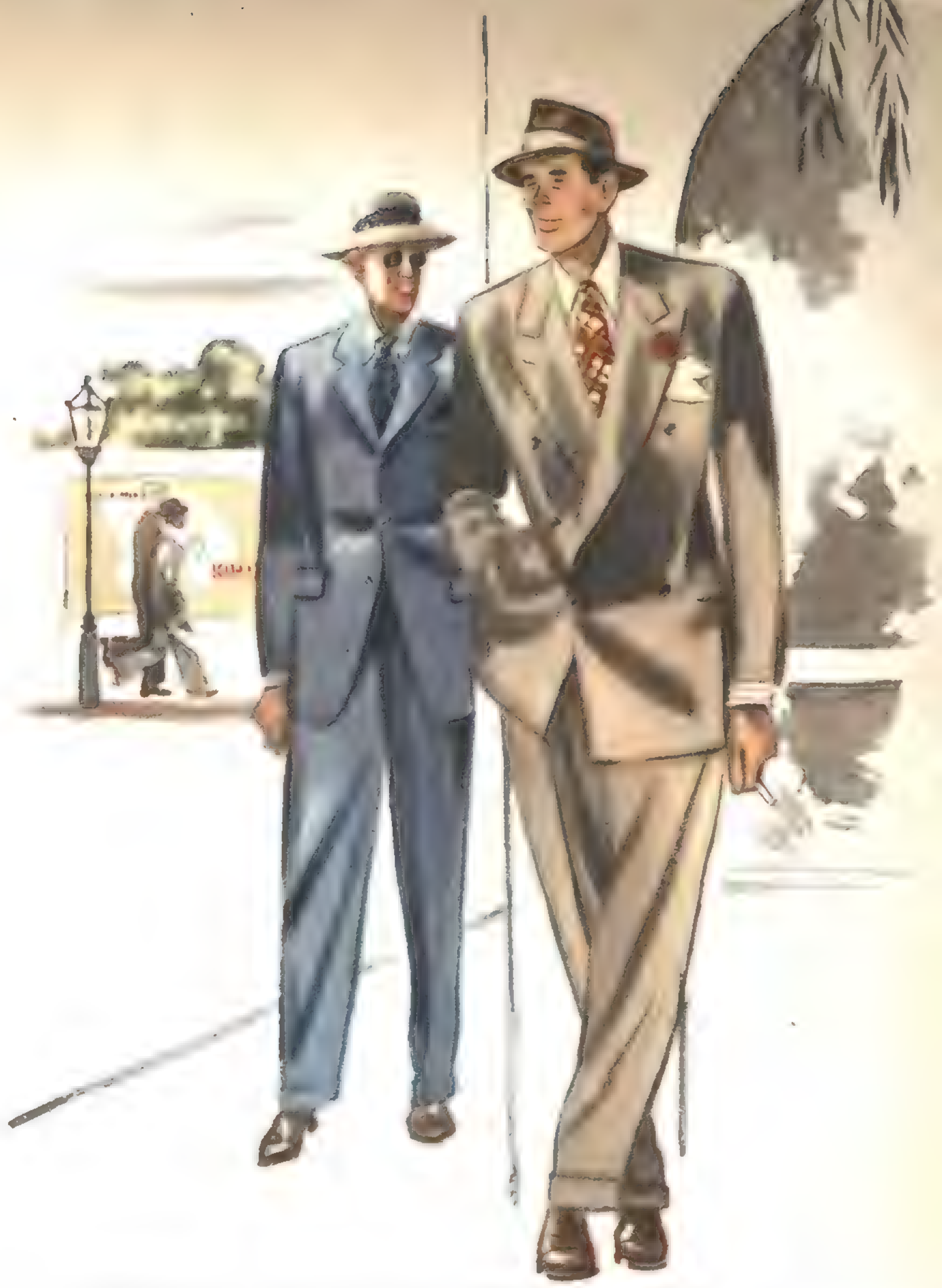
RAINWEAR Left: For golf . . . processed cotton jacket with slide fastener, porkpie hat to match, tweed slacks, brown and white shoes with spiked soles. Right: For town and country . . . processed tan raglan raincoat, brown felt hat, foulard scarf, grey chalk striped flannel suit, brown straight tip blucher shoes.



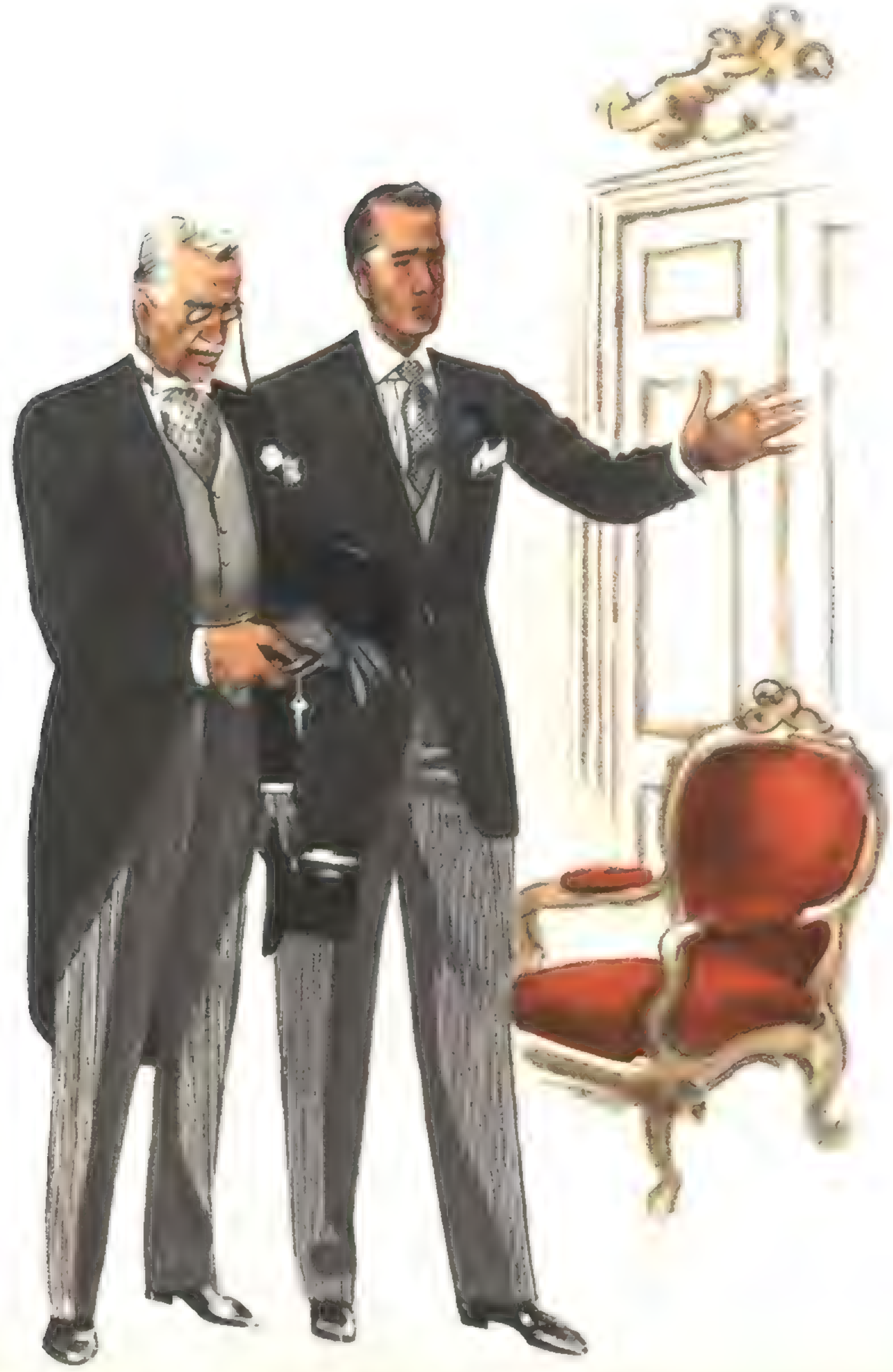
TOWN Left: Brownstone tweed topcoat, fly-front model, Brownstone felt hat, silk tie, broadcloth shirt, flannel suit, brown straight tip shoes, mocha gloves. Right: Dark blue double breasted overcoat, silk muffler, dark blue Homburg hat, chamois gloves, pin dot striped worsted suit, black straight tip shoes.



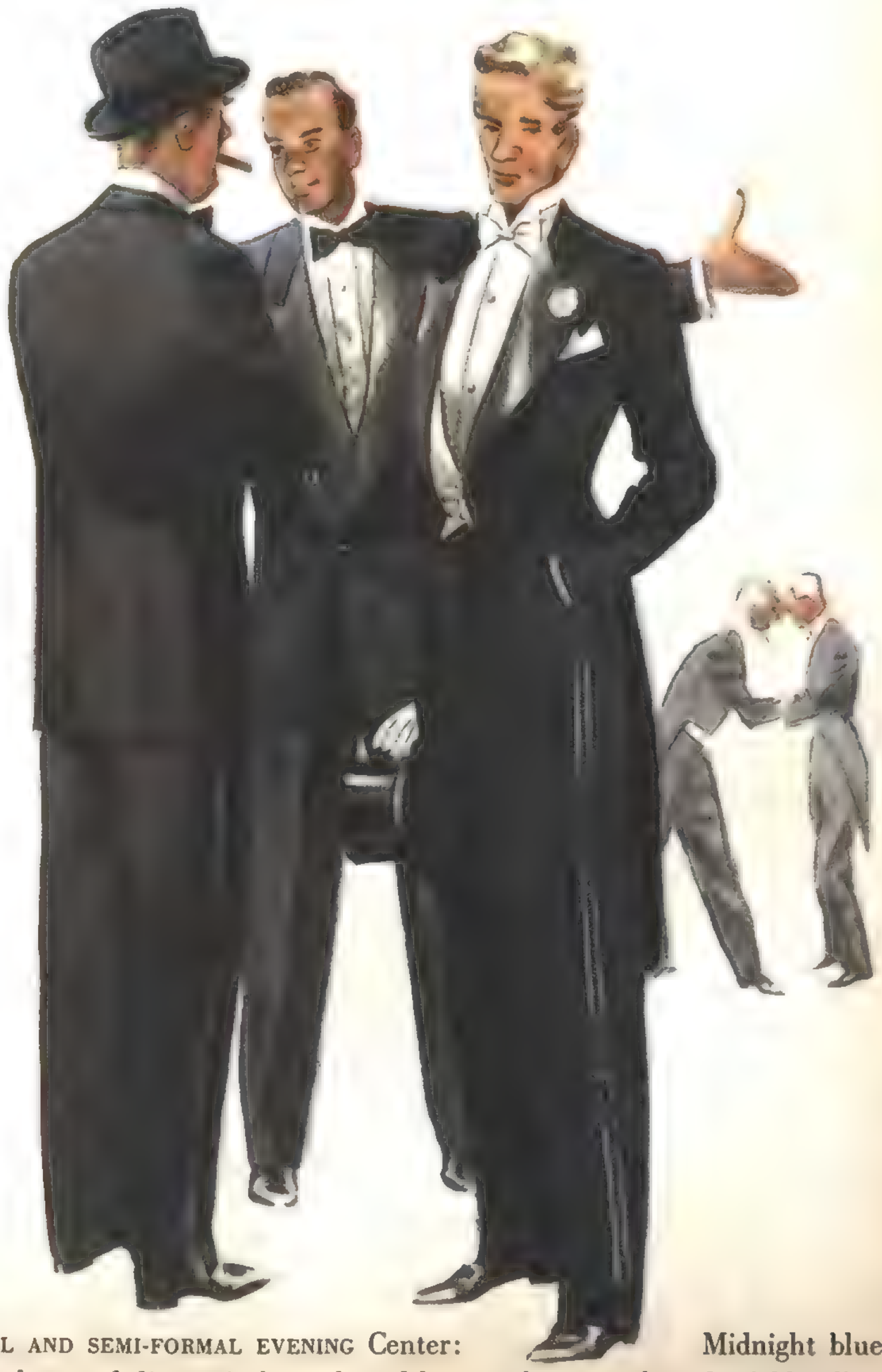
CAMPUS AND COUNTRY Left: Brownstone tweed suit, two-button jacket, striped shirt, foulard tie, sport felt hat, wool half hose, wing-tip shoes. Right: Sandune and brown Shetland jacket, oxford shirt, foulard tie, ruddy brown felt hat, flannel slacks, tan wool socks, brown reverse calf shoes.



SOUTHERN RESORT AND SUMMER Left: Harbor Blue tropical suit, three-button jacket, blue and white oxford shirt, foulard tie, native straw hat, brown shoes. Right: Greatan tropical suit, double breasted jacket, plaid tie, Sandune and white madras shirt, native straw hat with blue puggree, brown straight tip shoes.



FORMAL AND SEMI-FORMAL DAY Left: Oxford grey cutaway, white shirt, wing collar, grey silk Ascot, pearl stickpin, silk hat, mocha gloves, grey waistcoat, worsted trousers, black shoes. Right: Cheviot jacket, waistcoat, pleated bosom shirt, silk tie, Homburg, mocha gloves, worsted trousers, black shoes.



FORMAL AND SEMI-FORMAL EVENING Center: Midnight blue double breasted dinner jacket, pleated bosom shirt, pearl studs, fold collar, silk tie, evening shoes. Right: Midnight blue tailcoat, pique shirt, pearl studs, wing collar, pique bow tie, silk hat, white kid gloves, patent leather pumps.

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# The Sporting Scene

## Service sports teams lack class of 1918 as men bear down on specialties aimed to do the main job with all possible haste

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

SPORTS

A CONSIDERABLE change in the sports trimmings of the art of warfare has taken place since those years when the citizens were betting on the U.S.A. and giving fourteen points.

Basketball teams of army and navy enlisted men generally have made better competitive showings than football clubs of the same outfits, but none of the organizations of athletes have achieved distinctions of the sort that were awarded the uniformed pastimers of 1917-18.

Seemingly this is a fighting war from the start. There is a minimum of time out for circus. The team member this time is primarily a soldier, sailor or marine, not an athletic entertainer.

The classification system of the new army has been a handicap to the development of stand-out sports teams. A youngster may have been a grand backfield man, a rather good third-baseman, or a basketball star in college, but if he is classified on the records as having experience in mechanics, radio, baking or any other of the 200-and-some army occupational classifications, or in his school's military work, he's constantly subject to transfer to specialized army service.

Coaches are not immune to these sudden switches. Particularly in football and basketball, in which complicated maneuvers and precise timing have been tremendously developed since 1917-18, coaching has been accented to an extent that post and station teams can't attain.

The kids, too, have changed. Footballers, for instance. A boy in this army reasons that he'll be in for three football seasons. After that time he will be too old to have much of a chance in pro football competition. In the meanwhile the Army, or Navy, affords opportunities for technical training that the boy will be able to use profitably after he's completed his national service.

Furthermore—and highly important to the kid—is the matter of ratings determining the amount of his pay. The service lad who interrupts his strictly war training for sports team favors, fears he may be out-performed in those duties that increase his piece of the defense funds.

Add to these factors performance records and sports section aggrandizement of specializing sports teams that do not have to consider war even as a sideline, and you have the pay-off broadside fired into service sports teams—other than those of West Point and Annapolis—as gate magnets.

Notwithstanding the somewhat disappointing shows put on by the post and station teams for the civilian seat-of-the-pants athletes, the enthusiastic performances of the kids have been among the brightest exhibitions of the diminishing truly amateur spirit in sports.

And a kid who may have to die that the stands in years to come may be filled is entitled to enjoy sport for fun's sake and not as an actor in a spectacle.

* * *

Track and field athletes and fans consider unwarranted, as well as futile, those arguments comparing athletes of yesteryear with those of today.

Clock and tape have ruled out such arguments in track and field sports. Competitive "heart" is virtually a fixed factor among top-notch contestants throughout the ages in all sports, so the track and field contingent claims.

According to their theory today's athlete is better than his predecessor of a decade or more ago. Records that have stood for a decade or longer are few. Of the events still in frequent competition, the 100-yard dash reaches furthest back for best time. Frank Wykoff on May 10, 1930 legged that stretch in 9.4 seconds.

So, as far as the partisans in this field of sport are concerned, the comparative times and distances show the progress of a decade of sport.

Checking the 1941 records approved by the AAU with those the organization approved in 1931 you will note the following advances in men's outdoor performances:

| | |
|---|---|
| 100 meters | .2 second faster |
| 400 meters | 1. second faster |
| 440 yards | 1. second faster |
| 110 meter hurdles | 1.1 seconds faster |
| 200 meter hurdles | .7 second faster |
| 220 yard hurdles | 1.3 seconds faster |
| Pole vault | 1 ft. 4¼ in. higher |
| Discus | 4 ft. 3 in. farther |
| 2 mile relay | 7 seconds faster |
| 1 mile (indoor) | 5 seconds faster |
| 2 miles (indoor) | 7.1 seconds faster |
| 16 lb. shot | 5 ft. 2 in. farther |

When you examine the women's comparative records you see the amazing feat of Stella Walsh who held the 1931 AAU 220-yard indoor record at :26.1 and last year clipped 3/10 of a second from her time a decade ago.

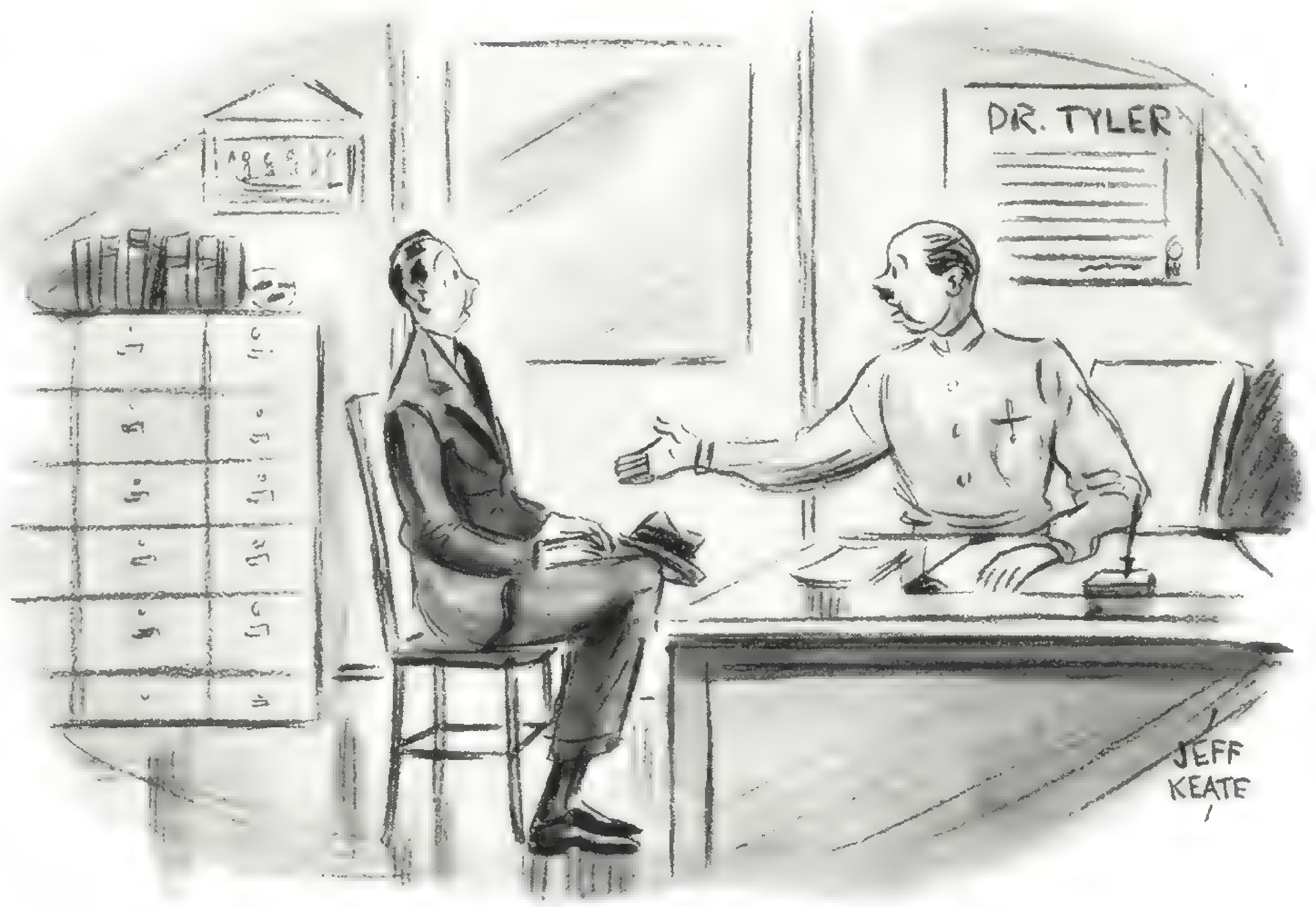
The swimmers and their fans also say that the clock settles all arguments.

Swimming records have improved impressively during the past ten years. Comparisons of a few 1931 and 1941 AAU records show:

| | |
|---|---|
| 150 yards back stroke (short course) | 8.4 seconds faster |
| 200 meters back stroke (short course) | 9.2 seconds faster |
| 400 meters back stroke (short course) | 41.9 seconds faster |
| 800 meters free style (long course) | 24.5 seconds faster |

In ten years women's time for 800 meters free style on the long course has been reduced 25.7 seconds; about a 2 per cent slower rate

Continued on page 174



*"Or in plain language, Mr. Smith, what you need to help your cold is an overcoat!"*

# A Generous Gentleman of Character

### Reading on street cars, looking up sports records and choosing his parents wisely made John Kieran "the human encyclopedia"

### by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

• ARTICLE •

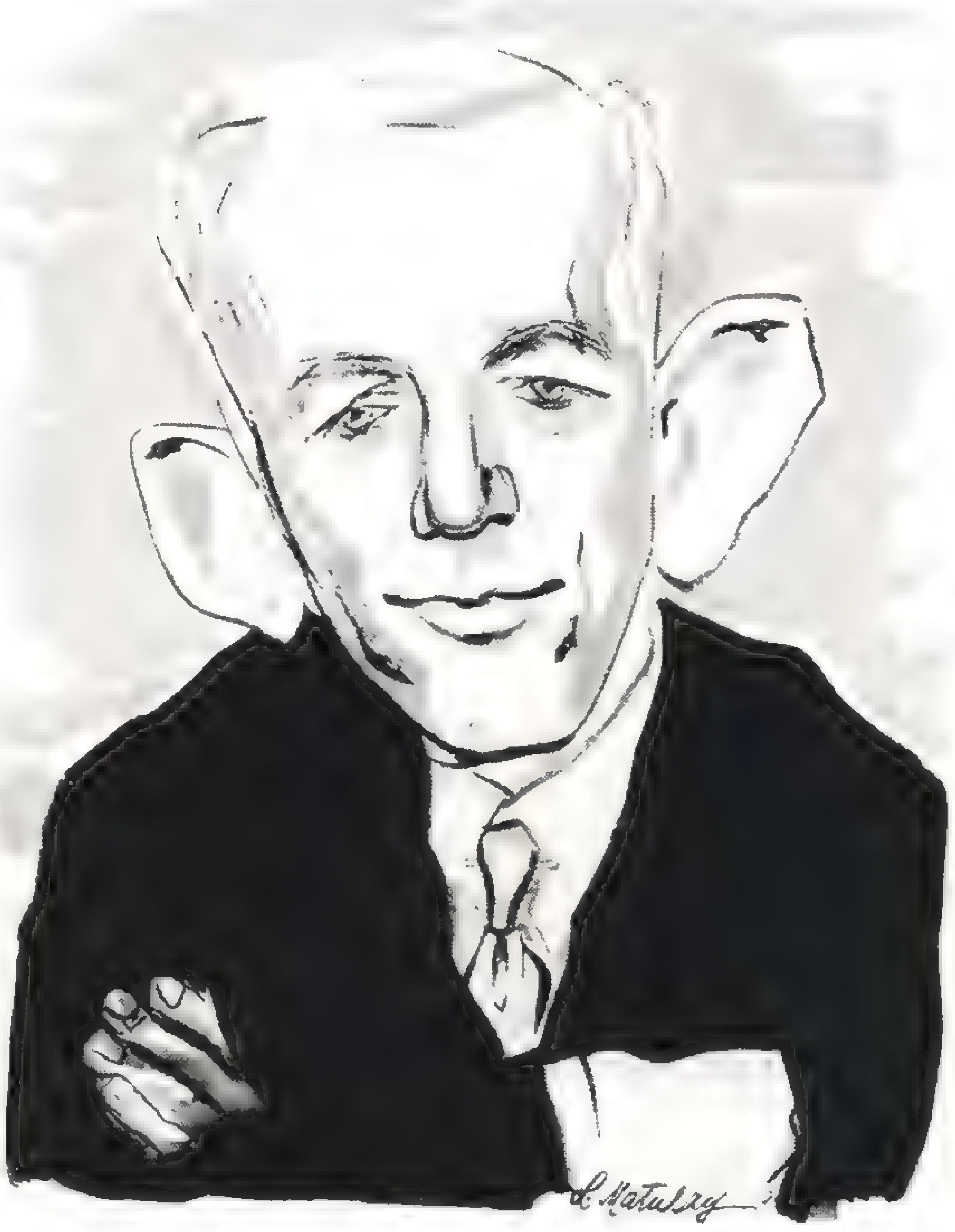
WHEN Hugh E. Keough's *In the Wake of the News* in Chicago was a salty, bunk-loathing beauty, he wrote a line: "The race is not always to the swift, but that is where to look." And when he wrote that sage sentence he had horses, box-fighters, tennis and golf players, and baseball teams in mind. He had never heard of John Kieran.

And neither, in May, 1938, when Mr. Dan Golenpaul, impresario, entrepreneur, creator, originator, and sentimental Simon Legree of *Information, Please* wanted another fixture for that program, had Mr. Dan Golenpaul. Kieran's story is that Golenpaul asked somebody to name somebody else who might be another "expert"; and this fellow suggested Kieran, whom as a sports writer he had adulated for years.

"What does he do?" the legend runs.

"He writes a sports column on the *New York Times*."

"Then he must be terrible. I never read the *Times* for sports."



So this fellow said, in effect, that Mr. Golenpaul was demented, and that Kieran was the best man on the country's best sport page. (Still true.) So Golenpaul, ever ready to take a suggestion from the humblest source, said: "Oh, all right, I'll give this Kieran a chance."

When John got the offer to appear on this program, his paper so little foresaw its promotional possibilities that he was granted permission to partake of this extra-mural activity only on the grounds that the *New York Times* would not be mentioned in juxtaposition. Now there is little effort to disestablish Kieran's radio name from that of the *Times*.

When—*eheu fugaces!*—I was on the staff of the *New York Post*, Mr. Fadiman announced me as a member of the staff. But Mr. Kieran always was announced as "the sports authority," "the human encyclopedia," or some such euphemistic expression. For Mr. Arthur Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times*, either has the notion that it is undignified for his staff to be heard over the ether waves, or feels that if one *Times* man becomes a radio boy, the rest of the staff might try to get outside jobs which possibly might interfere with the quality or quantity of their work. That Mr. Kieran reflects credit on the *Times* apparently has nothing to do with it.

So one Tuesday evening in June, 1938, John Kieran, a white-haired faun almost forty-six years of age, became one whose information pleases—and only man is vile. And from a man whose writing was known to a few hundred thousand readers, he became known—affectionately, adoringly, and reverently known—to millions of listeners, not to add millions of movie addicts. In fact, when he errs—and his nodding average beats Homer's—lots and lots of people feel cheated.

All the sudden notoriety that has plumped down on him out of the clear skies has only slightly hurried and impounded him. The chief reaction to all this excess fame is one of being crowded, pressed. They are all on his neck now, for chores: speeches, endorsements, books, magazine articles, radio guest appearances. I think he was about as well satisfied the way it was before—writing his column, mixing with all the strata of the sportsmen that he really loves. While he takes this being inundated as a celebrity good-naturedly, wittily; nevertheless I believe it bothers him . . . so much on his hands.

There is stuff in Kieran to write about. There is a sort of rabbit expression about him, with his big ears . . . alert, actively on the job, everlastingly absorbing information, phrases, facts. There is about him something of a good live-wire college professor, who takes a benign interest in the players and the affairs of the school athletic teams. He is always refreshing, wherever he is, retiring, with that old-fashioned sort of gentility; calm, unobtrusive, just slightly sophisticated and suave. But he never loses that sense of gentility—even among the mugs of certain sports; always he seems slightly a prince among the paupers.

That Kieran is a swift racer is a matter of pedigree. His mother was a woman of wide reading; his father, Dr. James M. Kieran, taught pedagogy for many years at Hunter College, whose president he became. In such a home, where Pop was by way of being an amateur naturalist, a devotee of Agassiz and Audubon; and Mom was an accomplished musician, the kids were automatically exposed to education, which—if you would like me to say a few words about education—is a love of reading and curiosity. Whether reading makes one curious or curiosity makes a reader of a man I don't know. It's the chicken and the egg.

The other day Kieran and I were comparing notes about our early reading. The adolescent Kieran used to carry a French book during his first year of work—timekeeper for a sewer construction outfit. It was an hour's ride from home.

"You can sop up a lot of French in twelve hours a week," he said.

*My* first job was that of bill collector for a fire insurance company in Chicago. And six days a week I rode for two or three hours a day on the Milwaukee Avenue, the Wentworth Avenue, and the Cottage Grove Avenue cars—dear, dear, are they still running?—and I carried in my pocket the Temple Classics, especially *Le Morte d'Arthur*. Spoiled me, by the way, for *Idylls of the King*. Always thought Tennyson weak stuff after those street car rides. But Kieran found that our poetry reading began in the same book—Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*.

Now I don't string along with those who think that John Kieran is any miracle man; he's a little miracler than I am, but not much. And when John and I tell people that there are dozens of newspapermen who know more than we do, they think that we are being mock-modest. There *are* dozens of newspaper men who know more than Kieran; and there must be dozens of dozens who know more than I. But one night there was a question about that Fred Merkle play.

"Mr. Kieran?" said the urbane Mr. Clifton Fadiman.

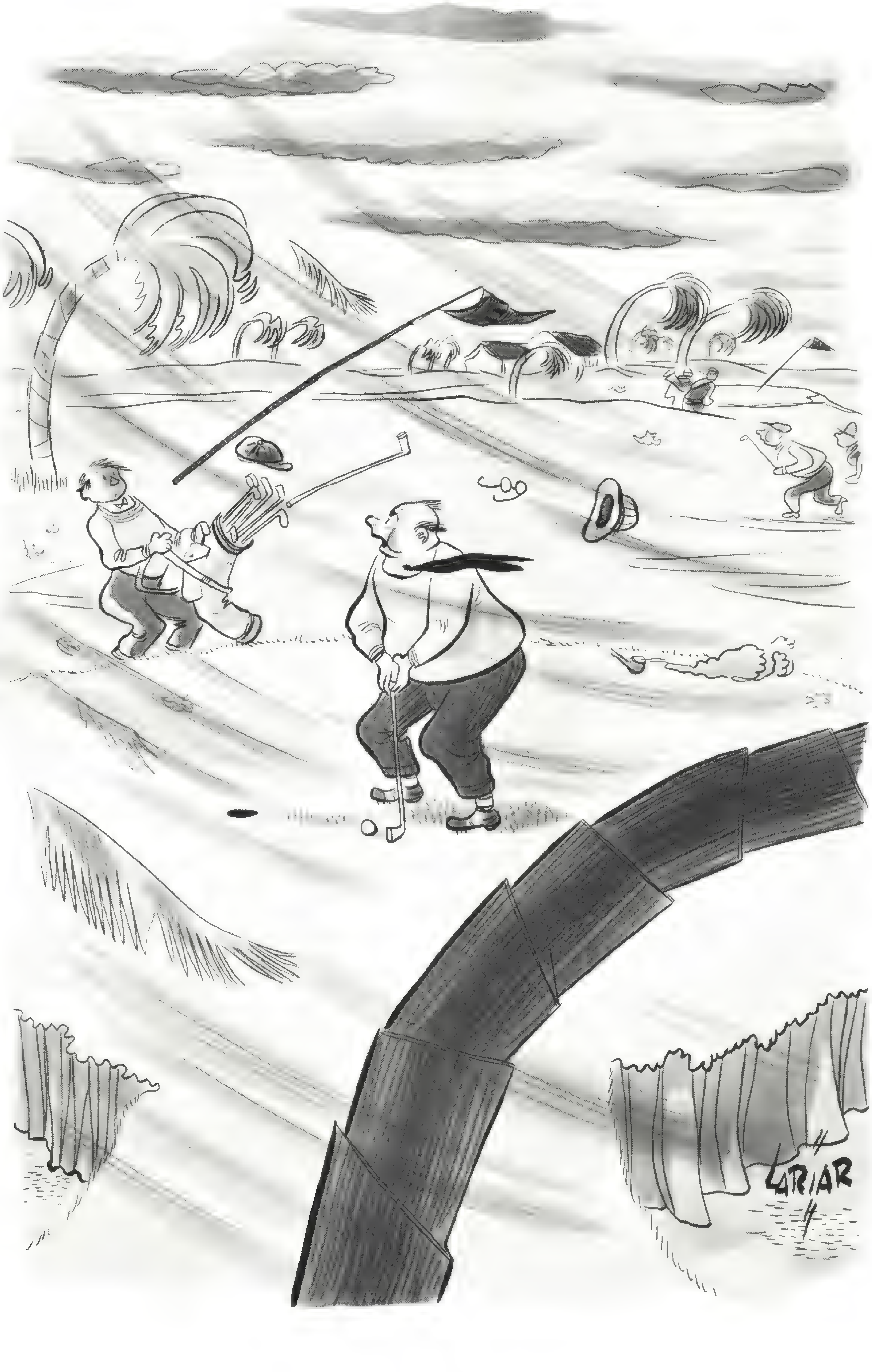
"Why, that was in the Cubs-Giants game in 1909," observed Mr. Kieran.

"Doubtless," I said nastily, "you are referring to the Polo Grounds game of October 8, 1908."

Well, I covered that game—I, a lone Cub rooter in New York—and I can't forget it, for Chicago won the pennant in 1908; and in 1909 Pittsburgh won it.

And I'll tell you another secret. It's no trick for a man who writes a sports column

*Continued in center of page 104*



*"Quiet, caddie!"*

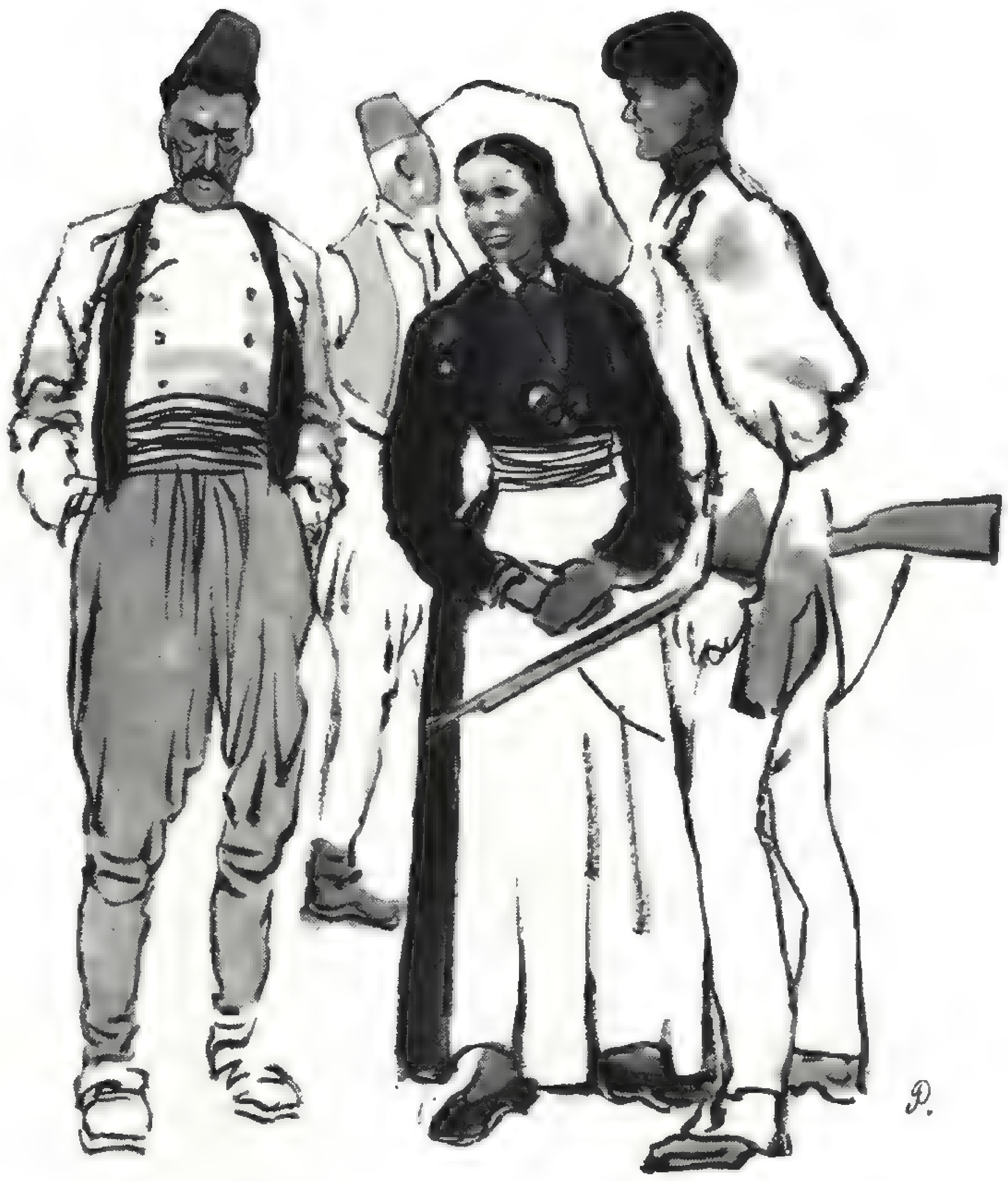
# Pledge of the Dibras

## That Stefan, descendant of Albania's hero, should join the conqueror's army was a shame to be wiped out in blood

### *by* KONRAD BERCOVICI

• FICTION •

℞



"THERE is only one way to wipe out our shame, and we know it. If there is any one here who thinks differently, let him stand up and say so," the bearded old Staroste, head of the Dibra clan of Albanians on the mountain slope overlooking Lake Okhrida, addressed his audience.

Close to a hundred men and women of all ages sat on the ground in a clearing surrounded by huge oaks where for centuries the clan had gathered to discuss important affairs, and for a while no one said anything, though Staroste's words had practically condemned every male of the clan to certain death.

Only the day before, word had reached Tirana, Dushan Dibra's daughter, that her own brother, Stefan, who had been serving in the Albanian army, had joined the army of the Italian conqueror of his country and had sworn allegiance to him. What the other soldiers of Albania had done was of little interest to the Dibras; most of them were probably Ghegs, mongrels from the valleys, and of no consequence. But that Stefan Dibra, a direct descendant of Georghe Kastioti, the hero of Albania, should have joined the army of the foreign conqueror and sworn allegiance to him, was a shame no one in his clan could survive.

True, in its long existence, Albania had been conquered a hundred times, but only the cities, the villages about the water basins and the seaports had come under the rule of the powers that had conquered them. The mountain villages always remained under the rule of their own chiefs and had never obeyed the laws of the Turks, the Venetians, the Bulgarians, or the Italians.

Not a muscle of a face twitched at the self-imposed death sentence. Who is afraid of death?

"Before we decide how to act," said Tirana, Stefan Dibra's sister, "wouldn't it be well for those here who have other blood than Dibra blood in their veins to stand up, say so, and leave? Is there anybody here who should not be here?" When no one had stood up to disclaim solidarity with her clan, Tirana asked, "Is there anybody here too young to give his Bessa, his pledge, to die redeeming the honor of the Dibras?"

All eyes turned to a young boy who sat on the outer fringe of the crowd beside a girl his own age. It was known that their parents had planned to marry them after the harvest.

"There sits Kuma, Sofia's son, and Leva, Petru's daughter. And Kuma is not yet sixteen. He shouldn't be here now," Mitru Kaval, the best shot in the mountains, said.

"I am sixteen," Kuma called out, rising to his feet. "Who will call me a liar?" he fingered the old pistol on the red sash over the plaited white petticoat that reached to his knees.

"If Kuma says he is sixteen, he is sixteen," his mother said, looking with admiration at her son.

"Sit down Kuma," the old Staroste said, motioning to the boy.

"We'll be married before anything happens," Leva whispered to Kuma when he had sat down. "A man like you should leave of his seed in the mountains."

"Is this a Bessa, a pledge?" Kuma asked softly.

"It is, Kuma. And will you give me your Bessa?"

"I do." Kuma said so loudly that they all broke out in laughter, Kuma's mother and Leva's father laughing the loudest.

When the laughter had died down the Staroste said, "So we who are Dibras give our Bessa now."

Every male above sixteen touched the pistol in his belt to acknowledge the pledge, and no one was prouder than Leva to see her man take the oath of death. To the memory of the oldest man in the mountains of Albania, no one had ever broken his Bessa. A century before, a mountaineer had broken his pledge to an enemy of the country and had been shot to death by his own father.

"Now that this is settled," the Staroste continued, "we only have to decide when to wipe out the shame of the Dibras. The days are getting shorter and shorter. There have been all too many rainy days. The walnuts and the acorns are still on the trees. The fodder still has to be harvested, and the huts have to be made ready for the winter. How long will it take to do the work?"

The men turned to their wives with questioning looks. How long will it take to do the work?

After a few minutes of general conversation, one of the men suggested that they could be ready in six weeks, the first Monday after Sintu Dumitru, the great Saint of the Mountains, which fell on a Sunday that year.

"Four weeks will be enough," another man said. "Let those who will get through sooner help those who will be late."

"Four weeks," Kuma cried out. "Four weeks! Even the Ghegs on the other side of the mountains will laugh at us. We can do all that is needed in two weeks. Let our women say if this isn't so," he added, looking at Leva and then at his mother, who smiled back at him.

"I know why Kuma is in such a hurry," the man who had asked six weeks spoke up. "He is really in a greater hurry to marry Leva than to wipe out the shame of the Dibra clan."

Kuma was on his feet the next moment with his right hand on his pistol.

"Sit down Kuma," the Staroste ordered.

"You ought to be ashamed to have said that," Sofia, Kuma's mother shouted above the other raised voices. "Stand up, Kuma, and tell them it isn't so; that you are not in a greater hurry to marry Leva than you are to wipe out the shame Stefan Dibra has brought upon our heads. And if you want, you may tell him from me that you suspect him of having asked six weeks so he can lay beside his wife six weeks more."

"Sit where you are," the Staroste ordered

Kuma, who was about to stand up. "Six weeks then. We shall all meet here again on the eve of Sintu Dumitru. There is much work to be done, and it will be hard enough for the women to winter along with the younger children. Go to your homes now."

There were fewer than two dozen huts in that mountain village, huts built out of whole logs of thick oaks and calked with clay and lime within and without. Behind every hut were the stables roofed with split logs. Some of the huts had chimneys, some didn't. In front of every hut was a small vineyard growing the small sour mountain grape out of which the people pressed a wine that was undrinkable except by themselves, and even they had to mix it with some of the wild honey that was gathered by the children every fall.

As the clan dispersed itself, Kuma, holding Leva by the hand, took the path that led to the door of her parents' home. He had gone to the meeting of the clan a boy, and was coming away from it a man. Tall and broadshouldered, having done the work of a man ever since his father had died four years before, he felt doubly proud of himself for having claimed himself a man old enough to give his Bessa and for having stood up to Petru who had accused him of being more concerned about getting married than with the honor of the clan.

"I should have shot him dead," he muttered loudly enough to be heard by the girl beside him.

A flicker of a smile passed Leva's soft thick lips, and there was just enough of a doubting tone in her voice as she looked up and asked: "Wasn't there any truth at all in what Petru said?" As Kuma withdrew his hand from hers she added, "Perhaps there was some truth in what Petru said, Kuma. You love me, don't you?" and she reached for his hand and kneaded his fingers between hers.

Kuma stopped to look at her. She looked him straight in the eyes and awaited his answer with a trembling smile on her lips. Her limbs had turned to lead. Her heart was pounding so that the echo of its beat sounded in her ears. But she had to know that the man to whom she had given her Bessa loved her above everything else, even the honor of his tribe.

"There was some truth in what Petru has said—there must have been—tell me that there was," she implored taking his other hand in hers.

"There wasn't," Kuma said, freeing his hands and turning his back to her to return to his mother's home.

"Has the moon turned black or what?" Sofia questioned her son when he came in.

"Not the moon, but Leva has turned black," Kuma said and sat down heavily with his head between his hands.

Never before had the Dibras labored with such haste and thoroughness. All hands busied themselves from before daylight until after nightfall day after day: Gathering nuts, storing honey, boiling the cocoons of the silkworm that fed on the leaves of the mulberry, grinding corn, drying the oakleaves for fodder for the horses and the goats of each household. When the rains were too heavy for outdoor work, the men helped their women to weave and spin and to smoke the meat of the males of the young goats and of such ewes as would no longer lamb.

The week after the decision in the woods, there were several marriages of youngsters who would have been considered too young to marry at any other time. And all this was done without a hint in the behavior of the people that they were preparing themselves for death and not for life. Not a cry from a mother; not a tear from a wife; not a word of sorrow from a son or a husband.

Four weeks later the work was all done. And the men of the Dibra clan began to think that perhaps the Staroste had been wrong to listen to the demand of Petru. They had polished their rifles and their knives until they gleamed like silver.

On an evening, Leva's father came to see Kuma's mother and said: "Your son has given his Bessa to my daughter."

"It isn't yet Sintu Dumitru and I need him now more than she does."

"But she cries and says that he won't even speak to her," Leva's father exclaimed. "And she loves him."

"Have you given her a Bessa to speak to her, Kuma?" the boy's mother asked, turning to look at her son, who was oiling the barrel of a rifle he had inherited from his father.

"No. But tell Leva that I will come to your house in broad daylight and speak to her within sight of people. Tell her that I have forgiven her, Mosh Anghel, and that I will not mention what has passed between us."

"Do you know what has passed between them?" Sofia asked.

"No, I don't." Leva's father said.

Before leaving and while Kuma still continued to oil his rifle Mosh Anghel said: "I have been down to the valley of the Devoli River the other day to buy a scythe. The people down there, even the Ghegs and the Musslims, know what we have decided to do, and are proud of us. There were such who wanted to claim that they are of the Dibra clan so that they should die with us. One of the Zicatori has already made a song about us with every name in it, yours also, Kuma. And how Leva told you to say that you were sixteen: that she would mourn you and be proud of you all her life."

Kuma stopped oiling the rifle and looked at his mother.

"There wasn't a scythe to be bought in the whole valley," Mosh Anghel continued. "Italianos have searched every house and store and gathered everything of steel and iron to make cannon and flying machines with. Yet when I came home and unloaded the mule I found six good scythes in its feed bag under the corn meal—six fine scythes, all newly sharpened. Do you think you could use one in your household?"

"I'll take it from you in broad daylight." Kuma said, coming close to Mosh Anghel. "So they have already made a song."

"Yes. With you in it, my son. And when it's all over they'll come up here and bring whatever they have and help with the spring plowing."

In the morning when everybody was outdoors, Kuma, dressed in his best, took the path to Mosh Anghel's hut.

"Where are you going?" a woman asked, standing up on the stirrups of her mule loaded with firewood.

"To see Leva."

"Is there nothing left to do in your home on a Wednesday?" an old woman milking a goat tied to a peg in her vineyard asked in a mock querulous voice.

"I will do it after I have seen Leva, Baba."

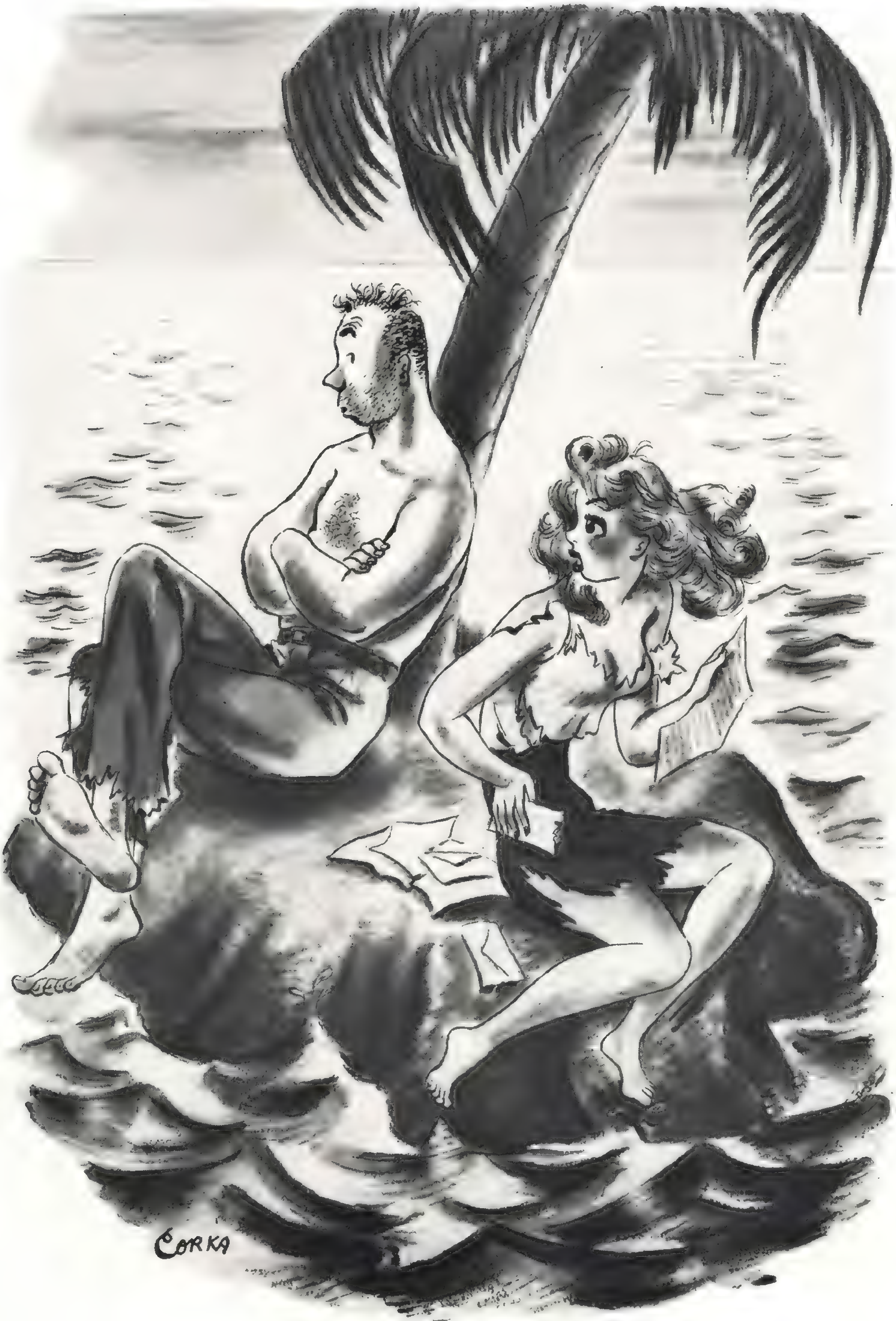
Leva was meeting Kuma halfway by standing at her door. She was pale and her eyes were red.

"Your father told me about Devoli and that he would give me one of the scythes," Kuma opened the conversation.

"Had I known you'd come for the scythe, I wouldn't have waited outside," the girl said, and turned to go into the house.

"Stay here," Kuma said, grabbing her hand. "I said the wrong thing. I always say

*Continued on page 176*



*"I keep getting mushy proposals from some one who signs himself 'your secret lover'"*

# Pins and Needlers

### Elementary advice to beginning bowlers on the straight, back-up or hook ball, spot bowling and the "anatomical" grip

### by H. A. HATTSTROM

▪ SPORTS ▪

So you want to bowl? Why not? Everybody's doing it. You want to join the lines heading for the pin palaces, but when you get there you don't want to be a joke. You don't want to give the needlers a chance to upset you. You want to know something about the game before you get out there on that sleek slab of beautifully polished hard wood, with that big heavy ball with the holes in it in your hands, looking down that long lane of glistening varnish to that neat V of wooden bottles at the other end.

Well, it can be done. For all the fancy didos put on by the champions, bowling is a simple enough game, if you get the right ideas in your head right at the very start. In the past two or three years, millions have taken up what is now the world's fastest growing sport. This mushroom growth has been far too rapid for the welfare of the beginner. Too little has been done to help the novices get properly started, and as a result many of them become discouraged and quit a splendid participant sport that can be carried on beneficially for many years of life.

The usual procedure is merely for a new prospect to be invited to bowl by some friend, who hands him a ball and tells him to let fly the best he can. If this procedure is carried on very long, the results are likely to be detrimental. To bowl erroneously for any length of time means to develop handicapping habits that will be very hard to overcome. For that reason, wherever possible, I firmly advocate seeing an instructor at the very beginning. Nevertheless, it is possible to get some of the right fundamentals of the game into the head before ever taking up a bowling ball.

Bowling permits as many eccentricites of form as golf, which of course is very perplexing to the beginner. Shall he adopt the three-step delivery of Adolph Carlson, Bill Heerman, Matty Faetz, Sr.; the four steps of Herb Freitag, Joe Sinke, Joe Wilman; or the five steps of Hank Marino and Ned Day. There are convincing reasons for the use of any of these styles. The choice should depend on the physical make-up of the individual.

A person with strong hands, wrists and arms can be successful with three steps. This style also is favorable for tall people. Five steps is a better style for short persons because this style puts the ball in motion more easily and speeds up the footwork. Most five-step bowlers are graduates of the four-step class, who have changed to the five as they became more proficient. The four-step delivery is really the simplest, easiest and most natural of all and therefore the best for the average beginner because of its natural rhythm in starting the ball in motion simultaneously with the first step by the right foot. This automatically brings the bowler to the foul line with the left foot forward and the ball ready to be delivered in perfect balance. The four-step delivery is also to be recommended for women.

Next the beginner wonders whether he should attempt to throw a straight, a backup, or a hook ball. He soon observes that most of the stars are hook bowlers; yet the instructors say it is easier to roll a straight ball and that it is more accurate. Then why doesn't the expert roll straight balls? A small percentage of them do. Alley conditions don't bother them much, and they are very accurate on spares. Al Toemel of Chicago has won many prizes and tournaments with his straight-ball delivery. A straight ball is delivered with the thumb on top, pointing directly at the pin being shot at.

In view of the possibilities of success with a straight ball, you may reasonably ask: "Why does everybody want to roll a hook ball?" For two reasons, I believe. First, scientifically it is the better pin getter. It has a wider pocket, requiring less accuracy than a straight ball, and is a better mixer. Secondly, and psychologically, a bowler feels that he has *arrived* when he has mastered an effective hook ball. Besides, there is nothing more beautiful and enthralling than the sight of a hook ball grinding and curving its way up into the pocket. It's a beautiful ball even when it passes the five-pin spare on the left. A hook bowler would rather average 150 rolling a hook than 180 with a straight ball.

"Okay," says the beginner. "I wanna roll a hook—but what kind?" All bending balls are not truly hook balls. There are side spinners, sliders or back spinners, curves or "roundhouse," slow breaking, fast breaking, and rolling hooks. The side spinner usually has a slight bend-in, but is a very poor pin getter. It is delivered with the hand on top of the ball and spun anti-clockwise by a wrist twist. This ball spins on its vertical axis and is easily deflected on pin contact. It acts the same as a spinning top.

The slider or backspinner also has a slight bend and is also an ineffective ball. It is delivered with the back of the hand up, which makes the ball slide halfway down the alley while still spinning backwards. The ball doesn't start rolling forward until the backspin is spent; consequently all the power and action is gone by the time it reaches the pins, producing a dull hollow sound on them. This ball and the side spinner are a couple of sour apples, and bowlers should avoid them. However, in fairness to all styles and deliveries, let me say that any kind of a ball squarely in the 1-3 pocket, whether it be slow or fast, straight, backup or hook, sweet or sour, will produce the old strike. But the thrower of a sour ball must be infinitely more accurate than the bowler rolling a "working" hook ball. Let me also emphasize to those beginners who may

*Continued on page 136*

*"My, my what won't that busy little mind of yours think of next"*

# Hollywood Goldfish Bowl

## There's no accounting for the passion of the American people to learn every trivial detail of movie actors' lives

### by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

Forty years ago the people who "really love the movies" began to discuss the art of the motion picture and today, at almost any hour, wherever you are, you can hear or read what happened when Clark Gable walked into a restaurant and saw Virginia Lee sitting on the same chair that Norma Shearer once sat in. If, by any chance, Mr. Gable entered the restaurant with (a) his wife or (b) any woman other than his wife, that circumstance would be noted; and the precise number of times Mr. Gable had escorted somebody's ultra-great-great-grandmother would be recorded. As result of this copious information about Hollywood, you and I can see the works of John Ford and Alfred Hitchcock; we can enjoy the delicate acting of Robert Montgomery and every four or five years see a Chaplin masterpiece; because we knew every tooth in Shirley Temple's head, we were able to see Garbo (about whom we knew next to nothing).

The fan magazine of long ago; the Hollywood gossip column; and today the endless supply of movie chatter on the air has contributed vastly to our pleasure in life; they have kept alive an interest which otherwise might have failed; they have supported the stars and invented glamor; and out of the profits, good pictures have been made and the great art of the motion picture has developed.

But can anyone guess how it happens that the people of America, to begin with, and after them the people of the world, became so enchanted with the movies that they had to know every last detail about the moving picture actors and actresses? It is a new phenomenon in the world, this steady stare into the goldfish bowl. And nothing I have ever seen explains it. Moreover, the habit has spread, so that now popularity and the appetite for information run parallel; and, as Lindbergh found out in his happiest days, you risk the one if you are not willing to give the other. No man can expect quarter; in a political campaign, he may be pelted with vegetables; but if he is elected, the American people want to know the color of his dressing gown and how many lumps of sugar he likes (secretly).

In a sense, you cannot blame the movies for this. They, of all people, went in for the anonymous; even our Mary Pickford was the Biograph Girl; my recollection is that John Bunny was the first player to be named as well as featured. Before that, the studios thought they could keep salaries down if their players were not known by name; and the public kept asking at the box office window and finally wrote urgently to the manufacturers of serials and one-reeler comedies, to ask the name of that pretty brunette or of the funny fat man. By the time Chaplin came along the identification of individuals was complete; and the race he and Pickford had for the first million dollar salary added so much publicity that no retreat was possible.

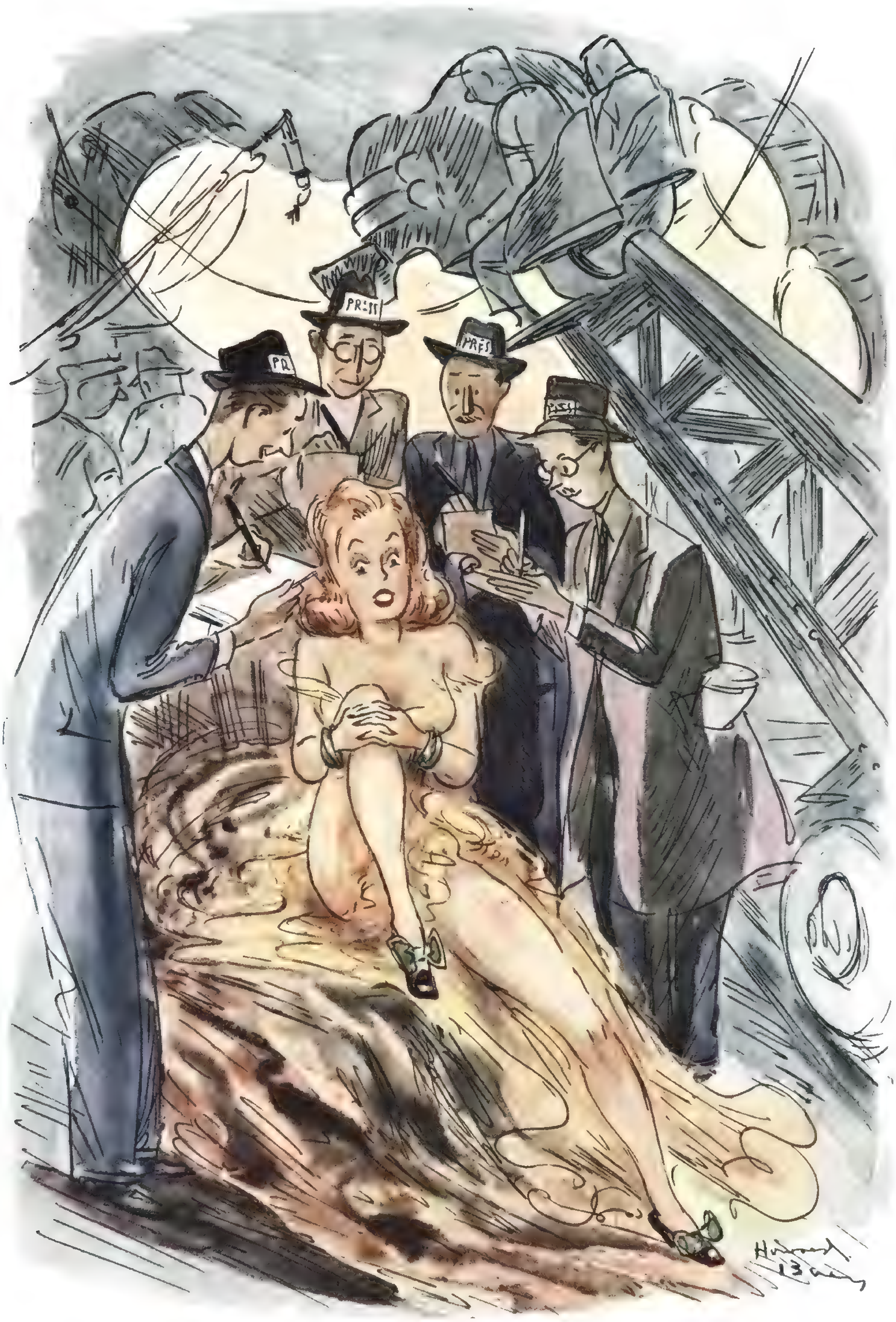
An old fan-magazine is a treat. At the front or in the back, in pretty small type, you'd find the answer-man; often he had a pet name, like Doug or Uncle or maybe Don; he would create a character for himself, making himself a mystery, giving sly digs to regular correspondents. But his job was a serious one; he had to say how tall Bessie Love was and what was the color of Wallace Reid's eyes; and was that Hank Mann who played in *His Bread and Butter* and who was the masked menace in the fourteenth episode of *Pearl of the Army*. He had to know the birthdays of all the stars, their favorite colors, and whether they were married; he had to give their real names and the sizes of their gloves and shoes and did they really like tea or was that only in the picture. Most of this information had been doled out in preceding issues; the answer man had to collect and sift the facts and have them at hand. The demand was insistent and constant; there would be three or four hundred answers in each issue.

This was an early type; it flourished during the time of the Maude Adams crushes and the Gerryflappers. Miss Adams was, you remember, counseled never to appear on the public streets; Geraldine Farrar managed to capitalize on her popularity, but in spite of a tremendous whoosh about everything she did, and a sensational marriage, she remained less known, in detail, than any Talmadge. Jim Jeffries was popular around this time and so was Theodore Roosevelt; but the little girl who daubed soot on cotton in *The Birth of a Nation* was the one people asked about. And not for talent alone; a new kind of love grew up in the world; a possessive love. People took the movies into their hearts, I suppose, and in the heart there can be no secrets.

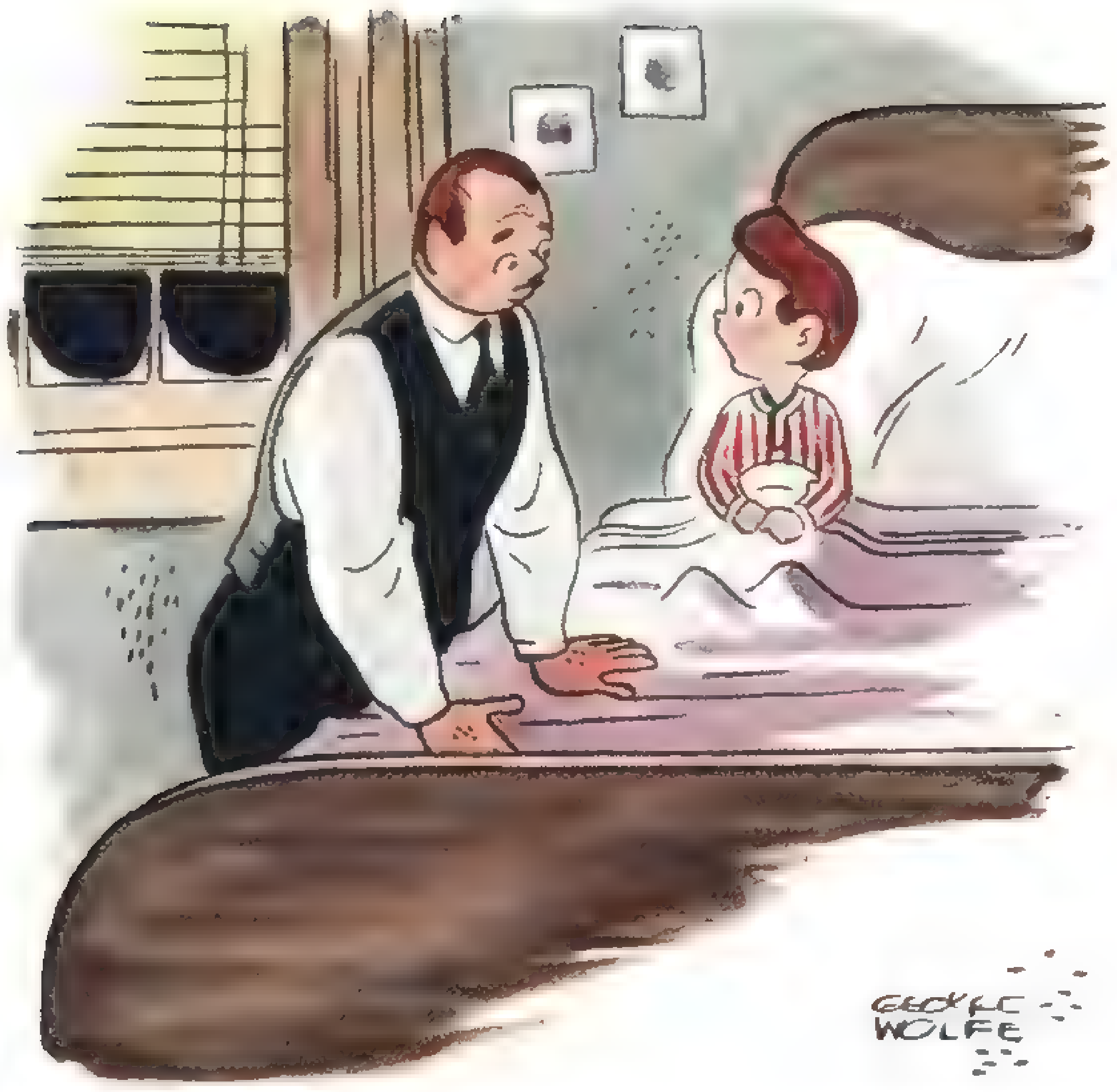
I used to dislike the fantype of publicity very much, almost as much as I disliked elaborate "presentations" of movies. I am less violent now; I see that even Roxy, who was a menace to the movies in some ways, helped to make them respectable; you weren't shoved around at his theatres, and elderly women could go there and be sure of having such a nice tall young man show them to a seat; and then, the movies couldn't really be as bad as people said, with all that nice music the orchestra played, *Poet and Peasant* and even the *Intermezzo*, you know that one from the opera that's always played with *Pagliacci*. And just as Roxy made the movies a little chic and brought in people who needed the tone of smartness in order to enjoy themselves, so the fan-magazine kept feeding a strange appetite and buoyed

*Continued in center of page 114*

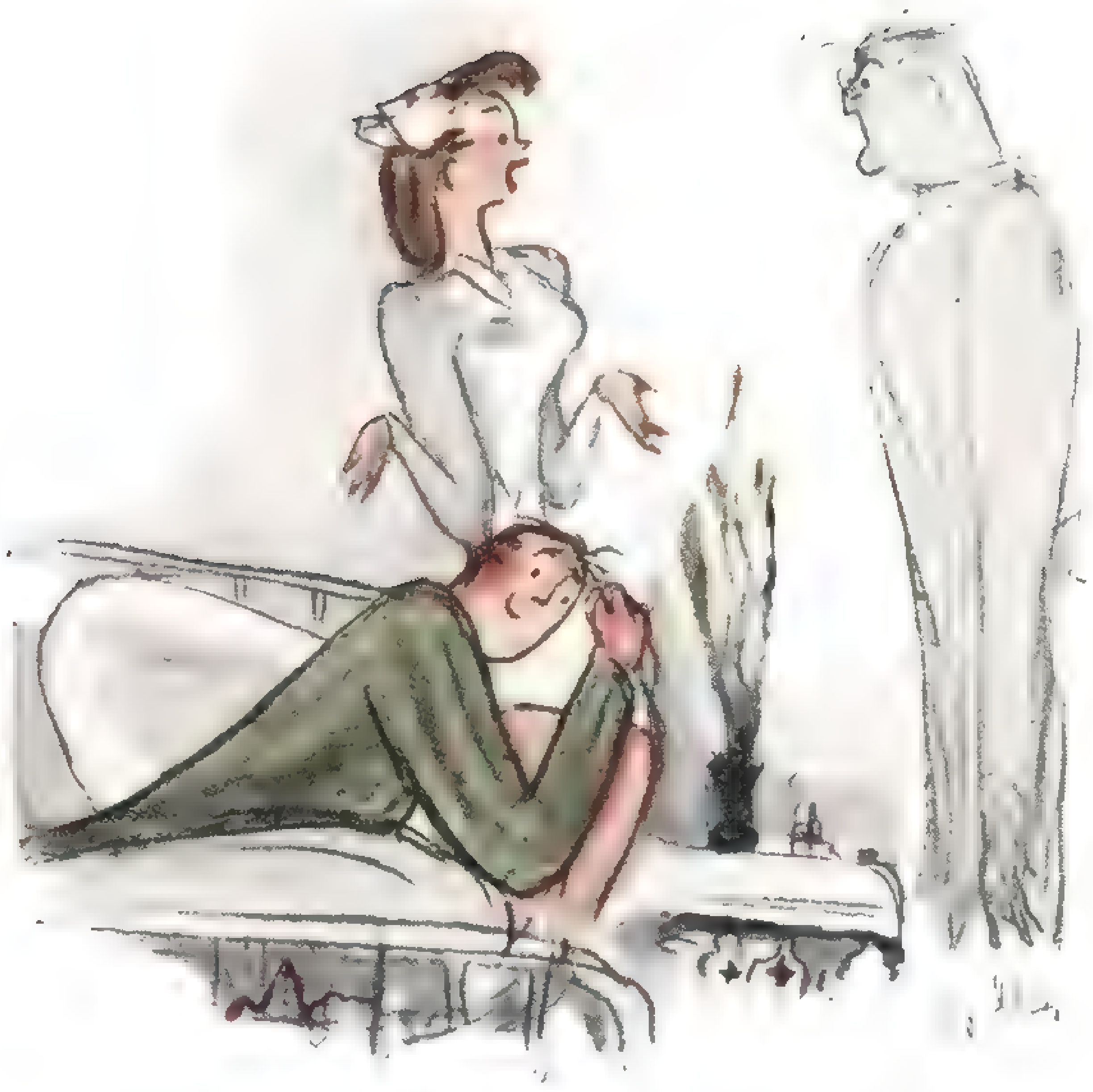
*"Third floor—sun lamps—"*


PR
PRESS
PRESS
PRESS
Howard Baer

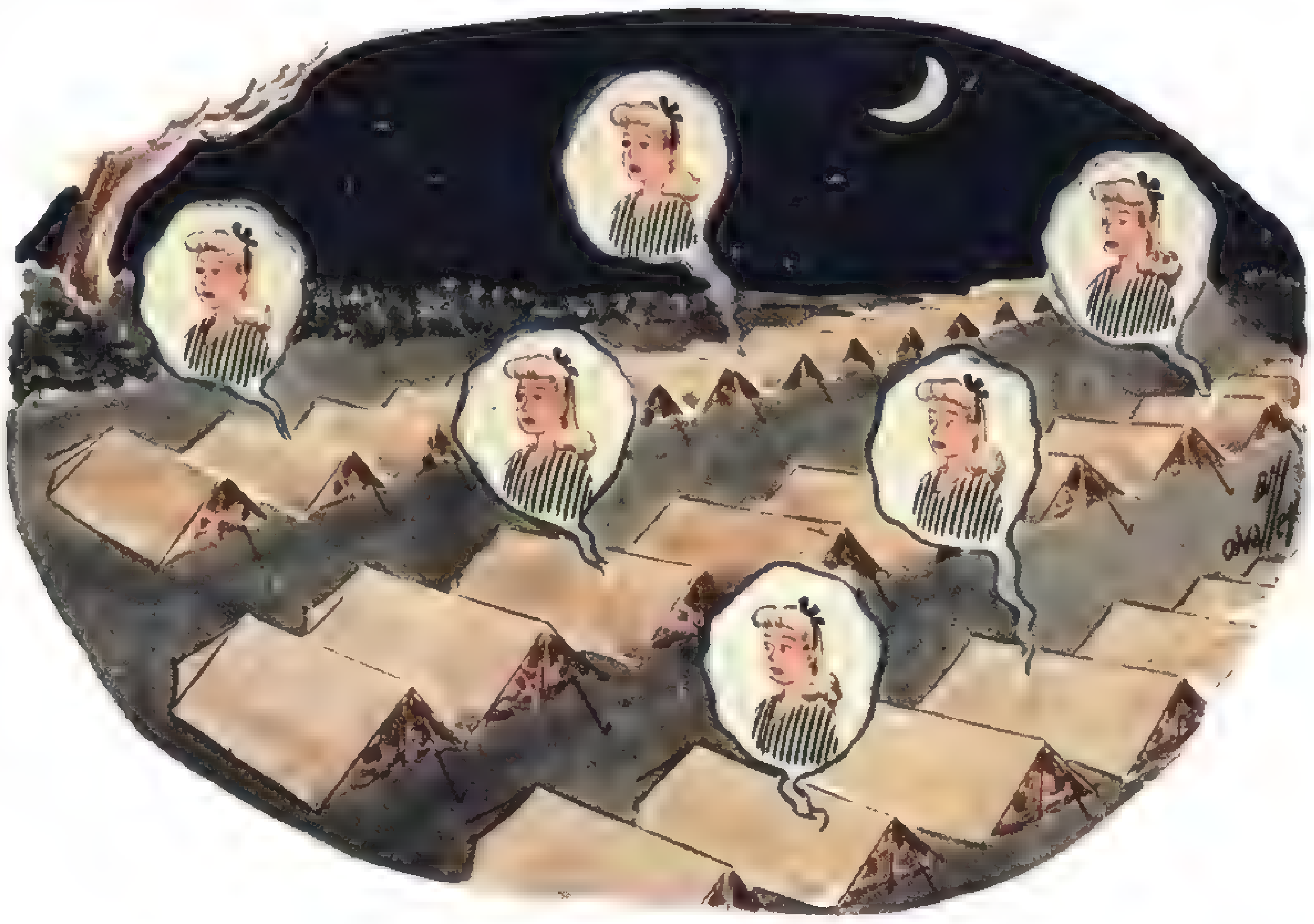
*"Well—I came to Hollywood to get a job as a waitress, and the first thing I knew I was a movie star"*

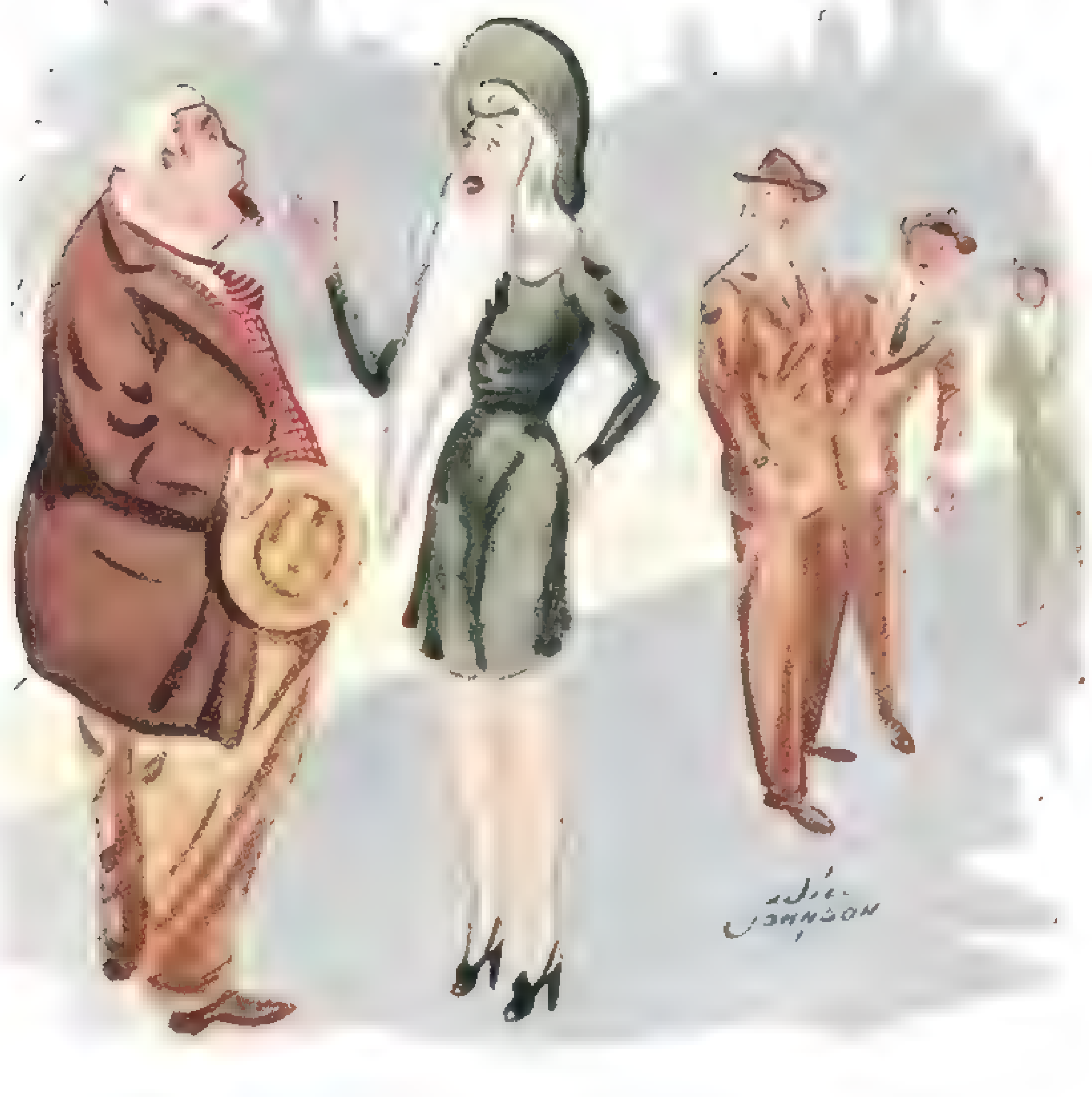

GEORGE WOLFE

*"Are you my real father or am I some prince, spirited away while yet an infant, and denied my rightful place as the lawful ruler of my people?"*

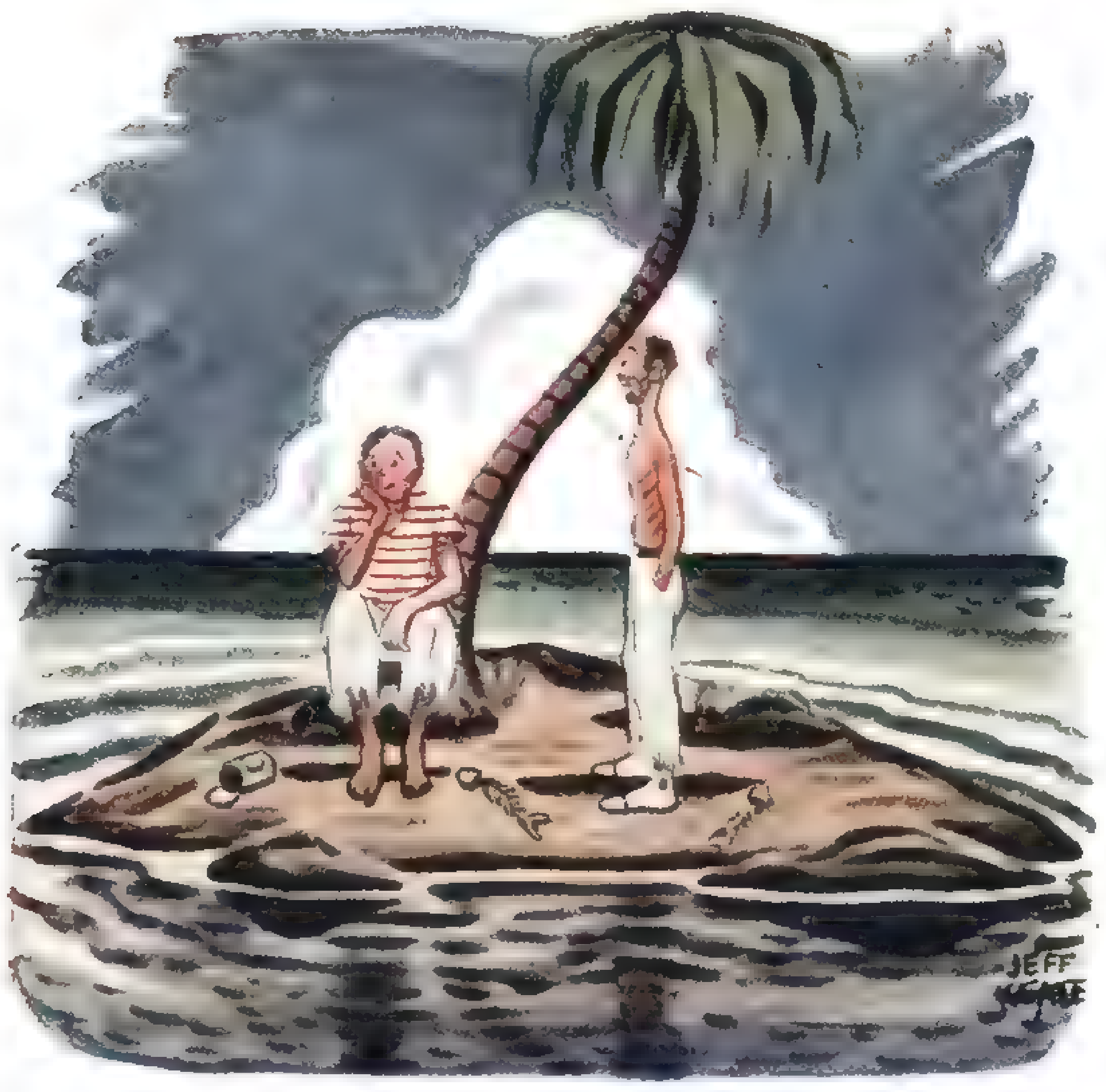


*"He's so afraid he'll die, doctor!"*

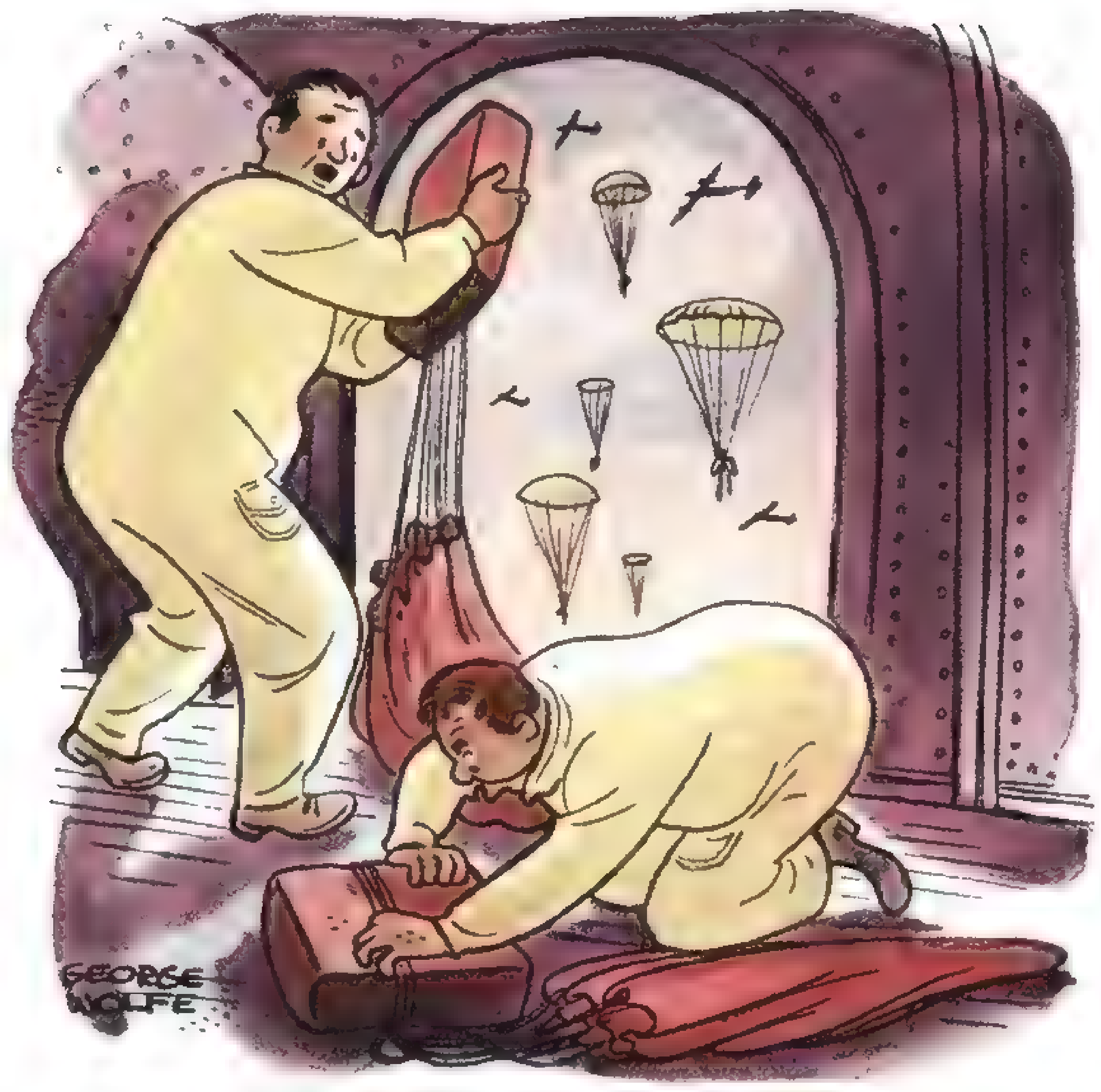

BILL O'MALLEY



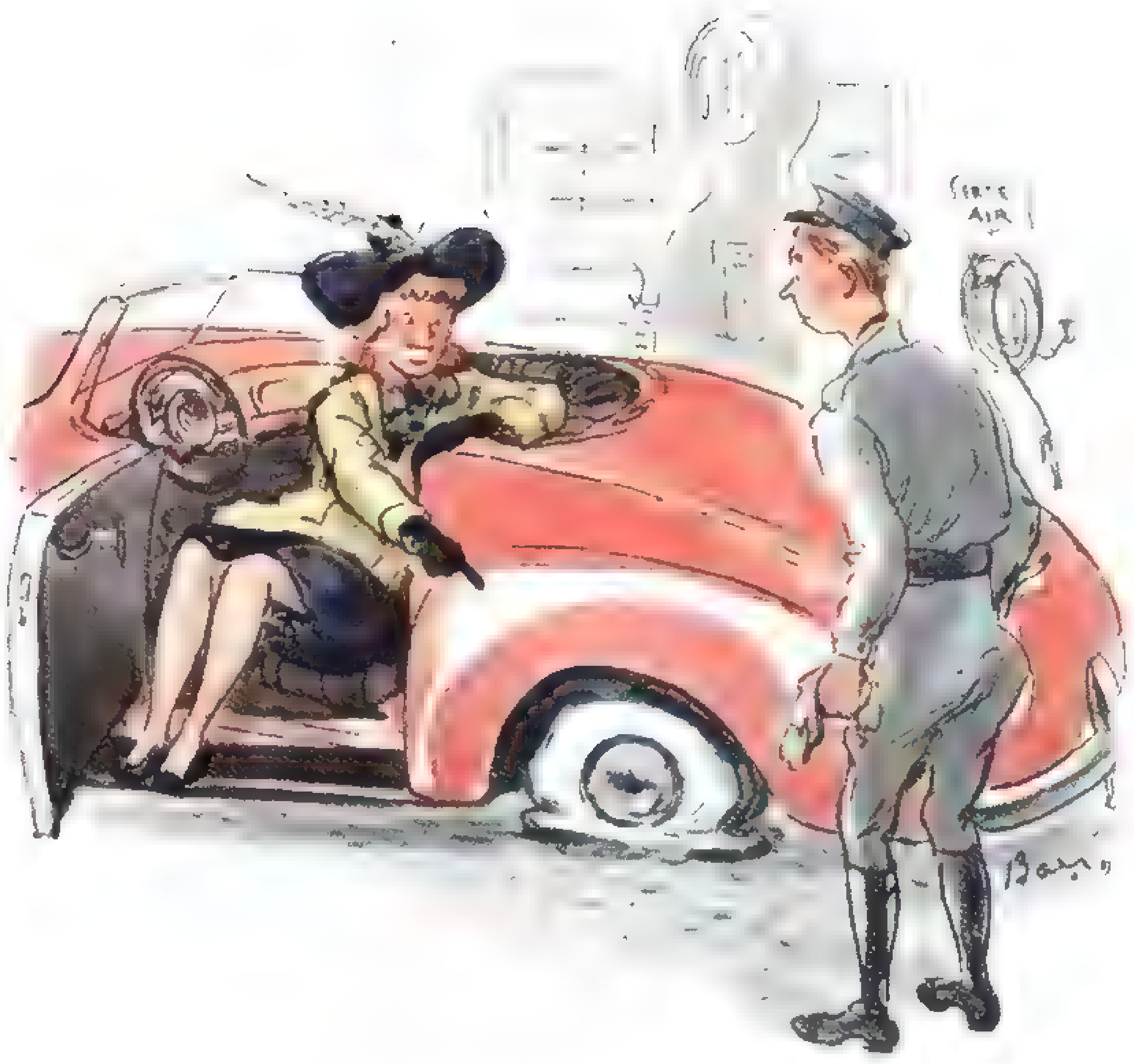
*"No, I don't want to work for a circus —why do you ask?"*



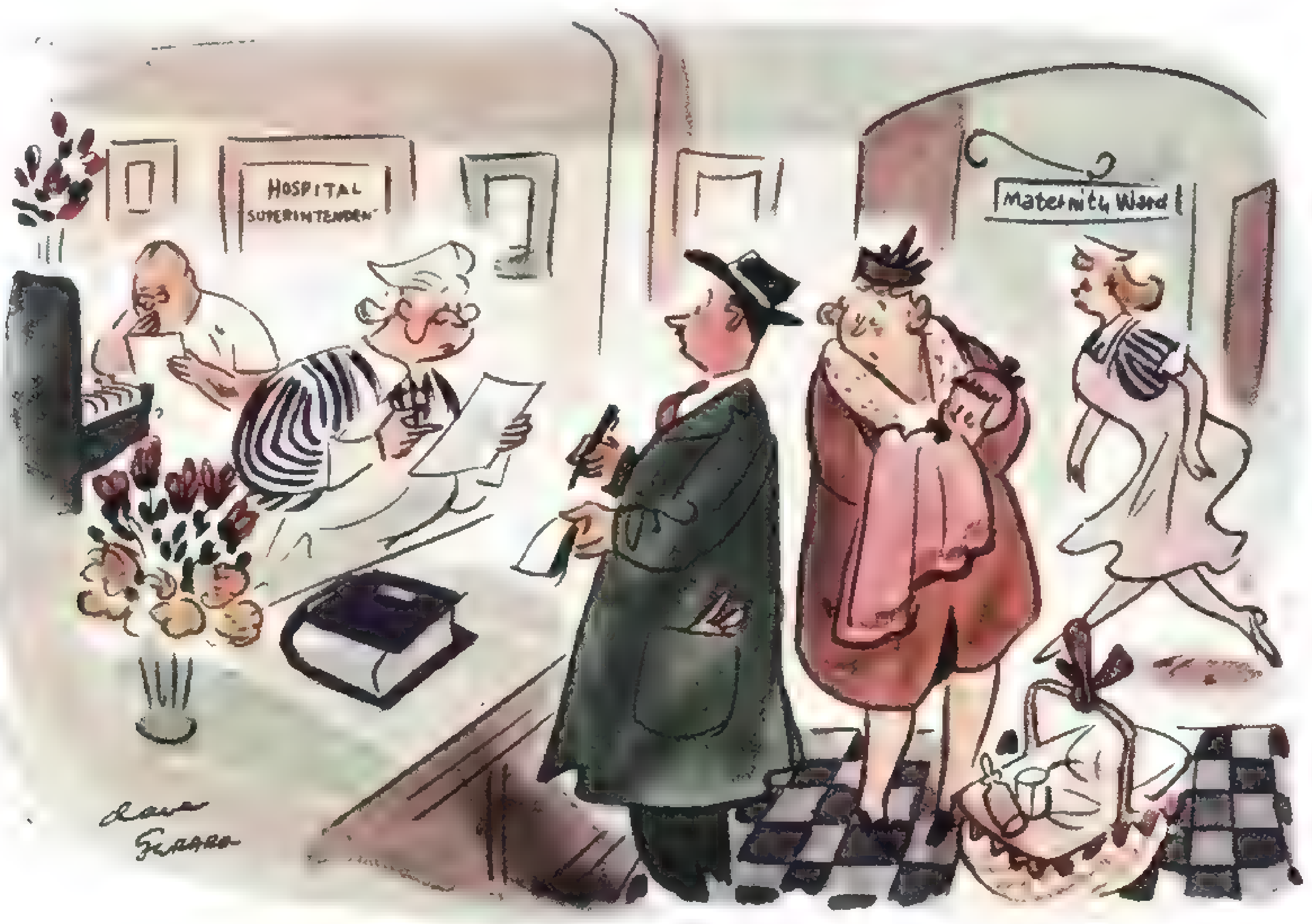
*"I dunno, I guess I've got the Monday blues!"*


GEORGE WOLFE

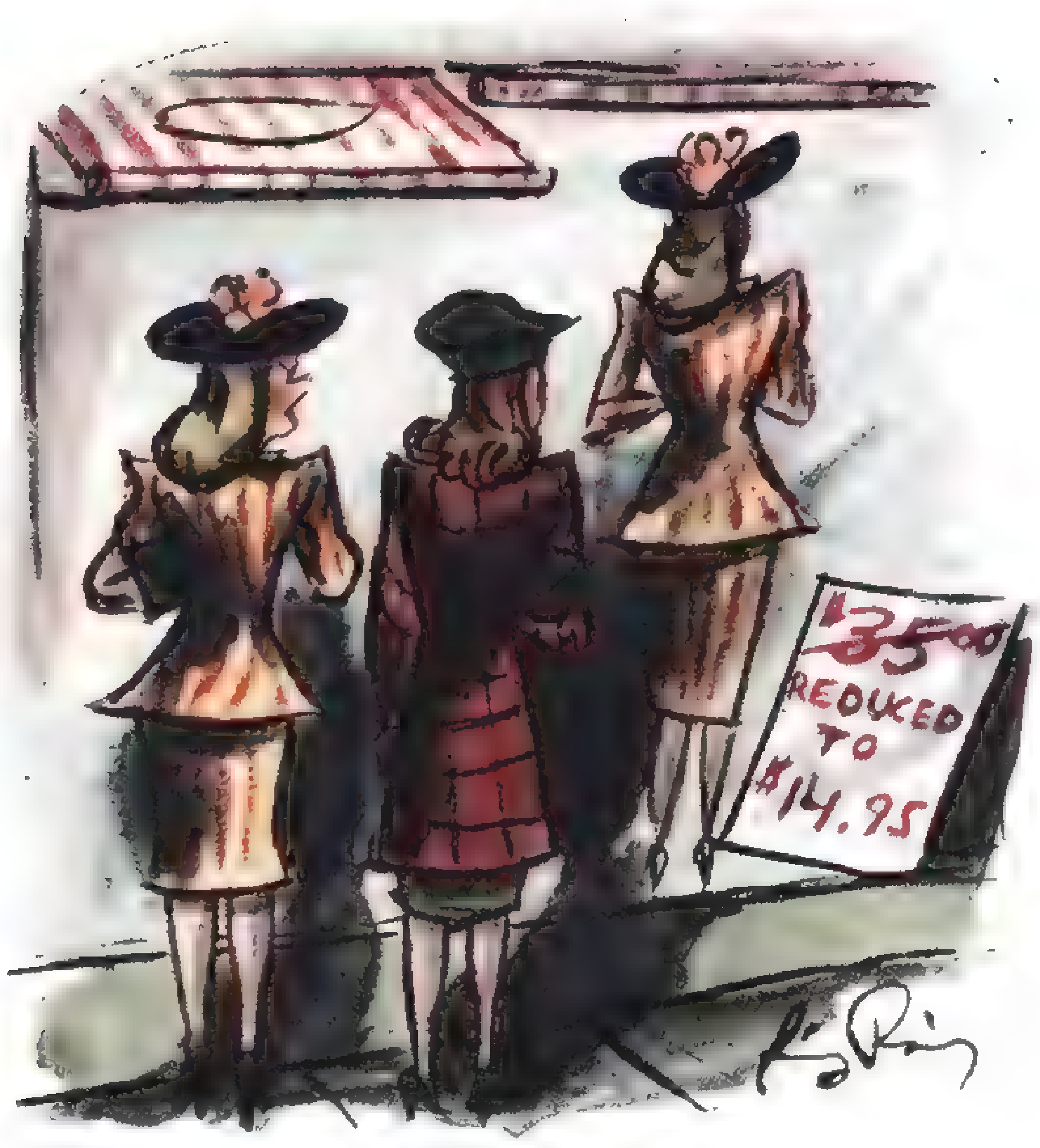
*"They've got enough hams on rye—we'd better toss them some egg sandwiches!"*



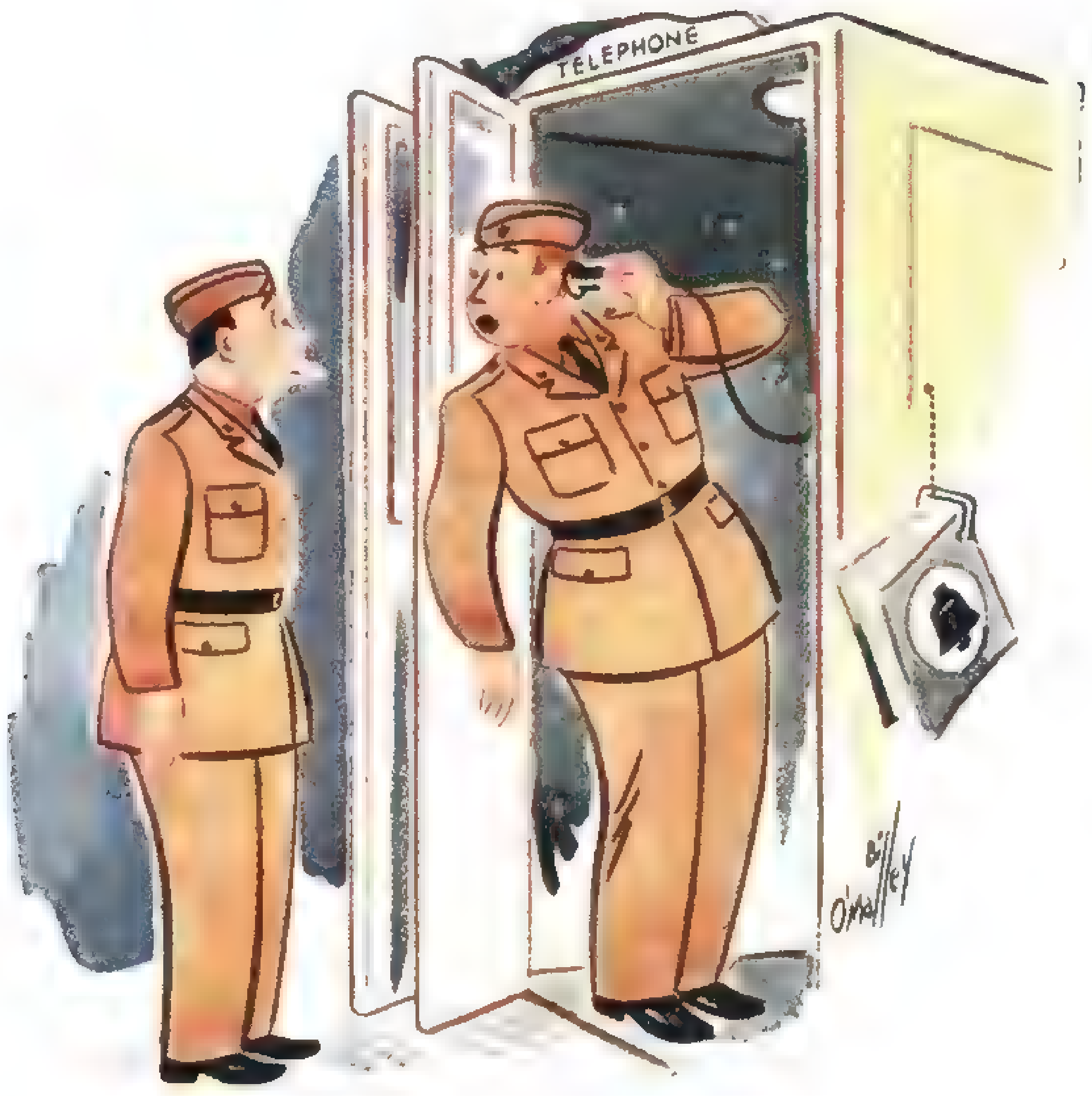
*"Fill 'er up"*


HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT
Maternity Ward
Dave Gerard

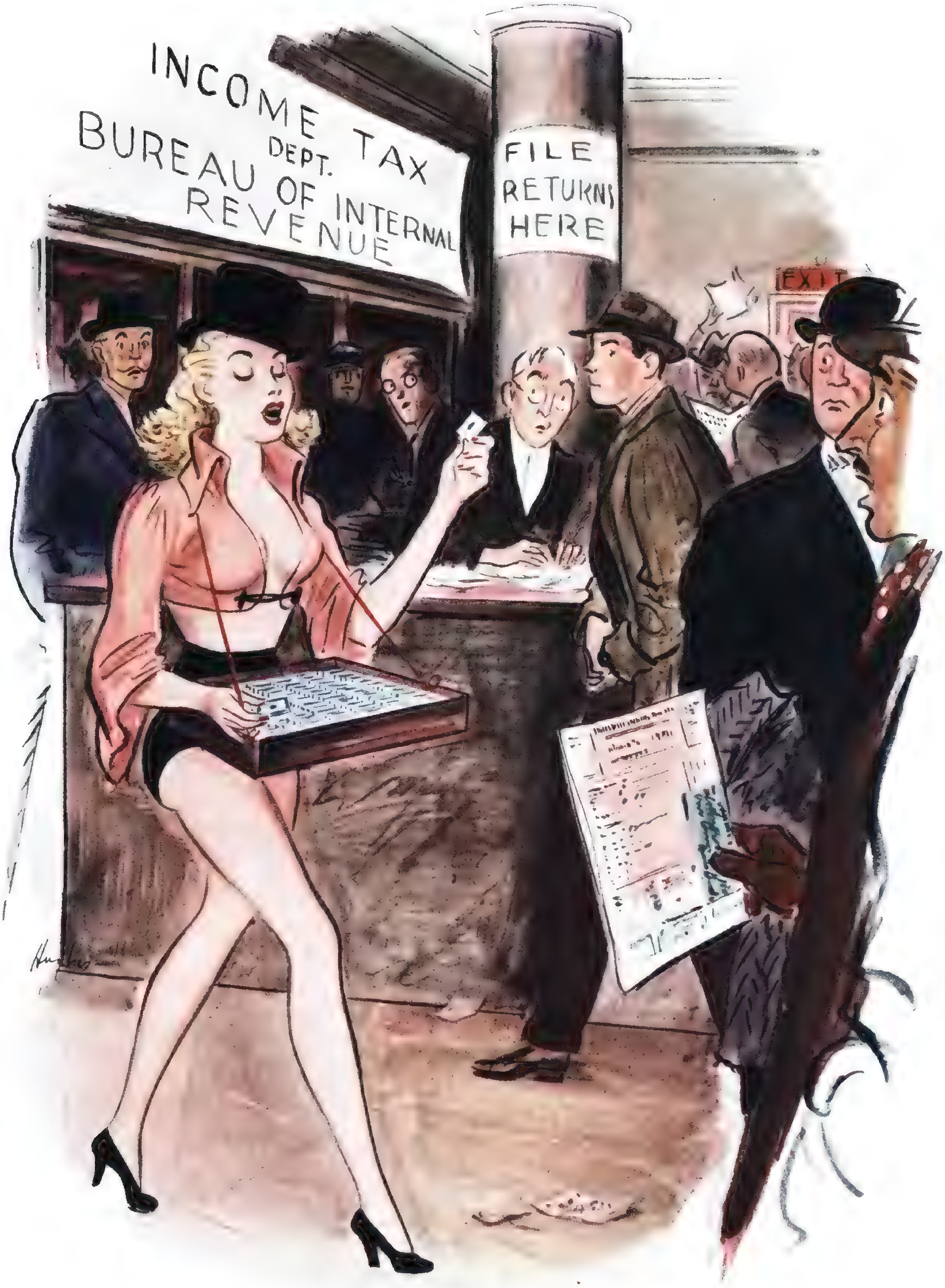
*"Are you sure it's only one? We have you charged with three!"*


$35.00
REDUCED TO
$14.95

*"I have an enemy who got mine for me wholesale"*


TELEPHONE
O'Malley

*"How tall are you?"*


INCOME TAX DEPT.
BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE
FILE RETURNS HERE
EXIT

*"Aspirin! Aspirin!"*

# Dark Ways Are Walked Alone

### Yance was knowing and swift with a gun and when he killed anything his grey eyes were empty, without shine

### by H. N. HEDRICK

• FICTION •

"So you got a gun, kid," Yance said, and stepped out of the shadow of the barn into the bright sunlight. He'd been oiling harness and part of it hung over his broad shoulders; the brass pieces caught the sun glint and jingled together as he walked toward my brother Tom and took his new .22 rifle out of his reluctant hands. "So you got a gun," Yance said softly, and ran his fingers along the shining barrel.

The branching apple trees were beginning to shatter their bloom and the morning air was adrift with petals. Tom and I, two barbarians of fourteen and twelve, stood rooted, staring at Yance.

A funny thing. A moment before the .22 had been big and awkward to handle but now it was beautiful. I noticed that Yance's hands weren't coarse and lumpy like the hands of the other men who worked on the ranch: Yance had smooth, easy brown hands, that were knowing and swift with Tom's gun.

I know, now, the way Yance had with the gun. It was the way of certain men when they lay hands on a dog, loving, and contemplative, so that there is then a secret understood between the man and dog and everyone else is shut out.

A blue camp robber bird fled squawking over the tops of the apple trees and Yance lifted the .22 in a quick bright arc and then a blast of noise rolled back lesser from the nearby hills. The bird was quiet and seemed to wait in the sunlight, a feather dropped away, and then the draggled blue feathered mass plopped right at my feet, quivered and was still.

Yance didn't speak. He threw out the shell and lowered his big tan head and blew some fine smoke away. I could see his eyes when he did that and they weren't shiny grey anymore, they were empty. He shoved the gun back at Tom and strode off toward the toolhouse.

That was where he lived. He'd been working around the ranch as general handyman for about three months and father let him use the room upstairs over the toolhouse; he cooked his own meals there too, because he had asked to, rather than live with the other hands at the bunkhouse. Before I saw him take Tom's gun I don't believe I had ever really looked at him. He had just been someone around the place.

Soon afterwards he began to build the tank tower. It was of wood and it was to have a windmill on top to pump water, from a well already drilled, into two thousand-gallon iron tanks that were to be placed in the tower, one above the other.

Yance suggested that he build a stairway up around the tanks and have a room below the windmill so that a person up there could see all over the valley, right over the tops of the trees.

Father told him it would be fine and to do it. Afterwards I heard him tell mother it proved what he had said all along, that Yance wasn't like the rest of the men, having to be told every move to make.

On Saturdays, when there wasn't any school, Tom and I hung around the growing building and tried to talk to Yance. Most of the times he told us to get to hell before he dropped a two by four or something on us. One Saturday afternoon though he climbed down and said:

"How'd you kids like to go fishing?"

We had to run, almost, to keep up with him. We went down through the pear orchard to the river. Chinook salmon were running and the riffles were black with the weaving fins. They weren't striking because they were spawning but below the riffles, in the deep pools, there were steelhead and cutthroat trout waiting for the salmon eggs and flashing up from the dark water into the sunlight, whipping rainbows from their silver bodies; once in a while a salmon coming upstream to spawn would rise ponderously and fall back with a dull thud into deep water.

Yance waded cautiously out into the shallow riffle and hooked his thumbs as quick as lightning into the flaring gills of a big salmon and heaved it out onto dry land. He was swift after it and grabbed it again right in the notch just above the black lashing tail.

"You got to grab 'em right there," Yance told us, and swung the flopping fish around and dashed its head against a boulder until it quit thrashing and lay shivering before him with blood splattered out of its head sinking down into the dry sand and gravel. He flipped out a knife and with its big blade he ripped into the swollen pale belly. The knife made a sucking noise and like something tasted good, Yance said,

"That's the way I'd like to slit some people's guts."

And then he side-glanced into our gaping faces and he laughed, loud, as if it was all a joke. He pulled out the fat skeins of orange-red eggs and laid them out, shiny and pungent on a flat gray rock. The yellowjackets were after the mess on his hands and he smeared it off on the wet black sand at the edge of the river and got stung, but he just laughed; it was like nothing could make him mad. He cut out a hunk of eggs from a skein and threw them into the deep water below the riffle. Where the eggs hit the water was an instant broil of fighting fish.

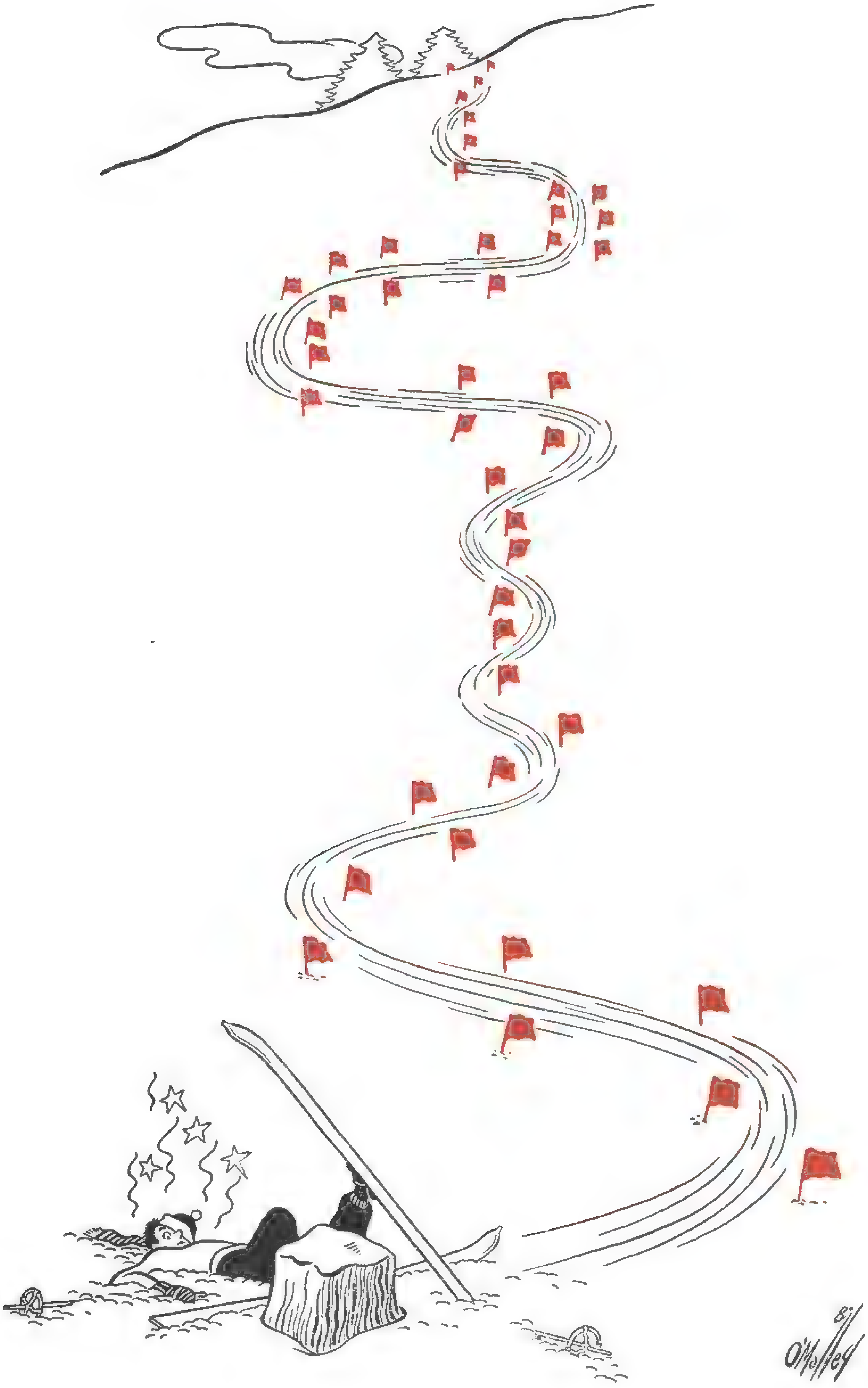
"Last one to catch one is a pine beetle," Yance laughed; he was running a gold snell into a cluster of eggs.

There wasn't anything to catching a steelhead, then. The only fun was fighting them in. But the sun was hot and after while we got tired and quit. We laid down under some

Continued on page 143

MY DIARY
Herb Williams

*"February 10th—February 10th. Here it is—'I was a very, very bad boy today'"*


Bil O'Malley

# The Buffaloes Are Coming

## Al Baggett, West Texas basket coach and rock collector, creates jobs for players on school buildings of stone

### *by* JAMES McQUEENY

•SPORTS•

Al Baggett is a big man, likes to have big men around him, a fact which, in a measure, explains the legend plastered on the side of the bus in which his West Texas State team rattles around the country: Tallest Basketball Team in the World.

For six years, the West Texans have been billing themselves thus without anyone calling them on it. And it's not because their claim, based largely on possible starting lineups ranging from six feet, five and one quarter inches to six feet, six and one quarter inches, has been kept a sectional secret. There's nothing provincial about the Hustlin' Buffs, as they are known among the trade. A glance at their season's itinerary would make even Eleanor Roosevelt grow pensive.

Not content with claiming the title, the West Texans like to impress it upon people. On road trips they burgeon out in ten gallon hats and cowboy boots and appear in public only in groups in order to preserve the stratospheric effect. For them a pre-game walk in a strange town assumes the proportions of a street parade.

There's a circus flavor to their publicity, too. If the team is going to play in, say, Kansas City, Baggett usually will wire ahead to the hotel manager to arrange accommodations for one of his Brobdingnagians, Charlie Halbert, who is six feet, ten and billed as "The Tallest Regular Center In College Basketball," so the hotel man can look up an oversized bed, and, perhaps, pass the word along to the news photographers and columnists. The Size 14 shoe stunt is another of their favorites—but you know that one, too.

"Our gags may not be new," Baggett explains, "but my how they do work. We pack 'em in and wherever we play we're asked back—at twice our original guarantee."

On the basketball court, the Buffs are all business. No circus stuff. They employ a zone defense because it enables them to use their height and reach to best advantage and allows them to break fast down the court once they gain possession of the ball.

They don't go in for a lot of fancy passing. A play is set up, a shot is taken. That's the way they work. As a rule, the forwards and center do most of the firing, but on fast breaking plays, the guards sometimes leg it for the goal for a crisp shot.

When the opposition shoots, the Texans manage to get the ball about sixty-five per cent of the time.

Baggett's a great one for percentages. He keeps close tab on the number of shots his men take in a game, the scores resulting, and the number of ball recoveries from the boards.

"If we can hit thirty per cent of our field tries," Baggett points out, "and sixty per cent of our free throws—and can shoot often enough—say, we're tough."

In 8,500 miles of traveling last season, the team won twenty-nine out of thirty-five games, while scoring 2,083 points—fifty-nine and one-half points a game—a record for the south and southwest. The Alamo conference championship became theirs without the loss of a game, and the basketball handicappers ranked them second only to the University of Arkansas in the south and southwest.

Up until this year, the Buff's schedule has been made up of a weird assortment of opponents scattered over ten states and Mexico—top-notchers, so-so's, and clay-pigeons. But this season it's different as they have been inducted into the Border Intercollegiate Conference, one of the better circuits of the Southwest, and games are being played with first rate teams of the East.

"We've had a hard time cracking the big time," Baggett says. "Some of the schools had the impression evidently we were like the Olson Red Heads or the House of Davids.

"And our name was against us. You know we used to be West Texas State Teachers College. Big universities and colleges do not like to play teachers' outfits because they feel their prestige suffers when they're beaten. Ours is a complete college with fine arts, and degrees are offered in many fields so we've dropped 'Teachers' from our name and as a result we've been getting better games.

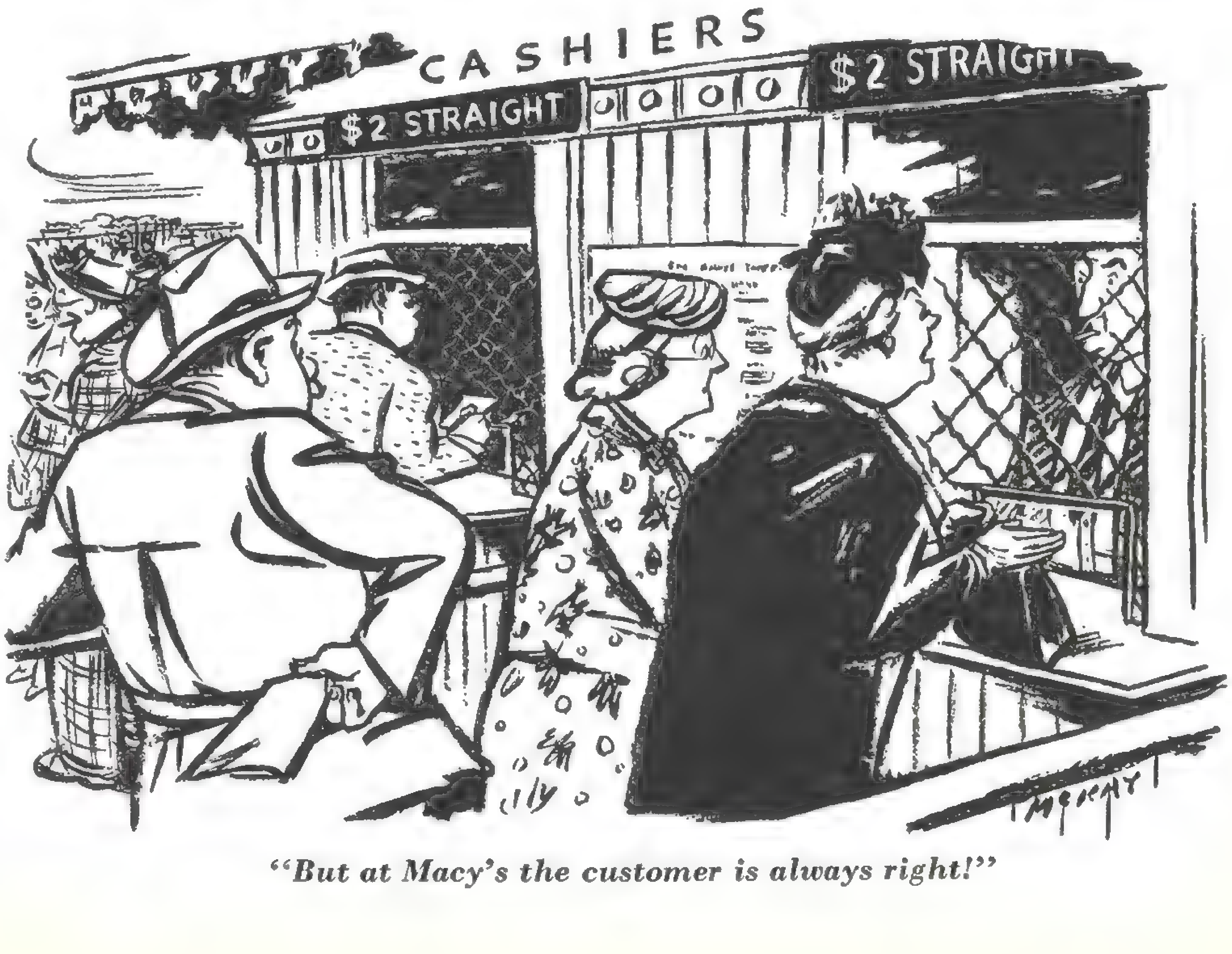
"Athletics at West Texas State are on the way up and we're ready for a splurge. The Buffs want to show some of these big name schools what basketball is all about."

Most of the showing, in the opinion of experts, will be done by Price Brookfield, one of the sweetest forwards in the game. Smart, fast, and accurate in goal shooting, he belongs in the one-man team class when he's going right. Last year he made 492 points, an average of fourteen points a game. At the National Intercollegiate Championship tournament at Kansas City he was high scorer with seventy-six points. He was forward and captain of the tournament's all-star team.

The widespread notion among coaches that boys above six feet, six inches belong under canvas and not on a basketball court isn't shared by Baggett.

"Most coaches," he believes, "do not want to fool with tall boys because they take up too much of their time. One bean pole will require the special attention of four or five regular players. Personally, I think it's time well spent. Look at Joe Fortenberry. He was one of the first tall boys to play on a West Texas team. Fortenberry's six feet, nine inches tall and he's played a lot of basketball—on the American Olympic team, seven years with the champion Phillips 66 team, and with other clubs of the hot-shot rating. Then there's Ray Shackleford. Six feet nine. He was with us three years and he's still going strong

*Continued on page 101*



*"But at Macy's the customer is always right!"*

# The Swamp Angel

### The general hoped his Bible-quoting captain had hit on the right strategy for capturing the city of Charleston

### *by* SLOAN NIBLEY

• FICTION •

℞

Brigadier-General Quincy Adams Gillmore sat in his tent swearing softly at the mosquitoes and frowning at a large map of Charleston, the "cradle of secession." At first, the job of surrounding and capturing this city had appealed to his engineer's mind: Cut off the railroad from the rear then establish heavy batteries and demolish Fort Moultrie over on Sullivan's Island and Fort Sumter out in the ship channel. Fort Wagner could be battered up a little and then taken by the infantry and that would be the end of Charleston and its blockade runners Lincoln worried about.

Now, after months of desperate effort he was little nearer Charleston than when he had begun. If only Coffin Island were actually an island instead of a mess of mud, brakish water and swamp grass, he thought. If only his men could work uninterrupted by tides which filledtheir mucked-out trenches and gun foundations. Then he considered wearily the swamp-fever which sent almost every other one of his men out of the island chattering with chills and rolling with sweat. Possibly this fever had something to do with the decaying corpses that were constantly being uncovered by the excavations: corpses hastily brought there from Charleston during the cholera and plague epidemics that had swept the city, and tossed in shallow graves. It was difficult enough to build gun platforms and revet them with sandbags in the terrible heat without having to uncover stinking, putrifying bodies while ducking the heavy shells that came screaming over from Wagner and Moultrie.

As his men dug flying saps and gun emplacements in the searing sun behind the scant protection of a large sap roller the cry would come from a spotter, "Ware sharpshooters," or "Cover from Wagner or Sumter," when they heard the shells whistling. Face down in the foul ooze they would flop and arise when the danger had passed, dripping with mud and slime which would be quickly baked solid under the hot rays of sunlight. If you got the stuff in your mouth you were likely to come down with dysentery that left you limp and drawn and no good for work.

He had been handed this job because no one in the Army knew as much about practical military engineering as he, yet in all the books he had written on that subject there was not such a problem as he now faced. Again and again he tried to balance his military assets and liabilities in his mind. About eighteen thousand troops, ninety-six heavy guns of which eighty were in good shape, a dozen thirteen inch mortars and Commander Dahlgren's monitors and gunboats. On the debit side were four strong Confederate forts and a well-defended city, the fact that the mortars were too heavy to handle under present conditions, and a two hundred and fifty mile line for his army to picket.

It had been since the second day of June, 1863, when he began operations and the bombardment of the Confederate forts, that his guns had been pounding away, yet here it was late in July and the Rebel flag still floated bravely over battered ramparts and Charleston itself had not even been touched. The General knew that eventually he could reduce the Confederate defenses, but in war, time is men and guns and wheat and he had no desire to make a career out of what should be considered a mere incident.

Into his tent and thoughts intruded his orderly who announced Captain Caleb Treat of the New York Volunteers. Gillmore nodded wearily and through the flap of the tent entered Captain Treat in one large, gliding step and saluted. The General carelessly returned the courtesy and motioned to a chair.

"Well, Treat, what is it?" he said quietly.

Captain Treat ignored the gesture, bent over the outspread map and whispered loudly through his long black whiskers. "General, I know what perplexes you."

"You don't have to gasp like that Treat . . . speak up . . . and I expect Johnnie Reb knows the same thing, as well as everyone else around this part of the country."

Treat continued as if nothing had been said. "I have made it a matter of fasting and prayer and an all-wise and merciful Father has answered."

"Ask and it shall be given you," murmured Gillmore philosophically as he watched Treat's face light with a fanatic fire. In many ways a bore and a jackass, this fellow, but fearless and an artilleryman who could drop a two hundred pound shell from a mortar or a Rodman gun squarely on a blanket at three miles. He was as accurate with the big guns as he was with the Scriptures.

Treat uncovered his head and stared at Gillmore. " 'When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it,' " he intoned solemnly, " 'And if it will make no peace with thee but will make war against thee, then thou shall besiege it.' Deuteronomy 20, verse 10 to 12."

"A sage observation," said Gillmore dryly, "and one, I might add, that has occurred to to me more than once. But just how do God and you propose to lay siege to Charleston itself when we can't smash these outer forts?"

Treat immediately became an artilleryman. He pulled a chair up to the table and map and seated himself. "The reason we cannot lay siege to the city is that Charleston is out of range of our cannon and until the forts are destroyed it will remain so."

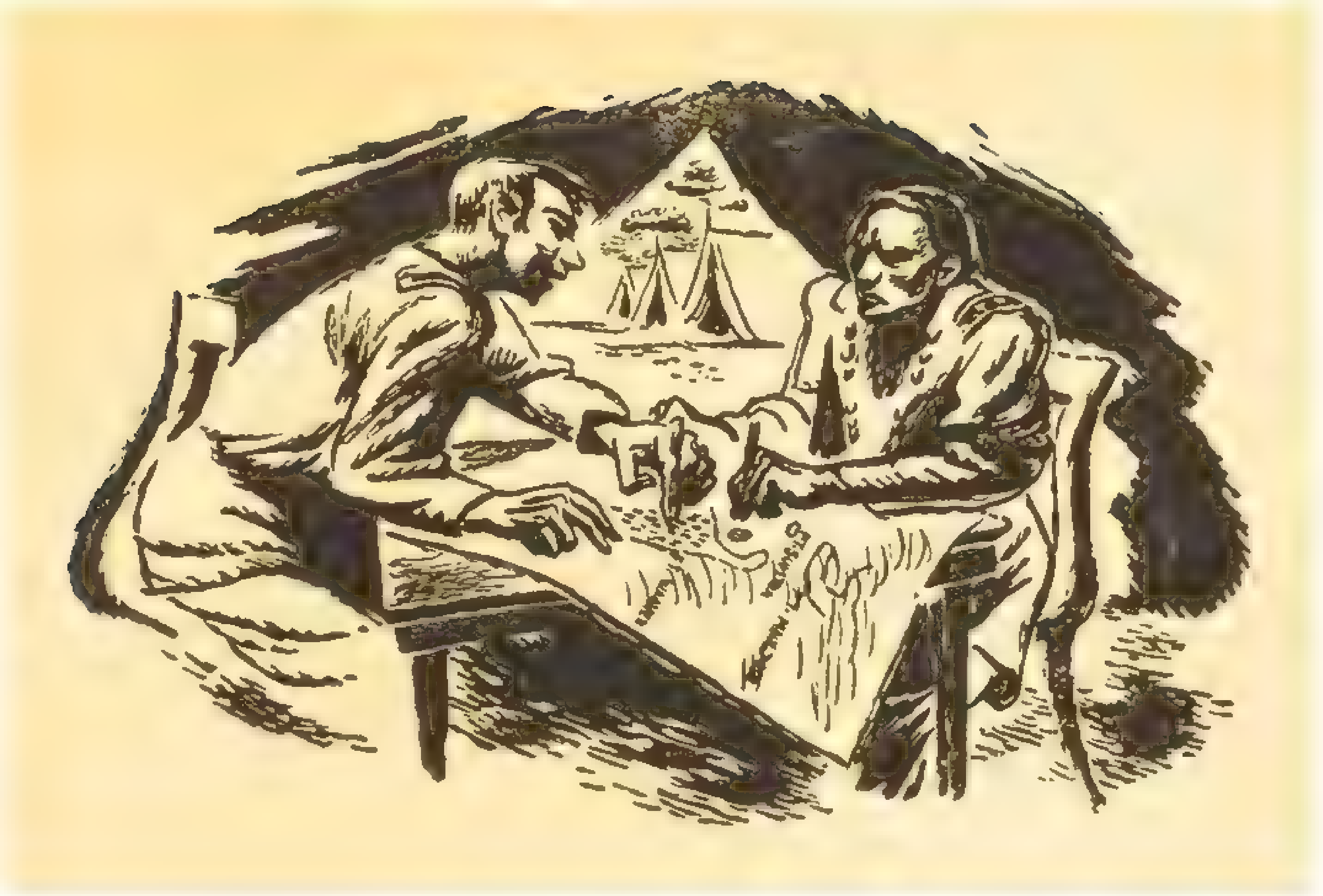
"I think I follow you," said the General with icy sarcasm.

"The Rebels planned it that way and counted on the swamp known as James Island to act as a natural barrier in place of forts to the west. Why not fool them and plant a battery directly in the middle of the swamp?"

"I have also thought of that, Treat," said the General now a little weary of these elemental and irritating facts. "But how do you propose to place a battery in the middle of that quaking bog and morass?"

"God moves in a mysterious way and we as his instruments must often do the same," answered the bearded Captain. "I have investigated the conditions on James Island thoroughly. Under cover of darkness we can bring the necessary piles around Cummings' Point and up Light Ho Creek right into the center of the swamp. The mud at that point which is, incidentally, five miles from the center of Charleston, is sixteen feet deep. If the piles are eighteen feet they will enable us to build a solid platform."

"Treat, in spite, of my natural reluctance



to trust a Scripture quoting man, you may be right," said the General showing some enthusiasm. He was definitely intrigued by this project of engineering as well as the military strategy involved. "Then we establish a gun platform behind a U-shaped redoubt of sand-bags, install a Parrott rifle or some other heavy piece and drop Greek fire and shells right on General Beauregard."

At the enthusiastic conclusion of Gillmore's speech the Captain arose. "'I will make mine arrows drunk with blood and my sword shall devour flesh,'" he said with a radiant expression. "'And that with the blood of the slain and of the captives from the beginning of the revenges upon the enemy.' Deuteronomy 33, verse 42."

"This is no time for your cheerful Sunday school lessons," cautioned the General and called for his staff to lay plans for the new strategy.

Night after night boatloads of engineers, sandbags, planks, piles and other materials slipped quietly around Point Cummings under the black silent walls of the enemy forts and made their way up Light Ho Creek to the point in the swamp where Captain Treat awaited them. Early the next morning before dawn the boats would return minus the materials but full of exhausted men covered with muck and slime who told fantastic stories about the praying Captain who worked like ten men at night and refused to leave the hot torment of sun and insects during the day. He preferred to stay in the sultry, miasmic swamp and the General had instructed that he be left alone.

Finally everything was ready, and on a torpid August night a long, black eight-inch Parrott gun was mounted behind the sandbags. It was immediately christened "The Swamp Angel" in deference to Treat who was in an exquisite state of joy. He patted the smooth cool sides of the gun while the men smiled at each other in the darkness. "'I am like the children of Benjamin who could sling stones and not miss,'" he quoted.

In keeping with the rules of civilized warfare Gillmore notified Mayor Macbeth of Charleston that the city was in danger and Macbeth promptly requested all noncombatants to leave. Gillmore then sent a summons to General Beauregard, the Confederate commander, to evacuate Morris Island and Fort Sumter within four hours of receipt of the message on penalty of a bombardment of Charleston.

Beauregard grew livid upon reading the summons. "Inexecrable barbarity," he shouted. "Turning guns against old men, the women and children of a sleeping city." He knew he was in a bad spot but sent a sizzling note back to Gillmore denouncing the whole scheme as "atrocious and unworthy of a soldier." Gillmore roared with laughter as he read Beauregard's powerless threats to retaliate heavily for such action. "Tell holy Joe out there in the swamp he can start sending his angels of death and destruction into Charleston at dawn," he ordered, feeling better than he had in months.

Ministering to the needs of the Swamp Angel were Captain Treat and his crew of five. The Captain had spent most of the night alternately figuring distances, gun loads, angles of fire and surface tension, and walking up and down the parapet of the redoubt quoting the more vindictive parts of the Scriptures in a loud and quavering voice. He likened himself to the priests who blew down the walls of Jericho . . . he chanted the war songs of David and readied himself with prayers that his hands be strong and unfailing and his eye be keen.

About midnight a courier arrived in a boat with Gillmore's orders to commence firing at dawn. Treat writhed with joy. "'The wicked shall triumph no more,'" he said with an almost sadistic light in his dilated eyes. "'I have pursued mine enemies and will destroy them: and will turn not until I have consumed them,' II Samuel, verse 35."

While the gun crew tried to get some sleep, Treat resumed his walk on the rampart, flailing his arms, sometimes falling on his knees in a burst of pleonastic prayer, and again laying his hands on the long cool side of the Swamp Angel while making Divine Supplications in its behalf.

His men were now quite used to the religious fervor of their superior officer but they had worked hard and were sleepy and bored. Corporal Carver, a youth of nineteen, was more interested in the words of the Captain than the others. He was a deeply religious lad now involved in breaking the Sixth Commandment because Henry Ward Beecher had assured the flower of the North that it was a holy crusade. While he was a little awed with the native ability of the Captain as an artilleryman, he was right at home with the psalm-shouting, laying-on-of-hands and hysterical prayers so reminiscent of his two uncles back home who were both preachers of the Pentecostal variety.

"He keeps repeating it," said the corporal. "All about the destruction of the harlots of Sodom. What's a harlot?"

"A harlot is a hooker," roared a grizzled member of the crew. "Like them gals we saw in Washington who lived with General Hooker's men."

"Oh, I see," said the boy. "An adultress."

The men gasped with hysterical laughter and pounded one another on the back. When one of them recovered himself sufficiently to talk he suggested that the boy go over to Treat and see if he could get the Captain to shut up long enough to enable them to get to sleep. Carver agreed and walked through the darkness to the Captain who was blessing the gun again.

"Captain," he said apologetically, "the men would . . . ah . . . like to get a little sleep tonight."

"Of course, of course," answered Treat quietly. "Mortal flesh is weak. I shall pray in silence."

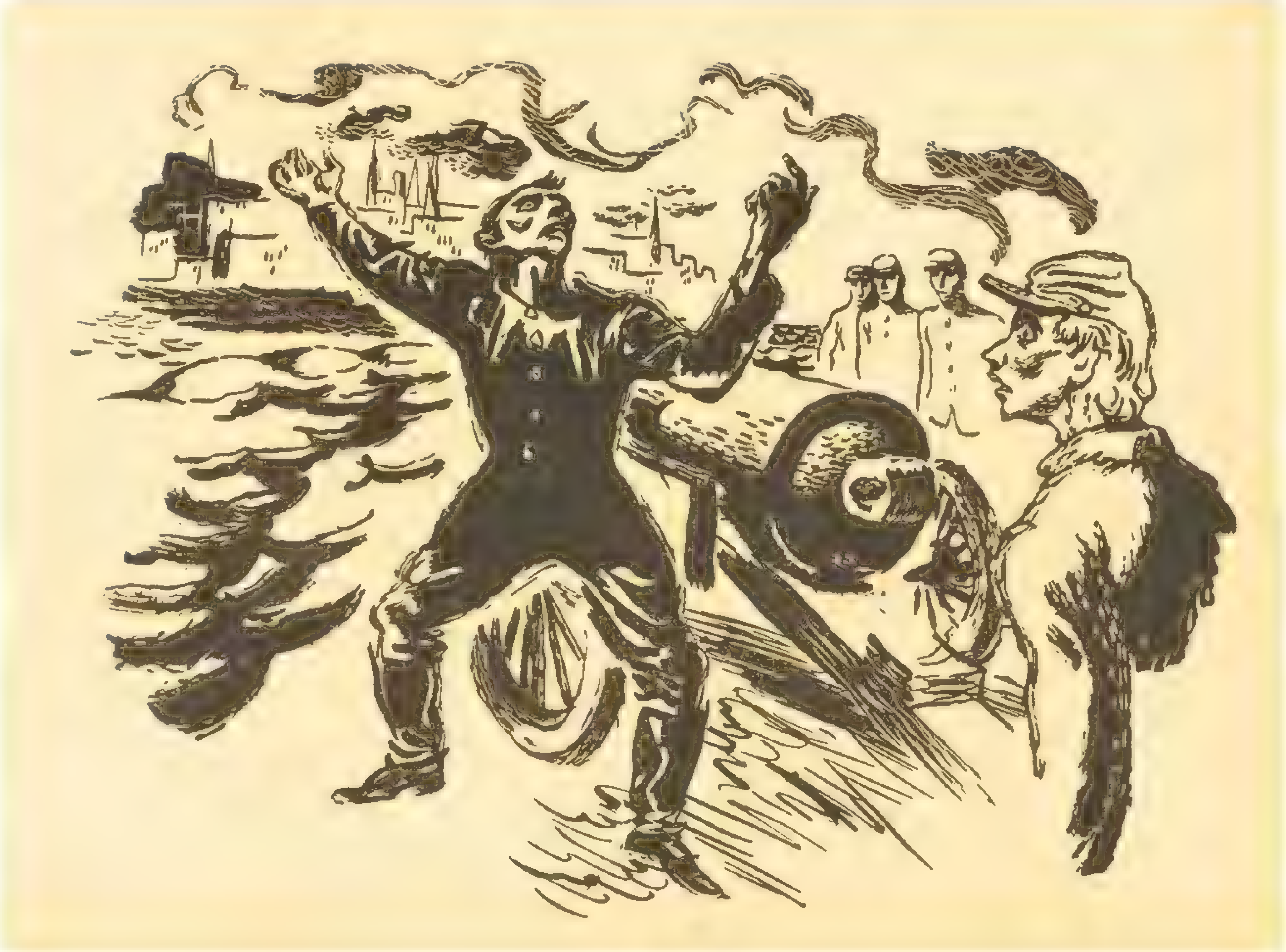
The corporal saluted in the dark and did an about face when Treat caught him eagerly by the arm. "How about you, Corporal? Do you want to sleep too?"

Carver was confused but answered frankly. "No, sir, I guess I'm too excited with the thought of firing on Charleston in the morning. Your prayers have excited me too. They always do that to me."

This last remark hit a responsive note in Treat and he softened immediately. "Here, son, sit down. Perhaps we could talk a little."

The two seated themselves on some powder boxes and Treat continued. "I feel the same

*Continued on page 110*



# The Morse Code In One Morsel

### In these days of plots and counter plots knowing the International Code may come in handy if only to confuse your guests

### by BENJAMIN GRAHAM

• ARTICLE •

THE Morse Code seems to be growing fashionable. We all know that •••– stands for V and Victory. The Radio Corporation's plants are popularizing –•••, which stands for B or "Beat the Record." With matters going this way it may not be a bad idea to know the entire Morse (International) Code. In this adventurous world it could come in handy some day; or in any event it might be fun to pick up and decipher some of the countless code messages which keep barging into your radio. Learning the Morse Code can be made into an amusing pastime. What's more, the whole thing can be done in fifteen minutes—and in such a way that you will never forget it. Want to try?

The idea is merely to associate a suitable word or phrase with each letter, and the word or phrase will then tell you the code combination. We start with the simple rule that any vowel (including W and Y) will represent a dot and any consonant a dash. The Code for "A" is DOT DASH (•–); a good code word would then be AT. Since "B" is –••• , how about BEAU? "C" is –•–• , which makes CODE just perfect. What could be easier?

There are a few complications, however. Obviously it is best to have the cue word begin with the related letter. But suppose the letter is a consonant and the code combination starts with a dot, like F, which is ••–• (DOT DOT DASH DOT). We must be satisfied with second best and select a word that contains the code letter, as for instance WIFE. In some cases even that doesn't work out so well and another idea is more feasible. Let us start the cue word with the code letter, but put NO before it to show that the letter is to be dropped. "J," which is •––– becomes NO JUMPS—i.e., (no j)UMPS.

Now we are ready for the whole alphabet.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A | •– | AT |
| B | –••• | BEAU |
| C | –•–• | CODE |
| D | –•• | DIE |
| E | • | E |
| F | ••–• | WIFE |
| G | ––• | GNU |
| H | •••• | (No H)OOEY (or 4) |
| I | •• | WE (or 2) |
| J | •––– | (No J)UMPS |
| K | –•– | KID |
| L | •–•• | OLIO |
| M | –– | MD |
| N | –• | NO |
| O | ––– | (No O)DDS |
| P | •––• | I SPY |
| Q | ––•– | CLUB |
| R | •–• | ARE |
| S | ••• | (No S)WAY (or 3) |
| T | – | T |
| U | ••– | YAK |
| V | •••– | (No V)OWEL |
| W | •–– | (No W)ORK |
| X | –••– | HOAX |
| Y | –•–– | MYTH |
| Z | ––•• | Z, ZOO |

Some of these phrases are quite absurd. So much the better; you will find them that much easier to remember. A few exceptions to our general rules must be noted. "E" and "T" are represented merely by themselves. For "M" we use an abbreviation. "YAK" is a somewhat irregular word for "U." (It goes with GNU for "G.")

You may find it easier to remember the dot letters by number. E I S H are one to four respectively. Or else you might prefer our rather awkward key words.

Our experience shows that you should be able to learn the entire Morse Code from the above table in ten minutes. Give yourself 15, and then see if you can't translate words into code without the slightest trouble.

If you wish to try this diversion on your guests after dinner, may we make one or two suggestions? Rather than use our ready-made code, it is much better fun to have the party work out its own words and phrases. You may hit on a better set than ours, and besides a guest will remember them better if he has had a hand in their manufacture. As soon as the code is drawn up, you can have a contest. Each takes pencil and paper; then announce a sentence to be written out in Morse Code. The guest who turns in the first errorless paper wins. Here is a sample sentence: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." (It contains all the letters.)

In addition to the alphabet you may want to learn the numbers and punctuation marks. The number code is symmetrical and simple:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | •–––– | 6 | –•••• |
| 2 | ••––– | 7 | ––••• |
| 3 | •••–– | 8 | –––•• |
| 4 | ••••– | 9 | ––––• |
| 5 | ••••• | 0 | ––––– |

A period is •• •• •• (WE WE WE)
A comma is •– •– •– (A COMET)

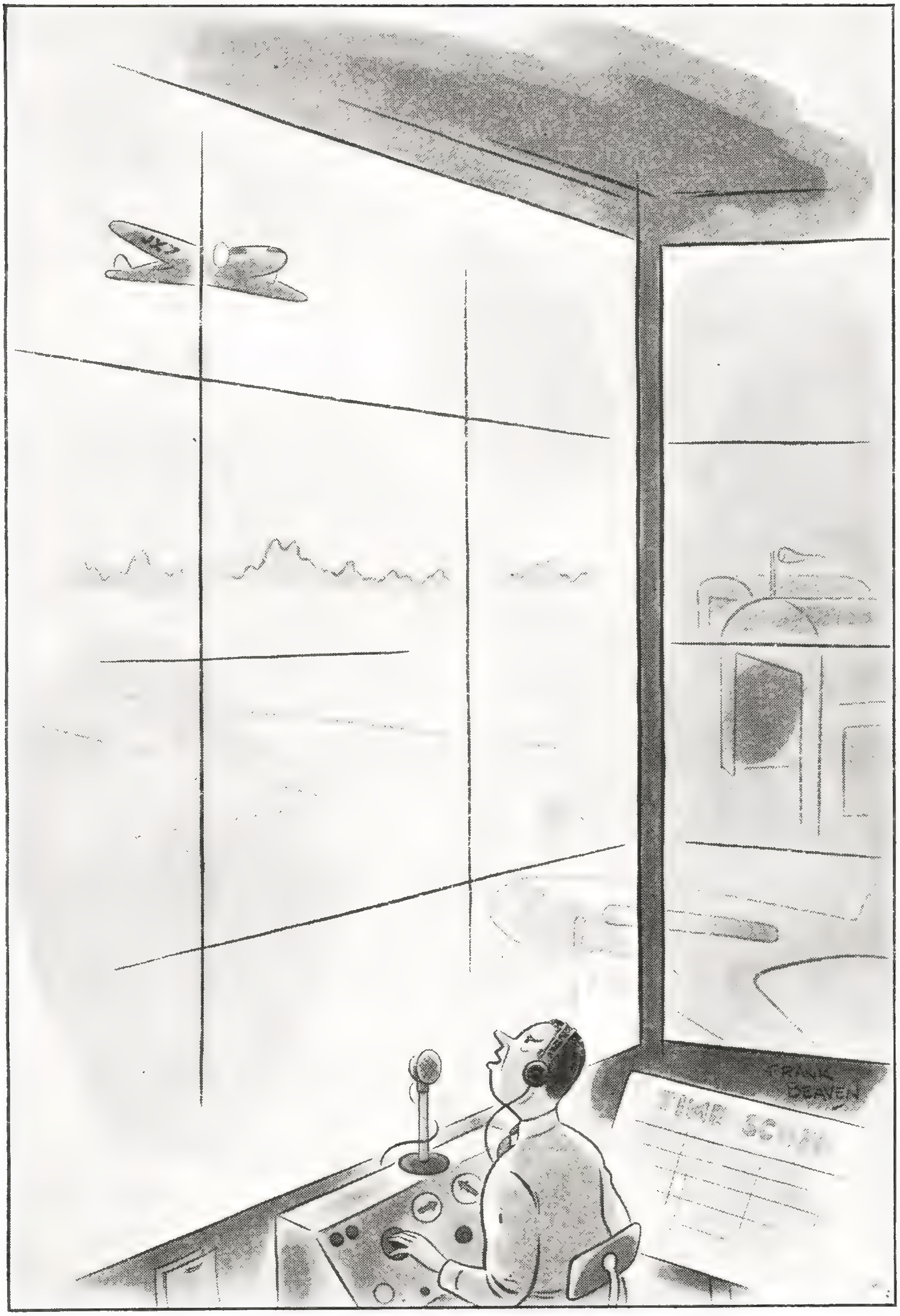
The code given above is the Morse International used in cables and wireless. American telegraphers use the Original Morse, or Morse Land Code, which differs from the International in respect to eleven letters and all the numbers. If you want to learn the original Morse Code here are the symbols for those that differ:

C •• space • F •–• J –•–•
L — (long dash) O • space •
P ••••• Q ••–•
R • space •• X •–••
Y •• space •• Z ••• space •

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | •––• | 7 | ––•• |
| 2 | ••–•• | 8 | –•••• |
| 3 | •••–• | 9 | –••– |
| 4 | ••••– | 0 | — |
| 5 | ––– | Period | ••––•• |
| 6 | •••••• | Comma | •–•– |

Suppose you make up your own code words and phrases for the above. Note that the American Morse uses a space within a letter. Why not have the letter S stand for such a space—e.g., "Y" could be YES WE. And so on. ##

*"Gee—for a minute there I thought I heard some silence!"*


TIME SCH
FRANK BEAVEN

*"Pilot Hanson, never mind coming down—go back to Indianapolis—you forgot your passengers—then fly to St. Louis—this is Pittsburgh!"*

# Suicides Are Stuffed Shirts

## Case histories of five people who took their lives or threatened to, and why they weren't worth saving

### by JOHN A. BEST

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If any of your friends want to kill themselves, be nice about it. But help them along.

Oil their guns, knot their ropes, soap their window-ledge shoes, or furnish guaranteed non-leak hoses for monoxide. Depending, of course, upon which outward route they're contemplating.

Because suicides and would-be suicides are pests of the darkest water. They move on the premise that family and friends are mere census digits placed 'round about to furnish dough, normalcy, entertainment, and unending programs to keep them from taking flight. And if they don't have either family or friends, they inflict themselves on somebody else's in some manner or other. Without fail.

Personally we're sick of them. They take up one's time, cause work-killing worry, and contribute nothing but harassment to an already too much harassed world. They're stuffed shirts, one and all, according to our hardened judgment. For their warped and woofed egos won't accept what is being dished out to them.

And we've yet to hear of *any* suicide's troubles which haven't been equalled or topped by those of other sufferers who have lived to eat a second buckwheat cake—and enjoy it.

Within the past eighteen months, five persons in our acquaintance belt—two close friends and three not so close—have tried or have talked of trying suicide. We've gone to the mat with each of them, armed with nothing but an argumentative disposition and our own desire to live. To date, we're one down and four to go. In other words, one's already roasting and the four others are in separate frying pans, undoubtedly wondering if the so-called nether blaze wouldn't have been simpler, after all.

This is how we did it, or didn't do it—referring to the one case—and we're offering it as experience *not* to glean. For, we repeat, the dramatis personae in such complete farces are not worth it. When they jump in and immediately yell for help, recall pitilessly those hundreds who died (and didn't want to) in one wartime sinking at Scapa Flow; when they hit for the balconies of tall buildings, be glad that some tall buildings are still standing in your vicinity—and callously continue your reading. Here's our:

*Case No. 1.* She's one of the four currently animate. Until some months ago she was a well paid executive in a New York advertising concern. Not old, not young. But attractive and intelligent. Her contacts were wide and, in a business way, she had many men friends.

But she wanted to get married—and live in some back-fency town far from Manhattan's uneasy scuffling.

Finally her big chance came. She met the guy. One of those wide-open, genial stalwarts who sometimes show up as if through the fingers of a hayfork Providence. He liked her. She liked him. Together they did all the nice, romantic things.

The world became a flushed, exciting place for her.

Then his company sent him south—to Georgia—for three months. In Manhattan she wrote to him happily every day, saying nothing about the business combine which was beginning to loom darkly on her horizon.

A week after a merger of advertising firms took place and she lost her desk and traditional paycheck, a wire came from Georgia. It was from the genial one, saying he was going to wed a childhood sweetheart, an Atlanta peacherino, whom he had forgotten to mention to our Case 1 heroine.

That night we received a phone call. Our subject was alone in her apartment. She had some pills. She was in her last ditch and she could think of no one to whom she might issue a final pronouncement, except us. (That's where she made her first real error as we look back at it now.) So we listened while she unloaded.

After which we laughed and said pills make you look terrible and we won't be even casually grieved—and why don't you go to Florida? You've been too long a sunflower, we confided earnestly, all head and apparently going to seed. Get on a beach and give your stem a chance, we urged. A little stem-wear may be the thing to pick you up.

About eight phone dollars later, she filed away the pills and said she'd give herself a two weeks stay of execution. She'd play the beach.

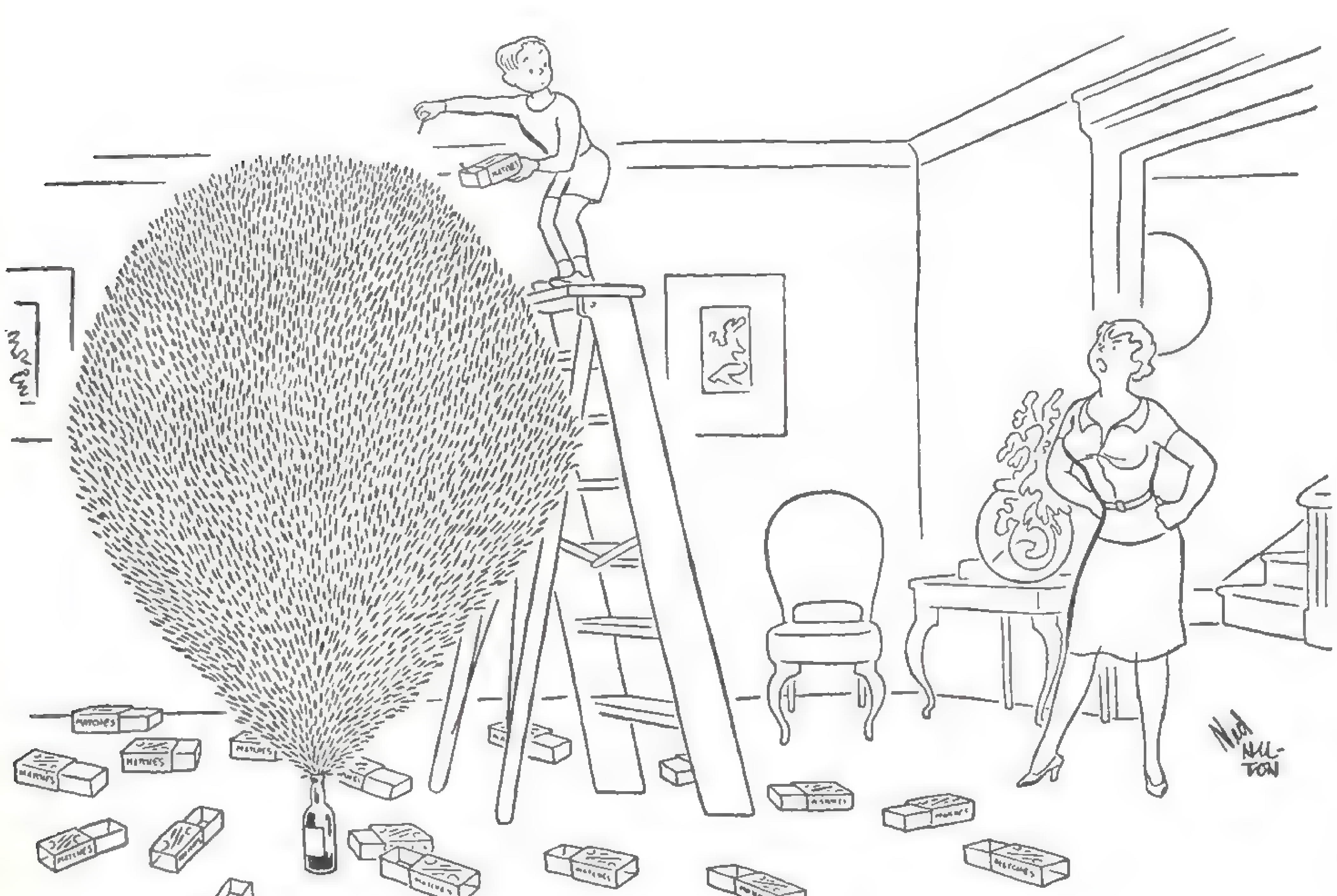
And she did, with gusto.

On a sequestered stretch of Floridan sand, she met a lifesaver who had rippling muscles and quoted Shelley. She secured a cottage adjoining his and, with a haste that must have seemed a little indelicate even to him, she went in promptly for Page 249 of *Anthony Adverse*. Which also continues on Page 250.

Dutifully, at intervals, she wrote to us. She stayed for two weeks. Then for two more. Near the end of the third month, she married the lifesaver.

Recently we received a long letter from her. She was going to have a baby; her lifesaver was quoting Shelley again, this time to a well-to-do widow. But she didn't care, for she was leaving him after the "incident" arrived. No, she wasn't coming north again, not for a long time, for she liked the life and she had found "there were other pebbles on the beach" besides her surf-soaked sonnet sheik. She didn't explain who these pebbles were or what she intended to do about them. But we gathered she was going to make up

Continued on page 100



*"Junior! What have I told you about playing with matches?"*

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GERMAN DOMINION OF ITALY MAP DESIGNED BY SCHIKLGRUBER
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KING BORIS
HORTHY
MANNERHEIM
QUISLING
TISO
HACHA
MUFTI
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
DEUTSCH EUROPA
DEUTSCH AMERICA
DEUTSCH AFRICA
DEUTSCH AUSTRALIEN

**THE MAP MAKER**

*by* ARTHUR SZYK

*"Now that you've joined us, the Führer will make a special map for you!"*

WLING CENTER
UP THE ALLEY

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

## Passing from detective stories to the poems, *Bathsheba* and *Dunkirk*, the credo of Lord Baldwin and biographies of Poe

### by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

INASMUCH as nine out of every ten murder-books are dull, I wish to call the attention of my readers to a murder expert whom for only one reason I have hitherto not mentioned. But now, unlike my friend, John Kieran, who in his football prognostications, announces one cheer for Yale and one vote for Harvard, and unlike a newspaper editor who, during one quadrennial rumpus, told me "if this campaign lasts much longer, the candidate who is getting my support will not get my vote," I wish to give loud cheers and all the votes I command to

JOHN DICKSON CARR!

Without the slightest difficulty and with inward deep delight I have read his latest two novels, *Death Turns the Tables* and *The Case of the Constant Suicides.* These two are alike in only one respect; they are both wildly exciting. The former contains extraordinarily interesting characters, who would be interesting even if nothing happened to them; the latter is a masterpiece of humor. No matter how thrilling is the narrative and it is just that, I had to stop frequently to laugh. Now I discover that Mr. Carr has written and published other tales of murder; I am going to read them all.

Apart from this delectable writer, when in doubt play any one of the following cards: Erle Stanley Gardner, Agatha Christie, Frank Gruber, Patricia Wentworth, Carroll J. Daly, Ngaio Marsh, Percival Wilde, Ellery Queen, Helen MacInnis, J. S. Strange, Will Oursler, Dornford Yates, Anthony Morton, and always and repeatedly any of the books about Bulldog Drummond.

It is sometimes asserted that detective stories should be written just as well as other novels; I do not believe this. A good style is an added grace; but in murders it is not the main thing. Of the list I have given, some write with distinction and some write with a lack of it; but all hold the trumps in excitement. I myself am greatly aroused by the books of Michael Innes; and I hope he will write many more; but to the average man he would not be so thrilling as Carroll J. Daly.

And at this moment comes rolling into the room a fat volume of 999 pages, named *101 Years' Entertainment,* edited by Ellery Queen. This consists of a collection of fifty detective-mystery-crime stories, handpicked by a good picker, with a very high quotient known as E.Q. The same chooser also contributes a lively introduction.

Charles Morgan's new novel, *The Empty Room,* is the shortest one he has produced, and like all the others, is extremely well written. His style is always better than his story, combining sincerity with luminosity. The quotation from Browning on the title page is a good overture for the plot—"Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?" Mr. Morgan has, as perhaps we should all have, a boundless charity for sinners who are dull, stupid, vulgar, with high nuisance value. There is a suggestion of Pirandello's *As You Desire Me* in the wandering wife; but here the husband has, for his own good, more love than pride—*Amor vincit omnia.*

Mr. Morgan quotes Edmund Blunden's reverse English of the passage from the Psalms—the old man who says he has never seen the righteous forsaken or their seed begging bread. Mr. Blunden's version is that although he is not very old, he *has* seen the righteous forsaken, etc. And the fault is not with our stars, but with ourselves. For many years before 1914, I asked many business men if they had ever known a case where a man who had fair health and fair ability and no very bad habits, was unable to earn a living and I always got the same answer. A more cynical twist to another verse in the Psalms was given me by an undergraduate—instead of "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up,"—"When my father and mother forsake me, then the policeman will take me up."

Two new poems by modern writers are very far from being "modern" verse. Virginia Horton Rogers, in her book, *Bathsheba,* tells the story of King David and the wife of Uriah in eighty sonnets, with a prologue and epilogue. Some believe the Bible is a revelation of God; all believe it is a revelation of man. Human virtues and vices are clearly displayed. The biographies in the Old Testament like those in the New, are never tainted with patriotic falsehoods; one of the greatest and most lovable of all the national heroes—David—was an adulterer and treacherous murderer. Yet everyone except H. G. Wells—who does not like kings—admires and loves David. His affair with Bathsheba has been retold in many forms of literature and graphic art; George Peele (contemporary of Shakespeare) wrote his play, *King David and Fair Bethsabe,* curiously enough, with more restraint than the original narrative. Miss Rogers shows a good command of the sonnet-form and finds it sufficiently roomy to contain the main elements of poetry, romance, passion, imagination.

Our American man of letters, Robert Nathan, has beautifully solved one problem for me in his poem, *Dunkirk.* Although I believe in active partisanship, that is, I am 100 per cent pro-British and American, I also believe that the very principle of freedom for which lovers of freedom are fighting, should extend to all who wish to express their opinions, they should be allowed to write and talk, otherwise we deny the ideal in which we pro-

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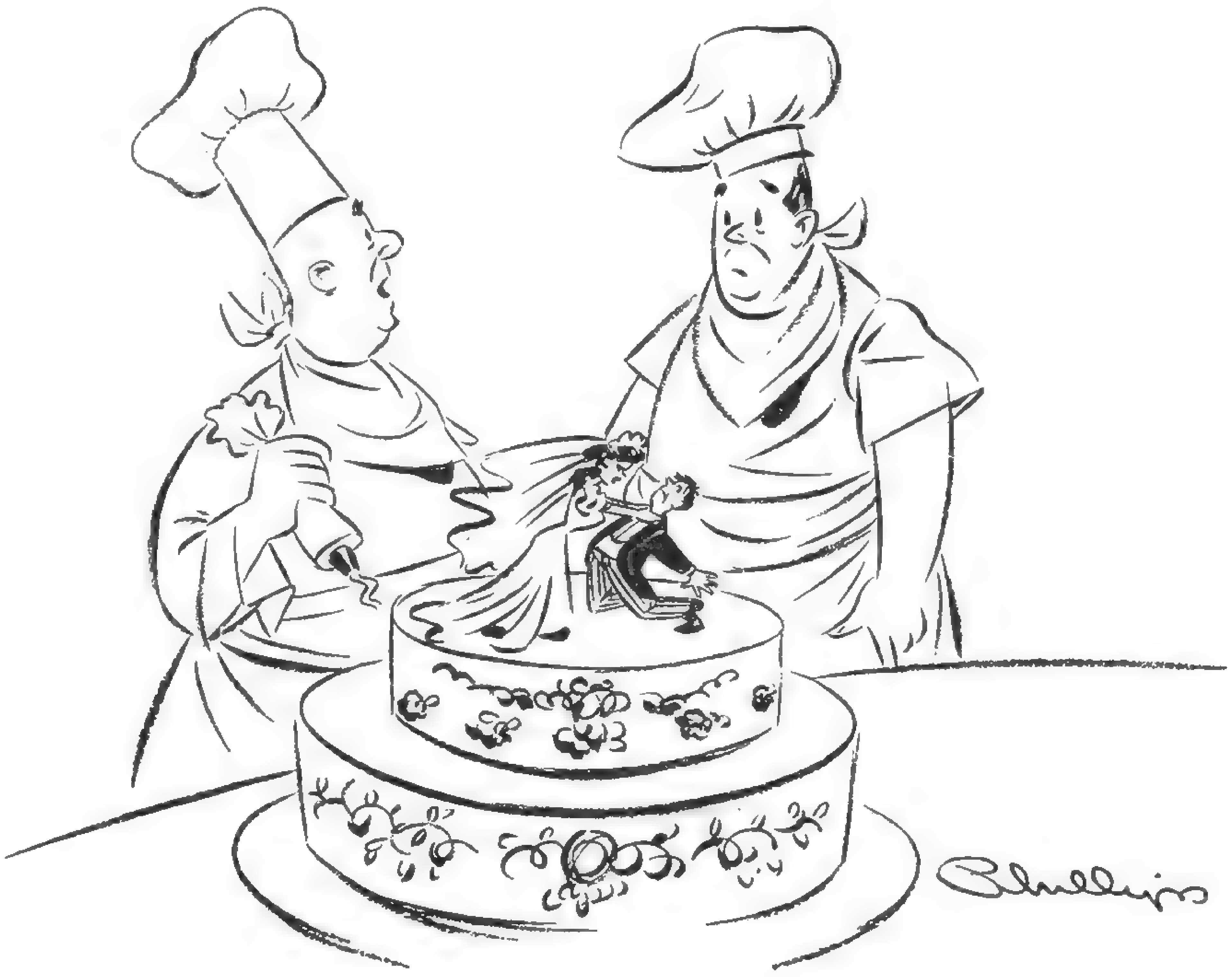


*"That's the way the bride's mother ordered it"*

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

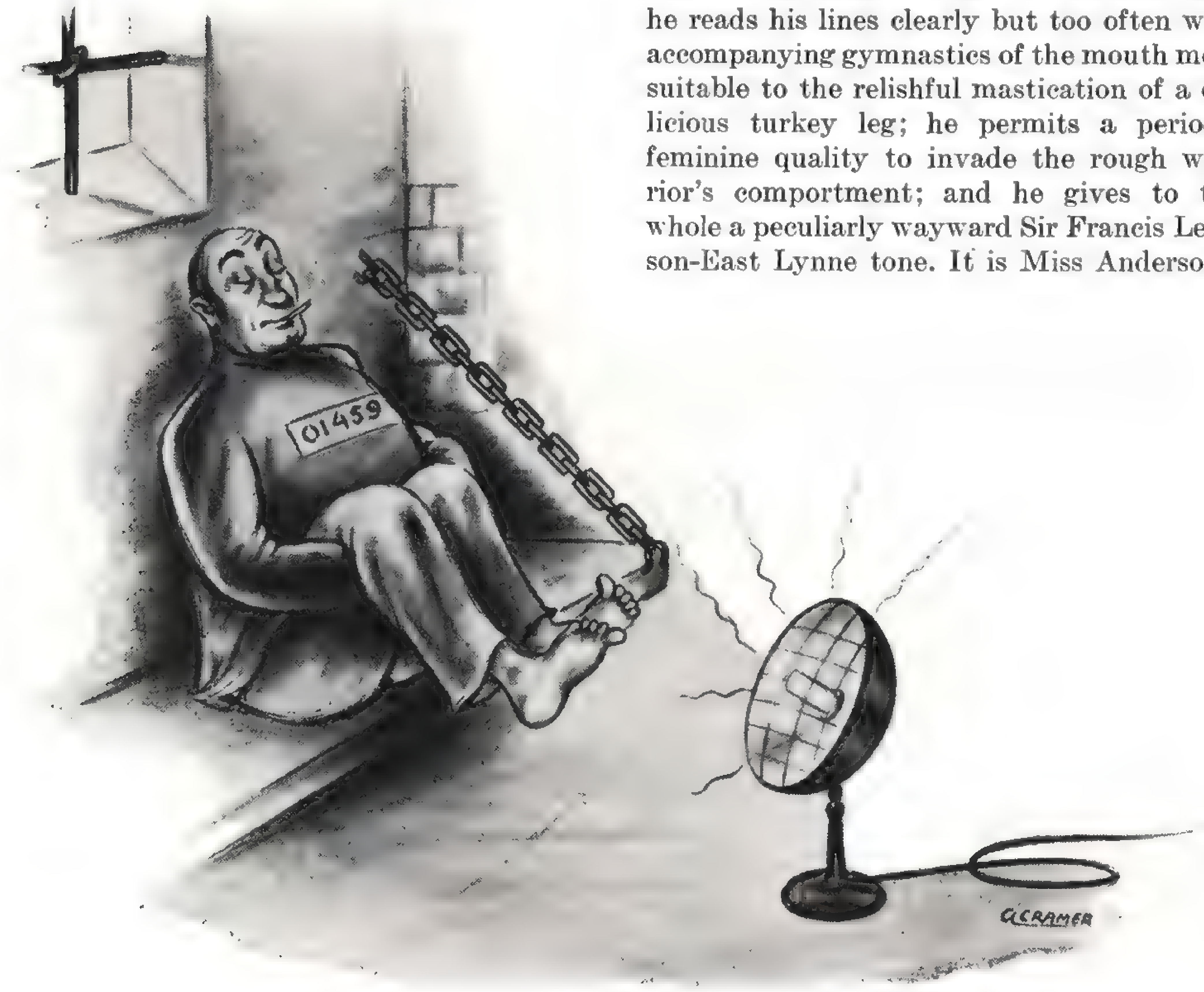
### Critical cuffs for *The Seventh Trumpet, Hope for a Harvest, Golden Wings, Ring Around Elizabeth* and *Little Dark Horse*

### *by* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Herewith, the adventures of your correspondent's soul among the masterpieces of dramatic art revealed since his last month's stirring psycheodyssey.

1. *Spring Again*, by Isabel Leighton and Bertram Bloch.—This one, dealing with the manner in which a wife commercializes her husband's ancestor worship, your correspondent approached with doubts, since it has long been his experience that plays with the word Spring in their titles usually turn out to be pretty poor. Of some thirty-odd such that he has engaged in different parts of the world, the only two that have proved either quality or fair amusement have been, respectively, Wedekind's *Awakening of Spring* and Lonsdale's *Spring Cleaning*. The others constituted a dull repertoire embracing such recognizable mementos, to give only a few samples, as *Spring in Autumn, Spring Dance, Spring Is Here, Spring Song, Spring Freshet, Spring Fever, Spring Meeting, The Spring Returneth*, and *Spring Thaw. Springtime for Henry*, to let in the slight change, was moderately entertaining. But there end the exceptions. The doubts over *Spring Again* were not entirely ill-founded. It is a distinctly minor and forced comedy, but it was handsomely acted by Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff into something that now and then took on a superficially jovial bounce.



2. *Theatre*, by Guy Bolton and Somerset Maugham.—What share Willie Maugham had in it, apart from supplying the novel of the same name from which it was, at a considerably censored and altered distance, derived, I have no means of knowing, since Willie was having cocktails with Nelson Doubleday down at Oyster Bay instead of with me on the day I wanted to consult him. A conventional, sentimental fable about a famous married actor couple and the way the pull of the theatre brings them together again after they have separated, it harks back to the stage of four decades ago and, save for several moments of humorous merit in its own right, depended entirely upon the brilliantly charming performance of Cornelia Otis Skinner for its audience effect.

3. *Macbeth*, by William Shakespeare.—The remarkably fine Lady Macbeth of that exceptional actress, Judith Anderson, is the high watermark of Margaret Webster's often intelligent production. The grave disappointment, however, is Maurice Evans' Macbeth. He seeks to suggest vigorous force through bold strides much too long for his short legs; he reads his lines clearly but too often with accompanying gymnastics of the mouth more suitable to the relishful mastication of a delicious turkey leg; he permits a periodic feminine quality to invade the rough warrior's comportment; and he gives to the whole a peculiarly wayward Sir Francis Levison-East Lynne tone. It is Miss Anderson's evening, distinctly.

4. *Little Dark Horse*, by Theresa Helburn out of André Birabeau.—The original I don't know. The adapted exhibit presented itself as a leaden attempt to extract humor from the subject of miscegenation, and as veronalized as they come. It further betrayed the sex mania of certain members of the Theatre Guild directorate when functioning independently of their loftier Guild pretensions. Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall have sought to pop the box-office libido with the sexy *The Pursuit of Happiness* and sexier *Suzanna and the Elders*. Philip Moeller in past years pleasured himself ex officio with divers dramatic titbits of a sexual flavor. And now Miss Helburn has had herself a time with similar hors d'oeuvres. Small wonder the Guild in its official selection of the plays of outsiders so often falls between the two stools of artistic pose and real personal predilection.

5. *Ring Around Elizabeth*, by Charl Armstrong.—My colleagues allowed they couldn't understand what Jane Cowl saw in this dreadful mush to make her want to play in it. I magnanimously offer myself to their enlightenment. Nothing more tickles the vanity of a middle-aged actress who in her day has been known as something of a beauty than the opportunity, after displaying herself in Act 1 *in propria persona*, to make herself up some twenty or so years younger and thus set a theoretically aghast audience to rubbing its eyes in admiring wonder. The mush in question privileged Miss Cowl at least a modicum of such self-gratification and she naturally grasped at it, as would a number of her sisters, with all the eagerness of a trout leaping at a similarly mortal hook. Nor was it the first time, as my colleagues may reassure themselves by consulting the records, that the good lady indulged herself in the nonsense.

But there was also the matter of the mush itself. Surely, it was held, an actress like Miss Cowl who had appeared in such worthy plays as *Rain from Heaven* and the like should have recognized the script for the rubbish it was. But Miss Cowl has not only esteemed and appeared in three trashy plays for every good or even fairly passable one to which she has contributed her presence but has further been guilty of having had a hand in the writing of several of the sourest opera seen on the stage of her and our time. So let my colleagues concern themselves with philosophical problems slightly more difficult of ratiocination.

6. *Junior Miss*, by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields.—The authors have taken Sally Benson's stories of adolescence and gathered the characters around one of the hoariest of theatrical plots, to wit, the Little Miss Fixit

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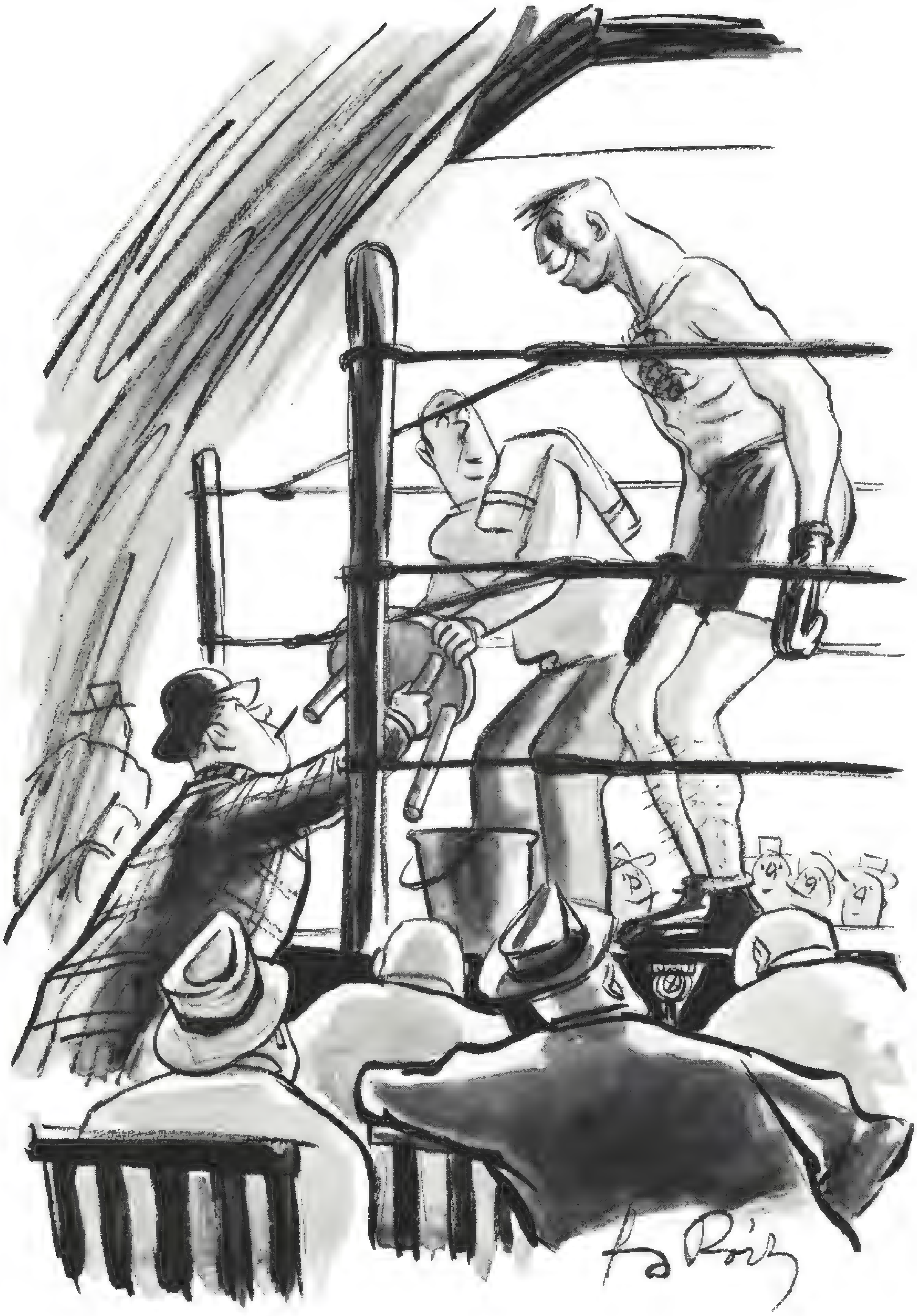


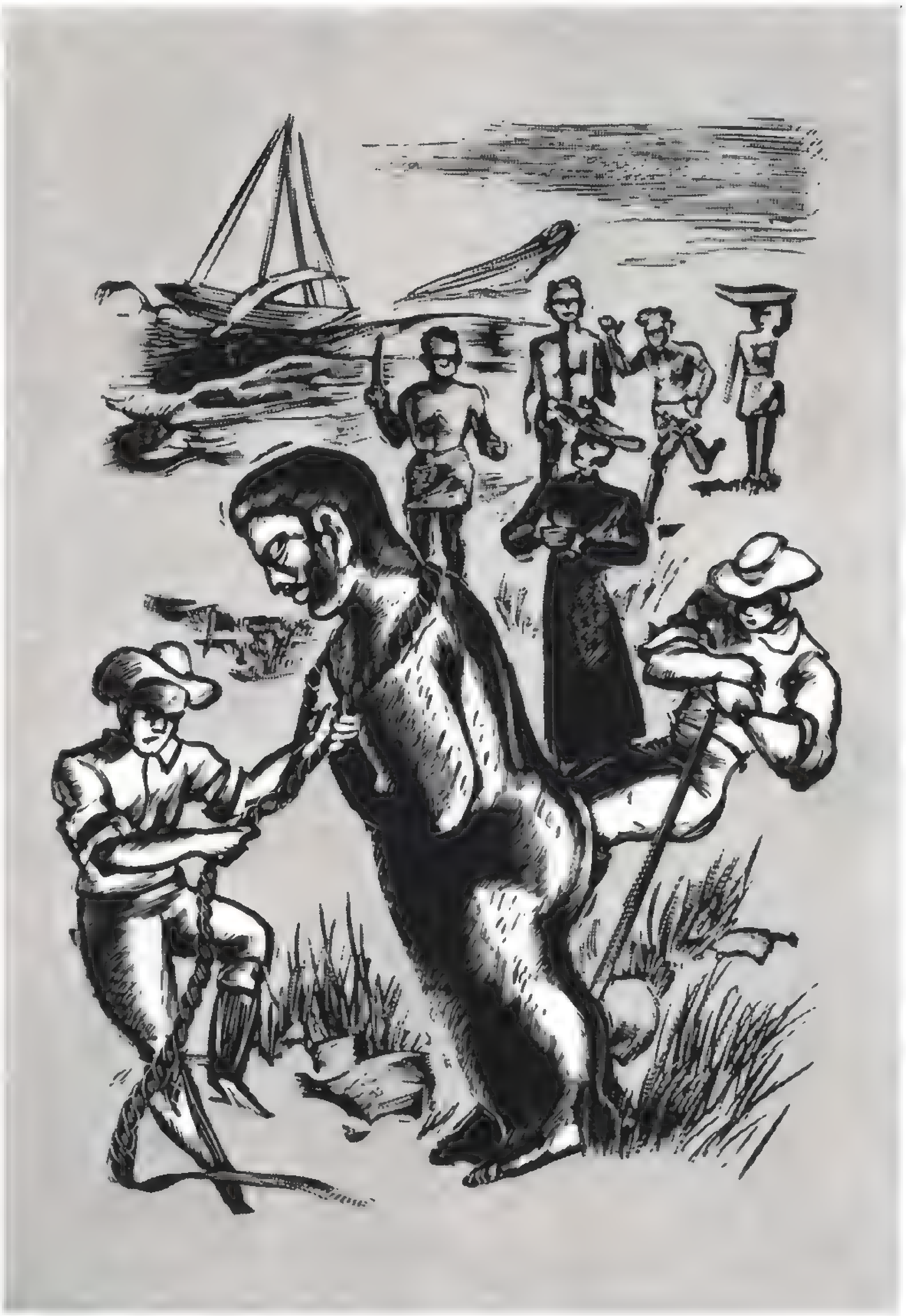
*"Never mind the stool, Boss—it feels good to be able to stand up for a while"*

# The Journey of Two-ton Tu

### Five grand made it seem worthwhile to move the tiki from Aorai even though no Polynesian would lift a finger to help

### by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• FICTION •



You must get it straight that what I am going to tell about was a strictly business proposition, because it happens that I am a businessman and not any beachcomber. Also, remember that there are South Sea islands and South Sea islands, the one where we found this tiki being a tiny clump of coral very much by itself in the northern part of the Tuamotus maybe 300 miles from Tahiti.

We first heard about Aorai one afternoon when we were sitting in the Cercle de la Concorde drinking native beer and wondering how we could find some proposition good enough to make us invest our remaining capital, which wasn't much.

So we were sitting there looking down at all the little white schooners anchored at their front ends while their rear ends were tied to old cannons sunk in the earth just beyond the seawall. George himself would have had a fit if I'd expressed myself that way, because he's a great one for using the correct gibberish when you talk about boats. When he wasn't playing rummy or backgammon, George used to be out fishing in the lagoon or else sailing in some small sailboat. He had bought an old sextant, and he had it with him this day at the Concorde for he went to the rail with it, and pointed it at the sun.

"If you want the latitude and longitude of this place," I said, "why don't you just step around the corner and ask the port captain?"

"You might try keeping your trap shut," suggested George.

Then the Bishop Museum guys came in. The Bishop Museum is located in Honolulu and has a lot of money, and this guy Sampson worked for it in the Society Islands, compiling dictionaries and grammars of the dialects. The other two guys, it seems, had just come back from a schooner trip through some of the Tuamotus, where they had been studying something and for a while they talked technical; but then one mentioned Aorai and the tiki there.

"Pity. You could get five thousand dollars for it in Frisco. But of course—"

"Desmoulins would probably sell it for a thousand francs, too," Frank Simpson said.

Now a thousand francs at that time was worth a little less than twenty-five bucks in real money, and maybe I'd better explain what a tiki is. It is a carved representation of a man or woman. It might be small enough to wear on a watch chain, or as big as a *niau* hut. It is not necessarily a god. The Polynesians have been Christianized, but all the same, they don't see any reason to offend any possible deities. Haamanahiaamaheanuuamai and Ro'oteroro'o and Moeterauritetupaiahuuiri might be dead, as the missionaries claimed, not to mention Tip and Rua and Hinaariitetuanuiiteraipoiaitaiiafaanuieuau; but why take chances? A Polynesian has a lot of respect for a tiki.

Now what this tiki on Aorai was like I didn't know, but anything that can be bought for twenty-five bucks and sold for five thousand, interests me. It interested George, too. He turned.

"Hell, Frank," he says to Sampson. "How 'bout you having a drink?"

So I moved over too, and there were introductions.

It seems this tiki was made of hard gray stone and nobody knows how it got there, the rest of Aorai being just soft crumbly coral; but anyway it had been there, right in the middle of the island, ever since anybody could remember. It was on property owned by Tama Desmoulins, who drove a taxi in Papeete. It was believed to represent either Tu or his wife Tetuanuireiateraiatea, and it was seven feet tall and weighed maybe two tons. And this millionaire in San Francisco would be delighted to shell out five grand for it.

"Why in the world, then," I asked, "hasn't somebody hauled the thing away?"

A lot of silence followed this question, and the museum guys looked sort of embarrassed.

"Say, listen," cried George. "You mean to sit there and tell me that *you*, guys like *you*, believe in that stuff?"

"Well," said one of the scientists, "naturally we don't *believe* it, no. But all the same—"

"Well, all I can say," said George, "is thank God I'm not superstitious!" He looked at me. "What do you say we go find Desmoulins?"

"That," I said, "is one really swell idea."

He was a typical Papeete cab driver, except that he happened to own land on Aorai. He flashed gold teeth at us.

"Sure, what the hell, Chrissake! Why you want buy tiki?"

"Well, it's not doing you any good. We'll give you one thousand," said George.

"Awright."

He made out a detailed receipt. Then he asked: "You not move that tiki?"

George said, "What do you think we're buying it for, to plant grass around it and donate it to the administration for a public park?"

Tama looked worried. When from a corner of the market I looked back, I saw him standing there staring after us and still shaking his head. A thousand francs in his kick, by rights he should have been making for the nearest bar; but he stood shaking his head.

Next we went to Laurey's and got hold of Art Kelly, who was only about one-sixteenth

Polynesian, and for that matter only about one-sixteenth Irish, the rest being practically everything you can think of. Art skippered the *Vahine Rurutu*, a cranky-sided old craft that should have been condemned long ago.

He said yes, he was sailing in three days, and no he hadn't planned to make Aorai but he was going to be very near there and if we cared to charter the schooner for an extra day at 1,000 francs he'd see that we got to Aorai. Was that O.K.? We said it was.

I said to George: "Look, if this thing weighs so much maybe we'd better buy ropes and block and tackle for moving it."

"Not a bad idea," agreed George. "Let's ask Art."

So like a fool, he did. And this man—who, mind you, was only one-sixteenth native! —almost had a hemorrhage on the spot. Were we crazy? He had his schooner to think of, and his wife, and his fourteen or fifteen kids, not to mention himself. Art Kelly, veteran of a score of hurricanes and hundreds of barroom brawls, was really scared. He wouldn't even book us as passengers, now. He ran out of Laurey's.

"Well, I guess we're cooked," I sighed.

"We are not," said George Kett. "I got another idea."

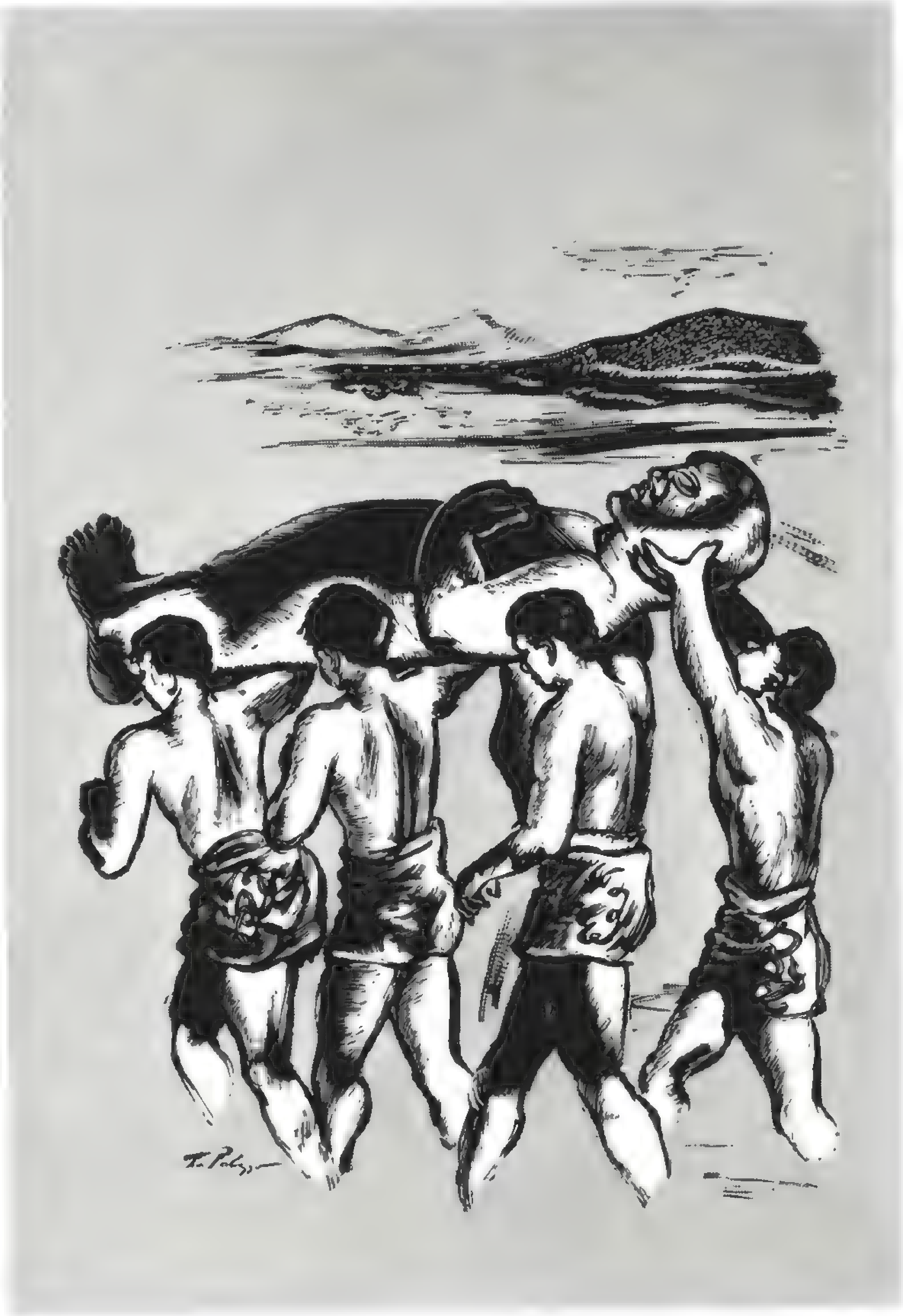
The *Outer Darkness* was thirty-three feet long at the waterline, and the most reckless thing I ever did was consent to act as crew on her. She belonged to a Canadian who had single-handed her down from Vancouver and didn't care if he never saw her again. which was likely to be the case.

We had certainly never meant to sail her alone, but we couldn't hire any professionals in Papeete. One after another they said no, though this is a word your Tahitian hates to say, ever. A few put it this way: "*I*'m not afraid of moving any tiki. It isn't *me*, myself. But if I made the trip, you know what would happen? Everybody would expect me to drop dead. I wouldn't be able to get a job anywhere because nobody else would sail with me. My *vahine* would walk out."

So we went alone.

The boys in Papeete informed us that we would be bucking the trades to Aorai, so I wasn't at all surprised when it turned out that we had the wind behind us all the way. They had all said we would need at least a week, but on the third day we missed Aorai. Well, we didn't actually miss it, but we damn near did.

To give George credit, he was navigating under a big handicap. The *Outer Darkness* was so low that he couldn't get his sextant more than about eight feet above the surface when he took a sight, which it seems makes a lot of difference. The Tuamotus are all flat as pancakes, so that there isn't anything to sight on and you have to be right up close to an island before you can see it.



Anyway we got to Aorai in good time.

It was a dishful of rubble, parched, sere, drab. No fine big deep-green shady breadfruit trees or mangos, no ancient banyans with roots that you could just stand and look at for hours like you would look into a fire. No rich red volcanic earth, and in fact no earth at all, just coral. There were splotches of grass like wire, juiceless and brittle; and there were some scrubby twisted bushes that never grew higher than your waist; and of course any number of coconut trees.

There was a lagoon deep enough for the *Outer Darkness*. We dropped anchor so close to a sloping beach that we did not have to use the dinghy but just stepped overside.

The population was a dismal pack, all looking as if they had hookworm. The Tuamotuans are never gay like the Tahitians; but even as Tuamotuans went, these were dreary. No, I take that back. Not dreary. When you got closer you saw that they were downright sullen. They get so few boats there that you'd think they would greet a strange one with yelps of joy; but these babies not only didn't smile but looked positively sore.

Also there was something odd about the sharpness of their noses and the way their eyebrows jutted. I remember thinking when I first saw them that they looked a shade Spanish. It was a good guess; because as I learned later, the inhabitants of Aorai had one ancestor who was a Portuguese sailor.

Never an "ioarana" rose. They just stood there. Then out of their midst bounded a vision in black—black cassock very shiny and worn black beard, snapping black eyes. We were deluged with French, not a word of which we understood; but when this little bouncey burbling missionary got the idea, he switched with no pause at all into English—or at least, more or less English.

"I am ver' glad see-greet you here! Come, my dear friend' to my house! Tomorrow I go, today I see-greet you, ver' happy!"

His name was Father Paul, and he spiritually supervised the people of eight or nine islands, getting about by means of a skiff which I swear wasn't even half as big as the *Outer Darkness:* you couldn't have shoehorned a second man into it. He was the Frenchiest little Frenchman I ever did meet, and a nice guy if he'd only hold still for half a second. He was going to sail away tomorrow, he told us. And he was enchanted to see-greet us. The Aoraians, he said, were a bit trying sometimes. He told us about that Portuguese sailor many long years ago, explaining the faces. They were not amiable, he admitted.

"But no more they eat men. No more can-ee-bal."

"Oh?" said George, looking around. "They used to do that, eh?"

"Ah, yes! This las' island of all. But finish now. Eight year."

We managed, by both shouting at once, to get it into Father Paul's head that we had come not merely to see the tiki but to take it away. That made him hysterical with joy. It seems that he had always wanted to get rid of that tiki, regarding it as a sort of professional rival, I suppose, but the thing was much too heavy for him to move alone and none of the natives would help.

"It is bad for them. All while they think back-bad thought." He cocked his head. "They will not like when you touch it," he warned us. "But they jus' children. And me, I am they papa, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Well, I hope they do what papa says," muttered George.

The word "Aorai" means clouds of heaven, which in this case must have been a wisecrack, the island, only an atoll, being at no point more than a few feet above sea level. It was roundish, maybe two miles across, and the only thing that marked it apart from the other atolls of the Dangerous Archipelago—aside from that dash of Portuguese in the inhabitants—was the fact that it was encircled by a barrier reef instead of *being* the reef itself and encircling a lagoon, as is the case with most of them.

We found the tiki right smack in the middle.

My first impulse was to laugh. The thing looked so much like an enormous humpty-dumpty—the kind that are made out of celluloid and have big round tummies and no legs,

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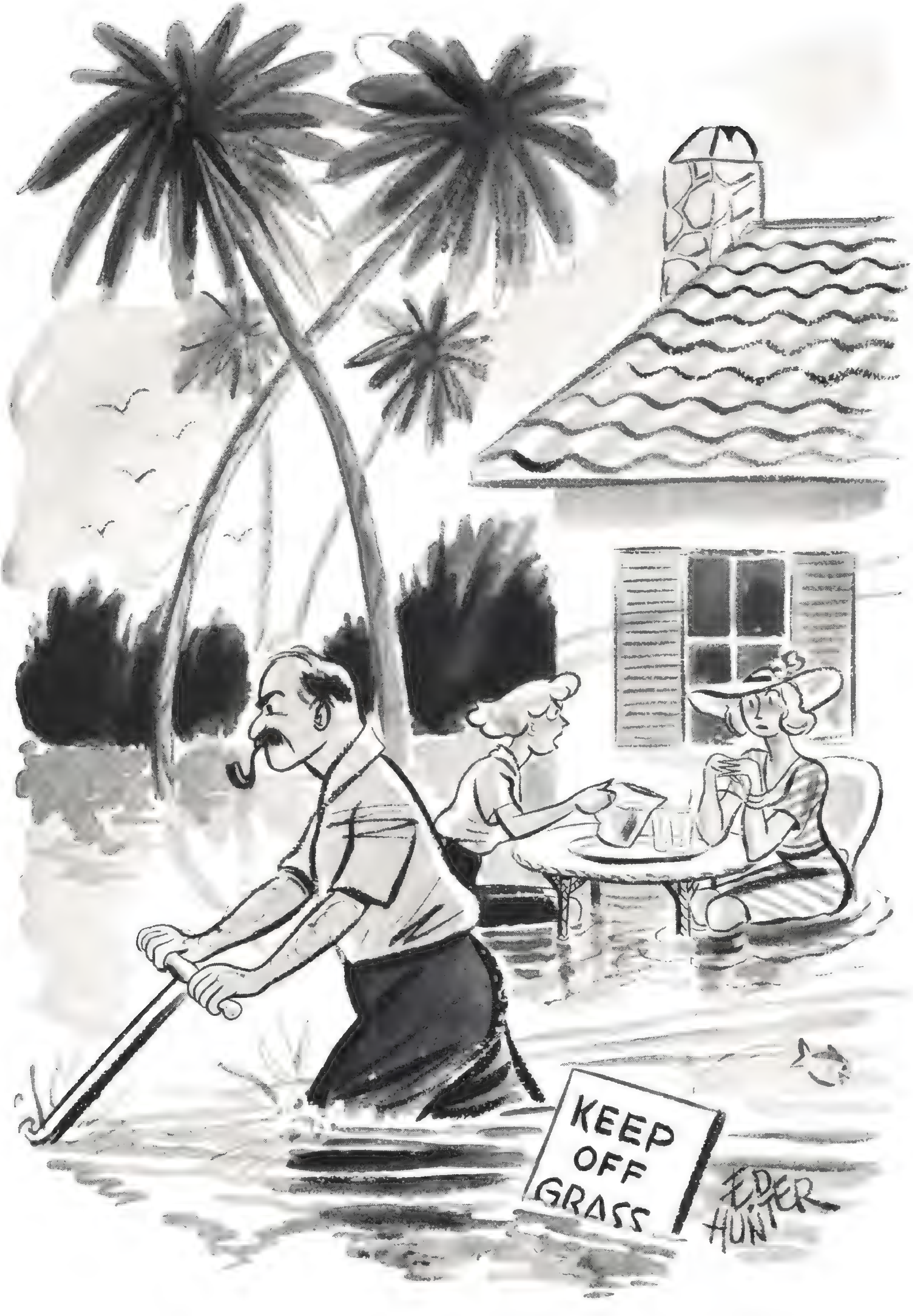
KEEP
OFF
GRASS
E. DEDINI? HUNTER

*"Sometimes I wish Henry would just swallow his pride and admit he got stuck on this property!"*

# Man the Kitchenette

## While fishing with four restaurateurs your alert correspondent wrests from each one an easy recipe for bachelors

### by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Of course you remember from your history books the yarn about Louis XV, who once was so engrossed in eating his dinner that he failed to pay the slightest attention to the beautiful Madame Dubarry sitting next to him. Finally Dubarry became so vexed with the king's neglect that she pushed a cup right up to the monarch's nose, and shouted:

"*France! Voilà ton café!*"

The manager of *Le Pavillon*, one of the most glamorous French restaurants in New York, no doubt knew of this culinary anecdote, for he employed the same method to catch my attention. Although I usually engage him in conversation on gastronomy, that particular evening I had no time for him. Aside from being absorbed in my food (consisting of marmite soup, steak, and orange soufflé), I was holding a conference of great import with my friend, Joe Massoletti, who was going to take me down to Cape Hatteras for some deep sea fishing the next morning.

Like Dubarry, the manager of the restaurant could stand no neglect; suddenly he appeared at our table, saying:

"*Voilà la plus jolie blonde du monde!*"

Since the word blonde has a double meaning in French, standing also for light beer, I was expecting to have to taste a new kind, "the most beautiful in the world," and I was a bit perturbed. I had drunk wine already, and to take beer after wine is not merely a breech of culinary etiquette, but also poor usage.

What actually happened was that Ilona Massey had been seated right next to me! But if the manager thought that I could be alienated from piscatology by this fact, he was mistaken. I am a pushover for fishing ever since I landed a few, the size of sardines, on a lake in Connecticut, and so we went right on discussing arrangements for the expedition on the morrow.

The next morning we met at Pennsylvania station, the party consisting of just five; a quartet of New York restaurateurs, and myself. Joe Massoletti, the Virginian with an Italian sounding name, owner of a renowned restaurant in downtown New York, was the host. The rest of the innkeepers were William Ockendon, better known as Billy the Oysterman, owner of a famous fish restaurant, Otto Baumgarten, owner of the Crillon on Park Avenue, and Ercole Marchisio, of Marguery Restaurant fame.

The first part of the journey was uneventful, except that the four gentlemen filled me with fish stories. Endlessly they stretched their arms apart to show the size of the fish they had caught at various times. I felt awful. Here I was, a wretched amateur amongst real professionals! By the time we reached Baltimore the inferiority complex I had developed made me speechless and sullen.

Notwithstanding my personal feelings, however, I couldn't waste time when shut up in the same compartment with New York's four top restaurateurs, and I wrested from each a recipe that would be easy for a bachelor to prepare at home. Here they are:

### Canapé Marguery

Take four pieces of toast, cook (preferably in a silver platter) with sweet butter until crisp. Chop one hard boiled egg, six filets of anchovies, a half a green pepper, one peeled tomato, and as much tuna fish as about the weight of an egg, and place this flat on top of each piece of toast. Add a spoonful of Russian dressing (which is composed of mayonnaise and chili sauce). Garnish with several drops of Worcestershire sauce, serve immediately.

### Massoletti's Cheese Fondu

Beat together one cup scalded milk, one cup soft stale breadcrumbs, a quarter of a cup mild cheese cut in small pieces, one tablespoonful butter, a half a teaspoonful of salt, three eggs. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

### Oysters and Celery from Billy the Oysterman

Chop some celery and sauté in butter and, when tender, add to this the oysters (two dozen to three branches of celery) with their liquor, and simmer until the edges of the oysters curl. Add a glass of white wine on the sweet side, season and serve in its own sauce.

### Chestnuts à la Crillon

Peel and cook twenty-five chestnuts in stock. Drain them. Make a brown sauce and add to this sauce a cup of chopped canned tongue, and mix well. Put the chestnuts into a dish and pour the sauce over them. Serve very hot with croutons of fried bread.

I cheered up somewhat when we went aboard the Baltimore Steam Packet that was to take us to Norfolk overnight, and the pretty hostess consented to have dinner with us. Only she and I had a real meal, however, eaten with healthy appetites—a curious point being that restaurateurs are too finicky when they dine out. They peruse the menu card for an hour, criticizing, disputing, arguing and disapproving, and end up by ordering a cup of bouillon and an apple. People whose very existence revolves around food are the simplest eaters.

After a neck-breaking automobile trip from Norfolk, partly over the sand dunes of the Outer Banks of North Carolina, we arrived at Massoletti's charming cottage, not a stone's throw from the village of Hatteras, and situated a few hundred yards from the ocean. We decided to retire promptly in order to rise early for our fishing.

The restaurateurs appeared at the breakfast table in appropriate fishing outfits. Again I was the target of jokes, for I still wore the clothes of the city slicker. Otto of the Crillon even had a wonderful fishing cap with a long visor that I envied, and I asked him to let me try it on.

"Oh, no!" he said jestingly, "you can't do that! First earn your spurs, young man!"

A little later in the motor launch I knew that there was no hope for that. The rod thrust into my hand I held clumsily. My line

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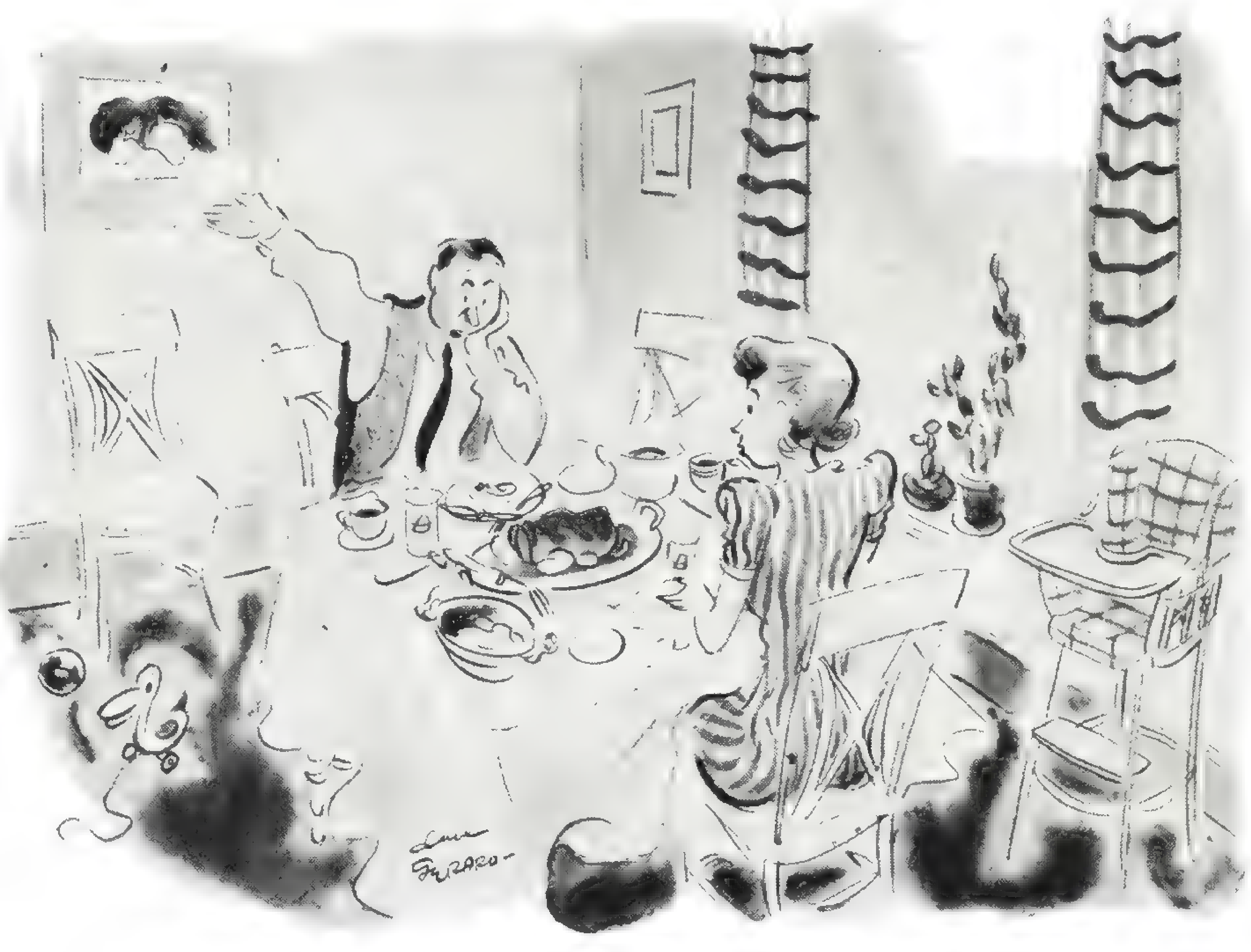


*"It's no use! Tell grandmother to send the kids home two days early—I can't stand this damn silence!"*

# Tapping Our Resources

### Uncle Sam supervises the career of American brandy from wine press to bottling, keeps it on the up and up

### *by* LAWTON MACKALL

**POTABLES**

IMAGINE our surprise at delightedly going for the very things we figured we'd be foregoing.

Yes sir, that's how it's turned out. A little over a year ago we were moaning with pessimism under the delusion that, because of world conditions, there wasn't going to be any more bouquet brandy to contribute its fragrant afterglow to our feasts. Nor any subtly luscious liqueurs to enrapture our tongues with mystery. Nor any champagne worth the name. Nor authentic charactered Vermouths, either sweet or dry. Nor satisfactory red or white table wines for epicurean alliance with steaks, chicken and fish. Nor super-grade beers like the collared classics from the Continent. Yet now we have them—all. And good.

Really, America may well blush for "connoisseurs" who showed so little faith as to sell the American palate short—as though our land and brain capabilities couldn't be counted on when top quality was called for. Our farmers, raising grapes and grain, didn't, it was pointed out, have the proper peasant docility; weren't in the old world groove, meaning rut. (Which was lucky, because their progressive independence enabled them to hop to opportunity, abetted by live-wire state and federal departments of agriculture.) And how could brandy of the Cognac type be produced when America possessed not a single pot-still of the sort that abounded on the banks of the Charente in France?

The little joker about that wail was that actually there *were*—and are—brandy pot-stills functioning serenely in the U. S. A. *exactly* as in France's Cognac district. Indeed, I could name some that had been designed and built in France for use over here. And there was no more "black art" about their construction and operation than there is about a kitchen range: you just have to know how to distill as truly as you know how to cook. Only, we Americans delve into the chemical nuances of the thing a bit more deeply. And our federal government wouldn't dream of letting us get away with the giddy doctoring and delousing that French bureaucracy shrugged at. Over there, government control was limited to collecting the excise tax upon the bottled and cased product as it came out of the shipping door of the warehouse. Whatever went on *before* that, was Monsieur Distiller's private affair. With vanilla, "cognac oil," etc., he could slick up a batch of pretty awful into unloadability. Uncle Sam is hardhearted enough to insist that brandy be brandy, not something to relieve your horse's cold with.

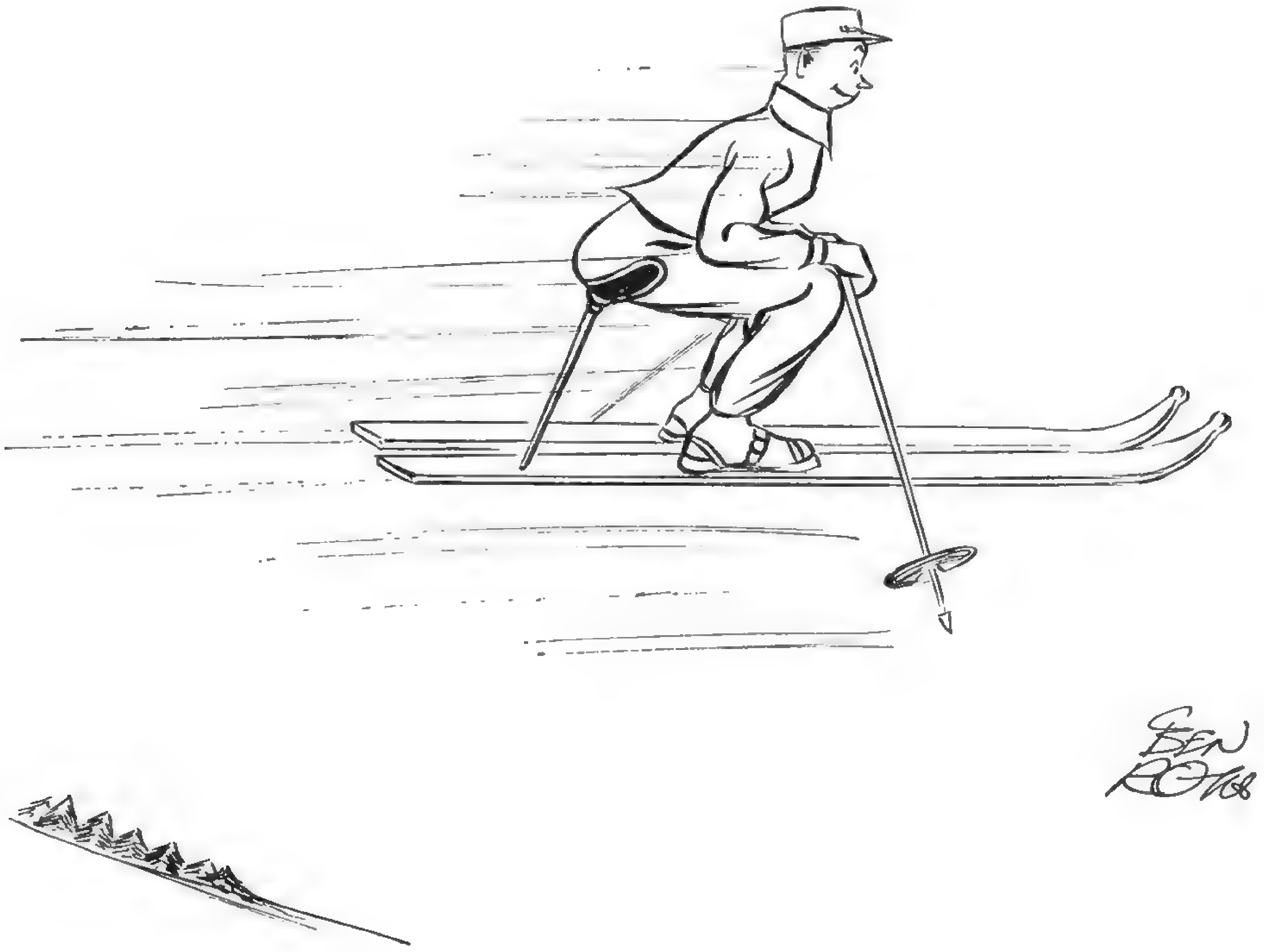
Also, he won't allow *any* pleasure-beverage to fib about its age. He made this ruling after certain foreign shippers of Cognac had outdone themselves in label legend-work: you'd have thought that Napoleon had spent his life marshaling stocks of brandy for the use of 20th century citizens of *l'Amérique*, and that the Year of the Comet, 1811 (when stars were born), was only yesterday. I remember the whimsical astonishment of a strictly on-the-level gentleman from Cognac, France, who, commenting on the prevalence of "fifty-year-olds," "seventy-five-year-olds," and "centenarians" on our counters and bars, said that if the stuff were genuine at such prices he'd buy it up himself and send it to headquarters, where the town band would turn out to welcome it home.

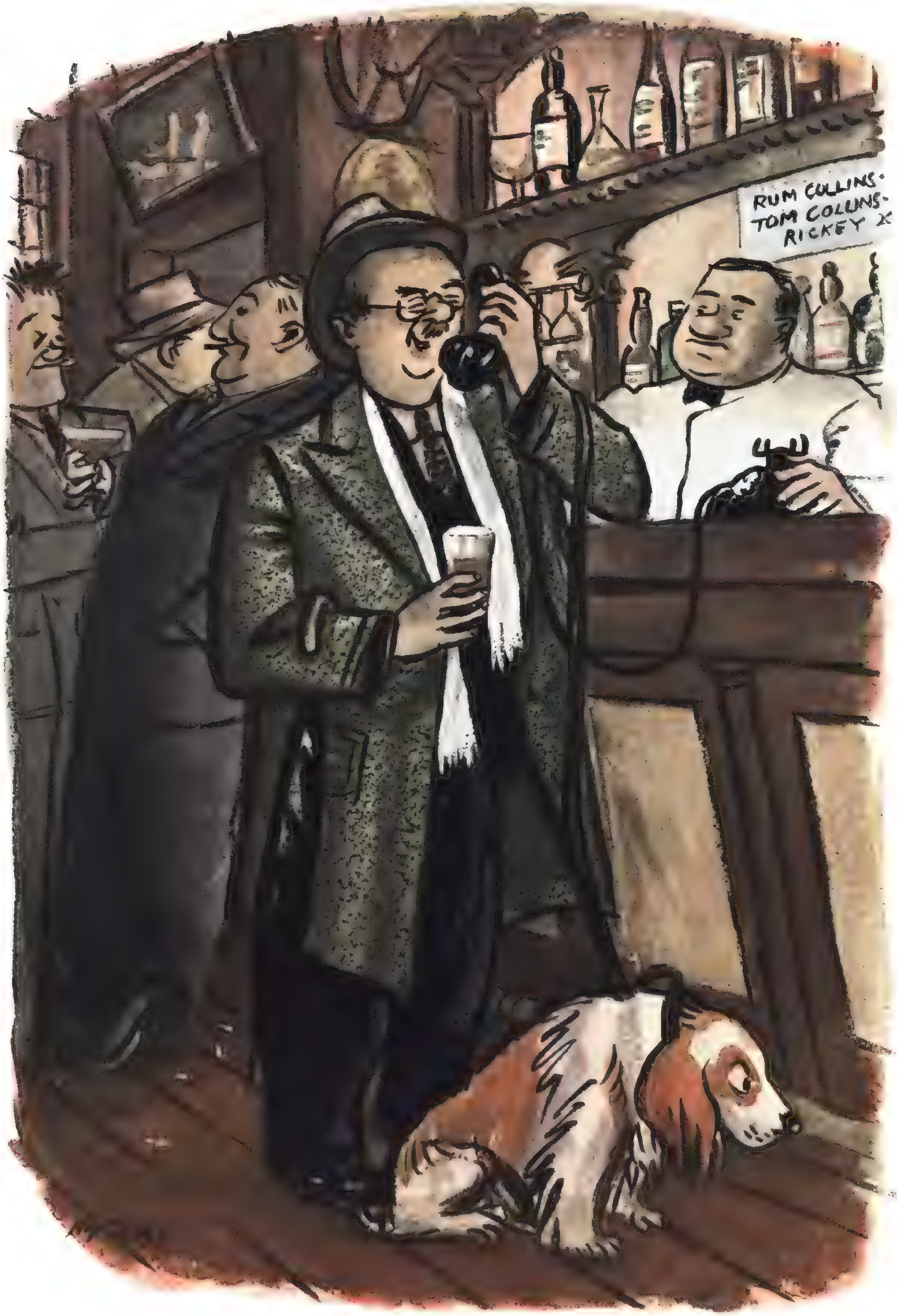
L'Oncle Samuel stood for this sort of flimflam only so long and then clamped down on it, setting "twenty years" as the top limit in age claims on labels, his investigators having checked the fact that any Cognacs ancienter than that were so scarce as to constitute hardly a trickle commercially. And that, generally speaking, Cognacs were *blends* of brandies, the individual ages of which were undisclosed. Superiority was a matter of soundness, roundness, and finesse, announced by a clean, keen aroma. Unfortunately the field for skullduggery was wide open—if a producer happened to be of that temperament.

Thus wised up by his experience as an importer, the tall fellow in the red-and-white striped trousers sees to it that American brandy of the Cognac type is made and sold on a non-fiction basis. He supervises its career from wine press to still and right on through aging in oak, blending, and bottling, with never an uncertainty as to identity. Flavor is not his province, but purity *is*. He's like the health inspector who makes sure the food and kitchen in the restaurant you patronize are up to all health standards, but leaves to the chef the entire art of tastiness and culinary originality. That is to say, American brandy is governmentally "hygienic," with the individual maker devising his especial bouquet as per brand.

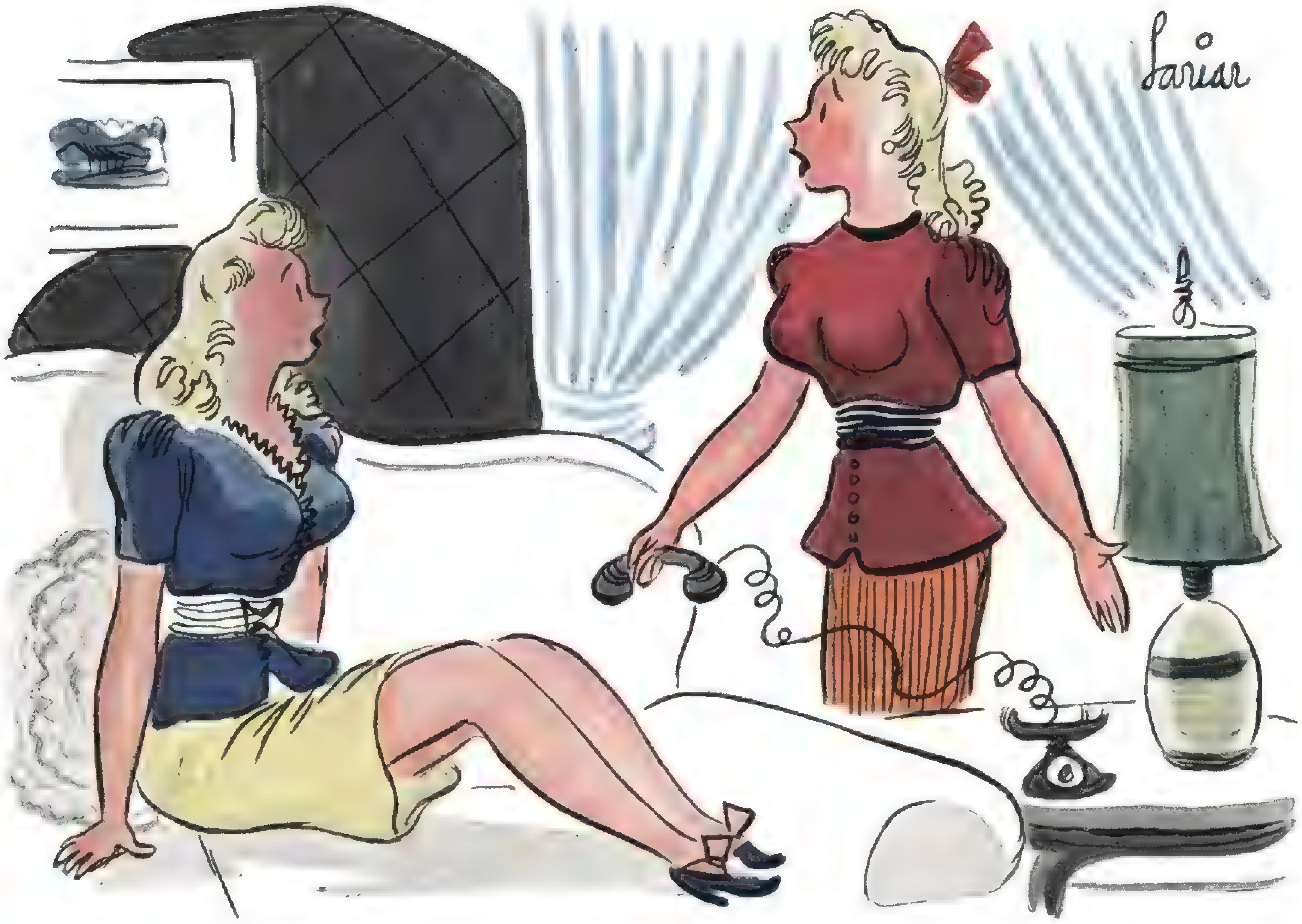
And some of these bouquets are of a fullness and a "fondly familiar" character fit to startle a pessimist. Nor are they sudden developments; the brandies used in them have been quietly assembling and maturing in preparation for these happy results. Grape personalities and overtones have been studied and toyed with by flavor savants till—well, taste them yourself and you'll see what I mean. One of these answers to a palate's prayer is composed of no less than six American brandies, each selected for its age and character, the proportions used being arrived at by myriads of tastings over the years. When we indulge in labial smacks over it, we are merely corroborating the professionals. And all the while there's the comforting thought that oaken reserves are being steadily built up for an even nobler fu-

*Continued on page 175*

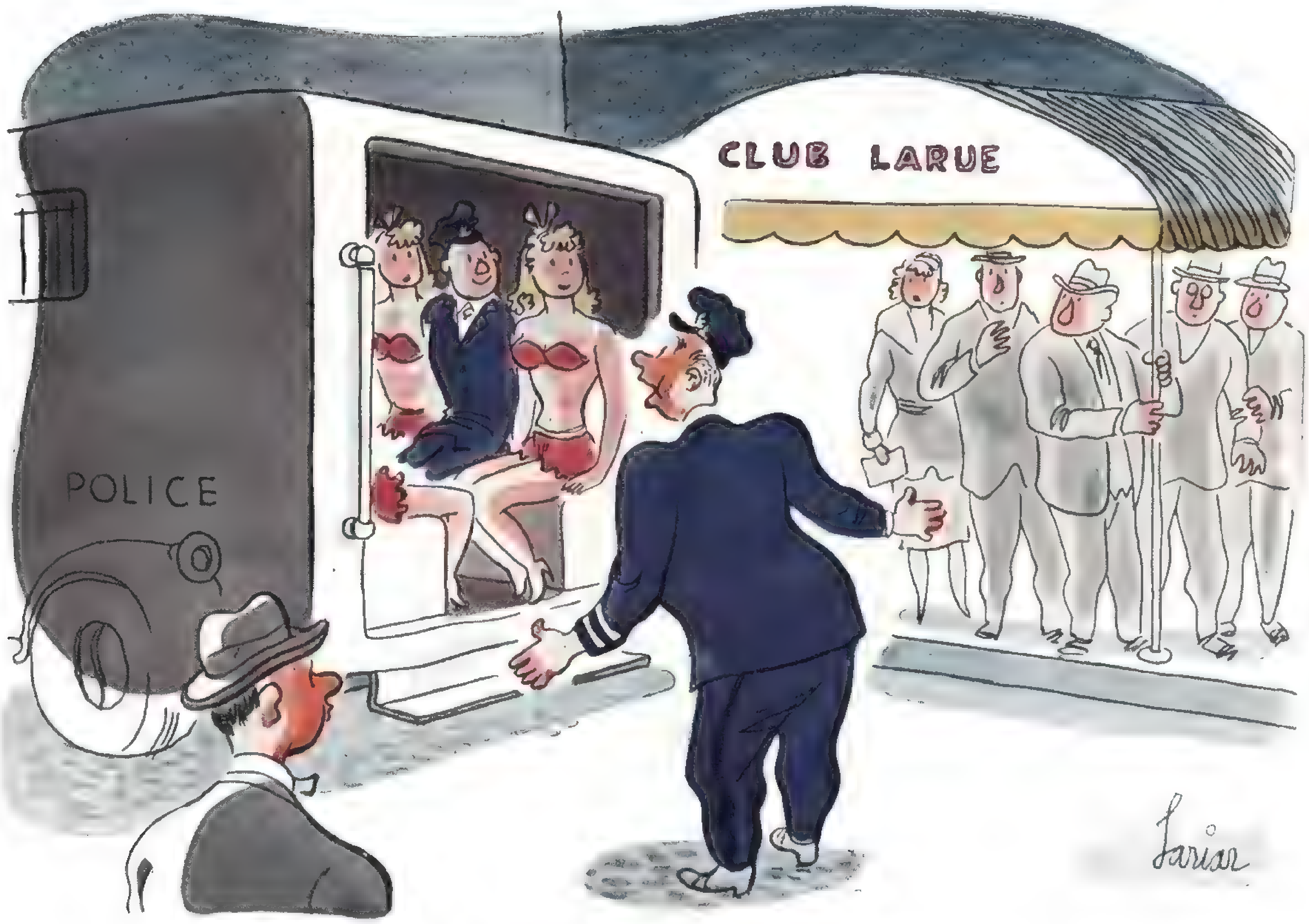



RUM COLLINS·
TOM COLLINS·
RICKEY

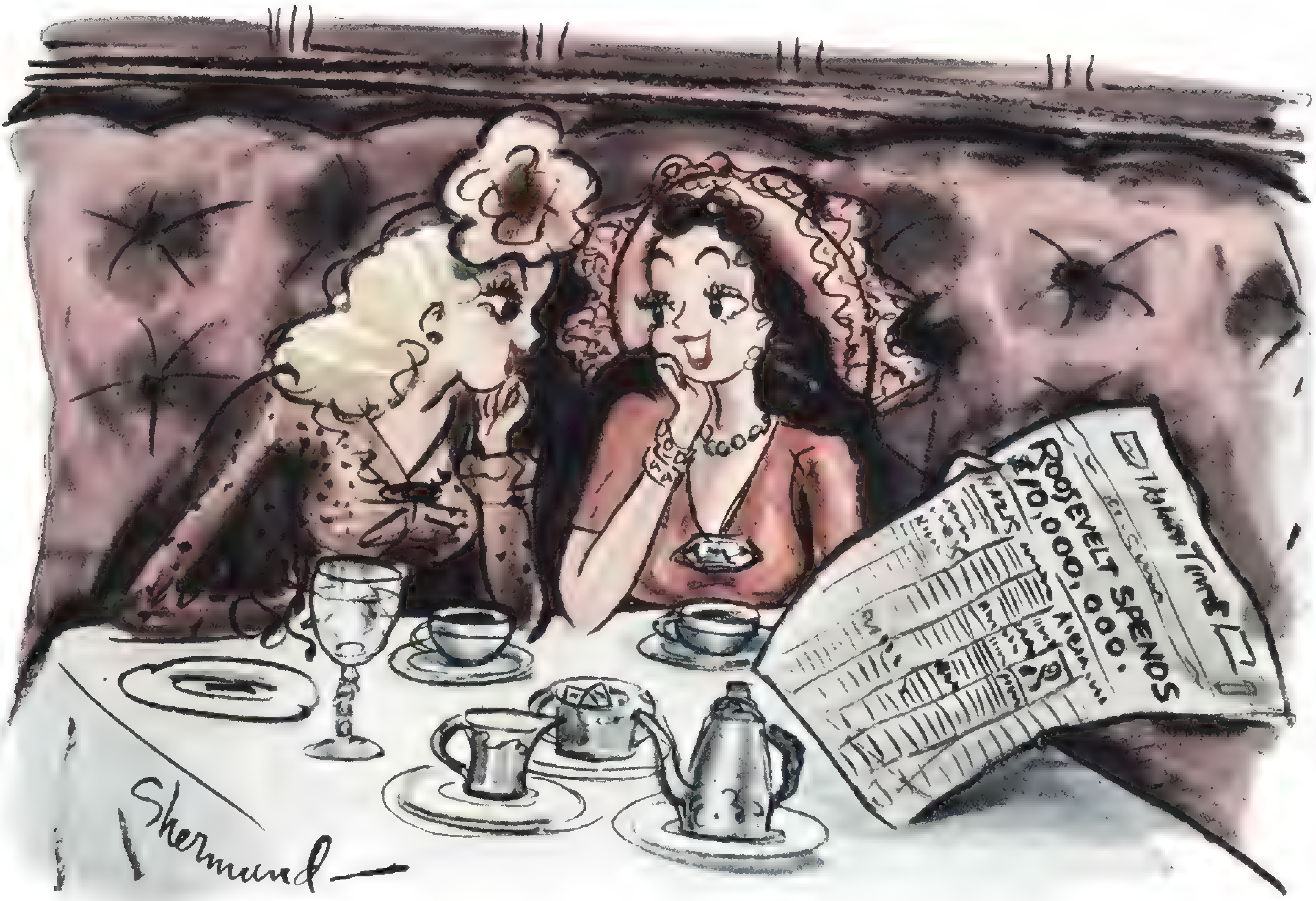
"Hello, dear, where do you think the dog took me?"



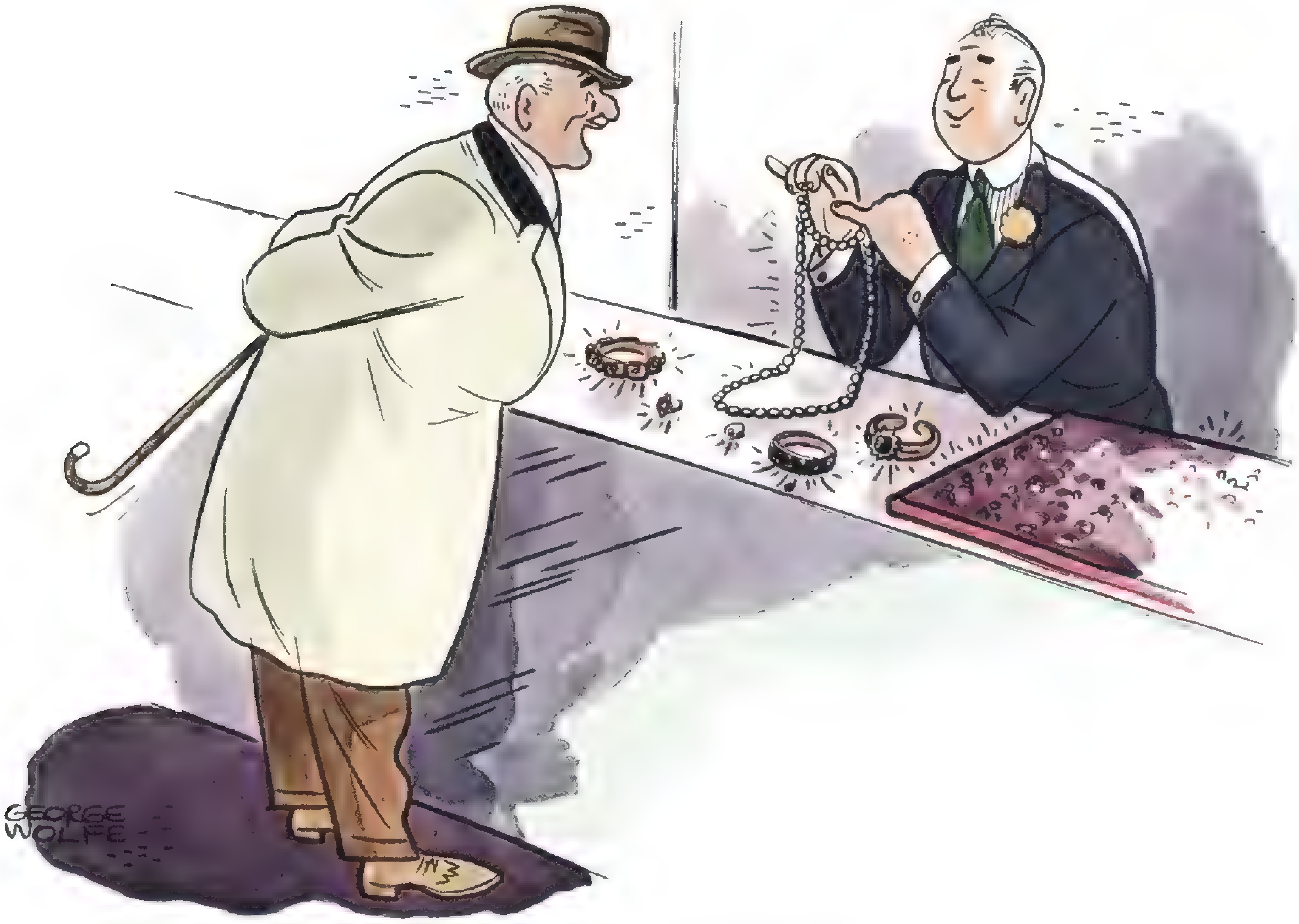
*"It's your friend Roger—the army doesn't want him either!"*


CLUB LARUE
POLICE
Lariar

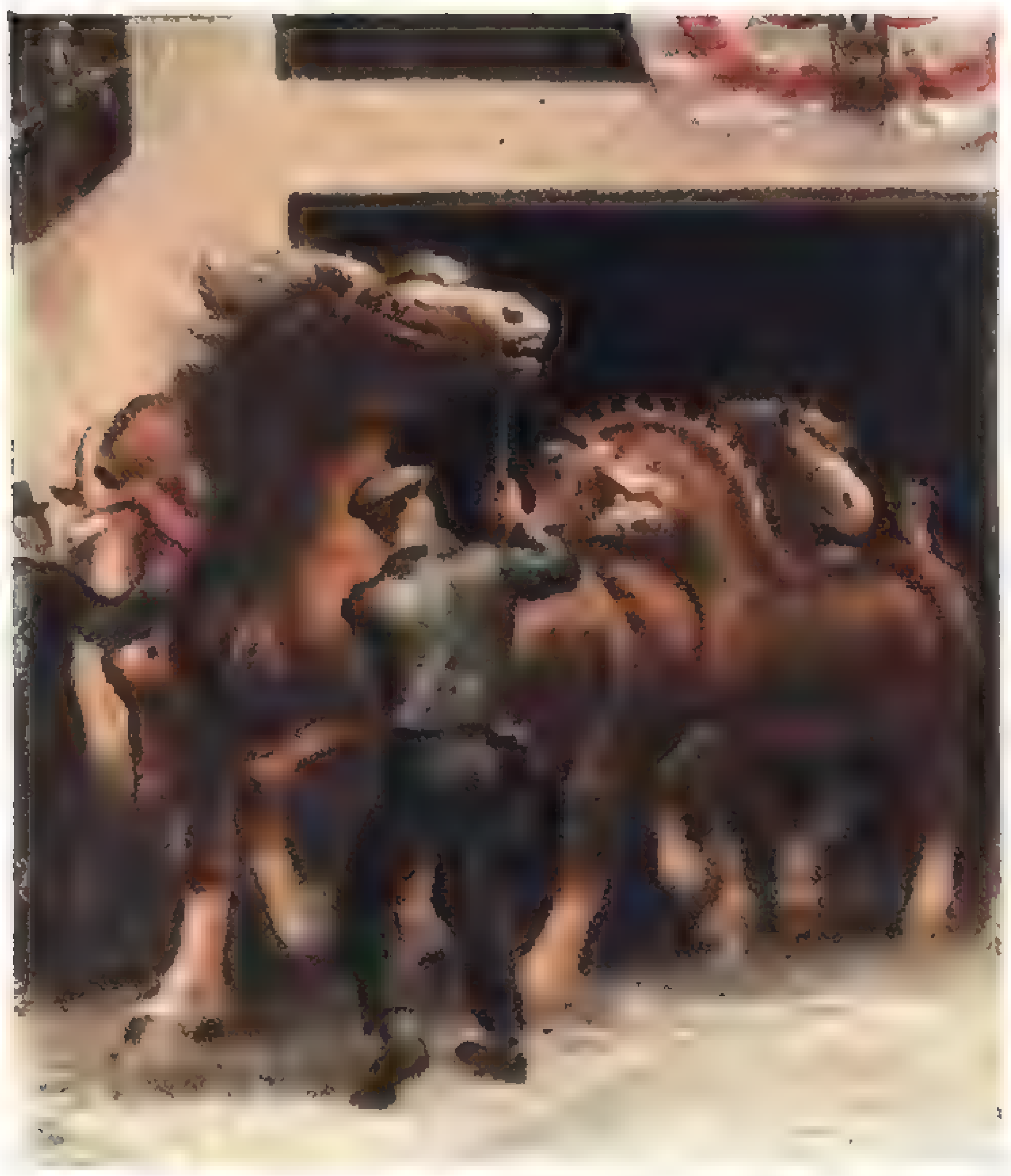
*"——but somebody's got to drive!"*


ROOSEVELT SPENDS $10,000,000.
Shermund

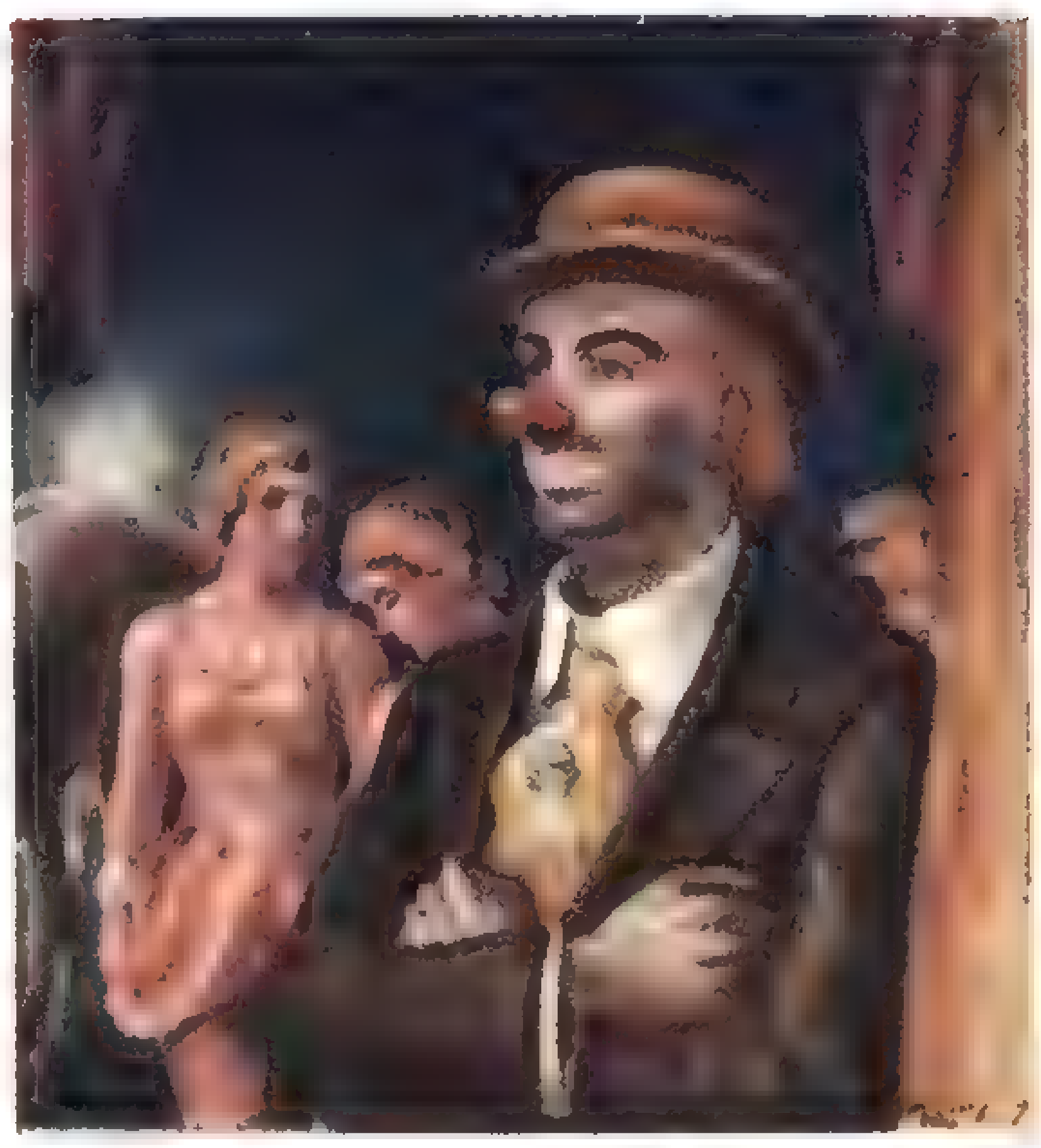
"Isn't he wonderful?"


GEORGE WOLFE

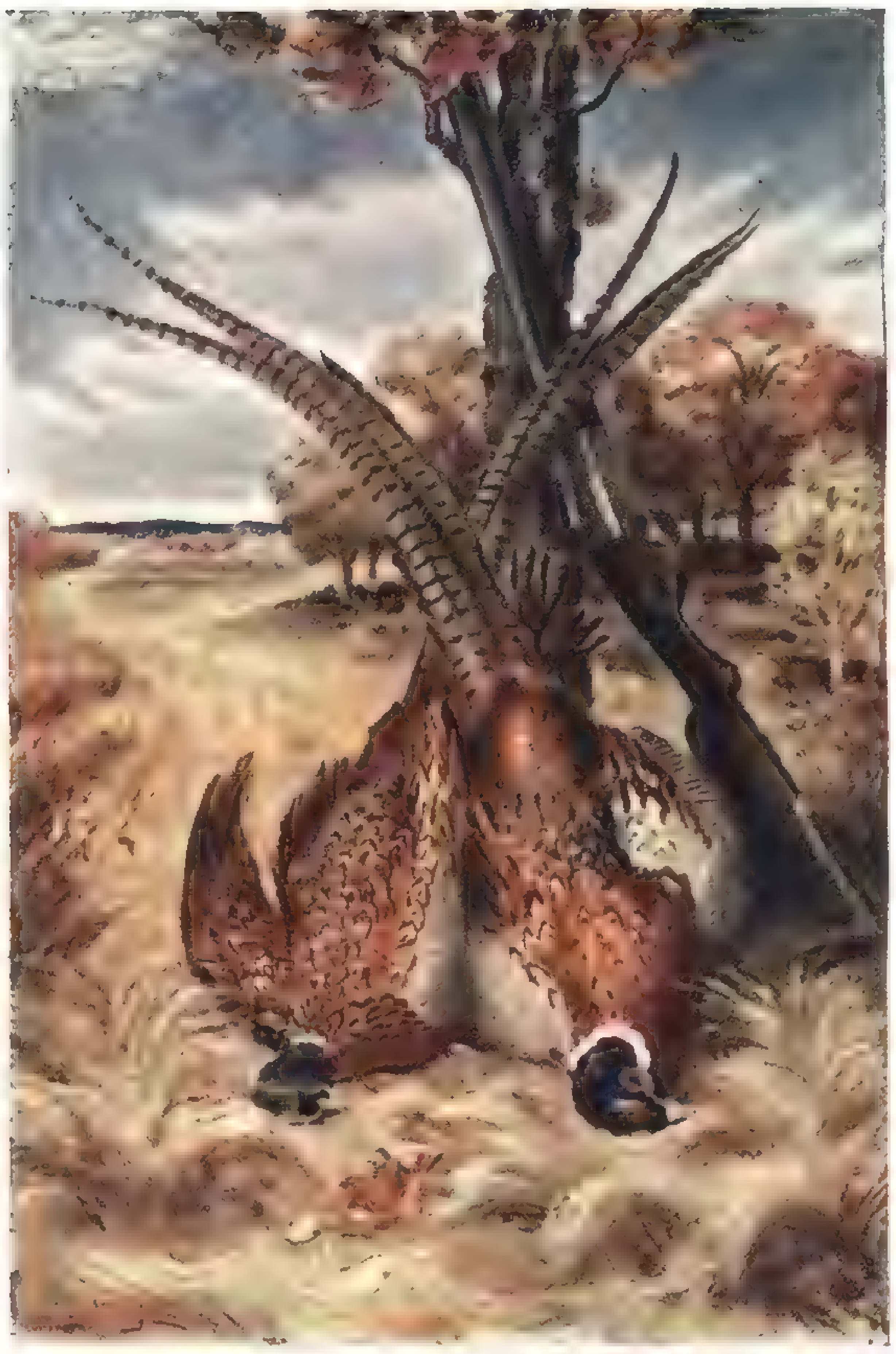
"Nothing's too good for the woman who pays!"



BELGIAN STALLIONS



RIDING CLOWN

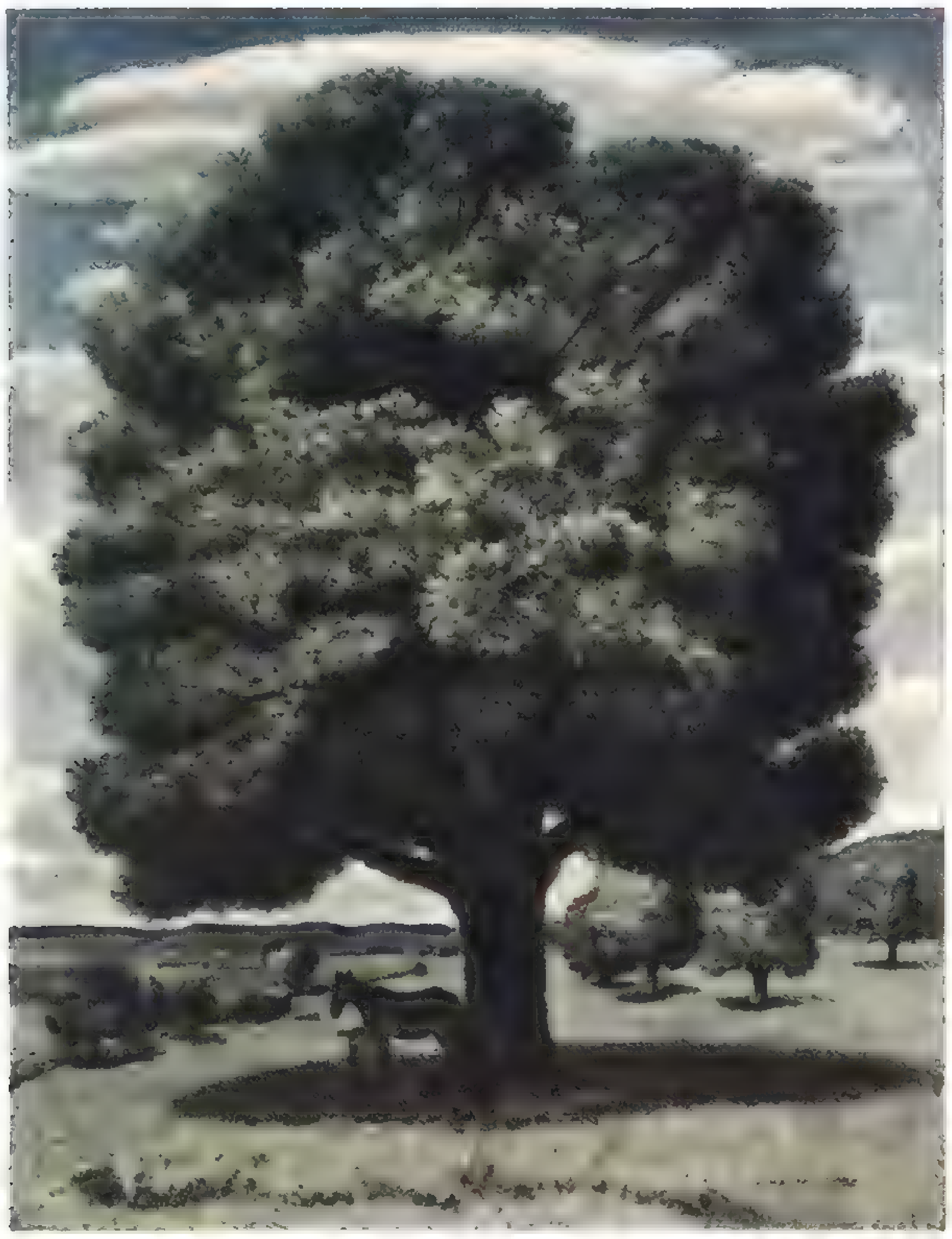


WISCONSIN STILL LIFE

# A Group of Paintings

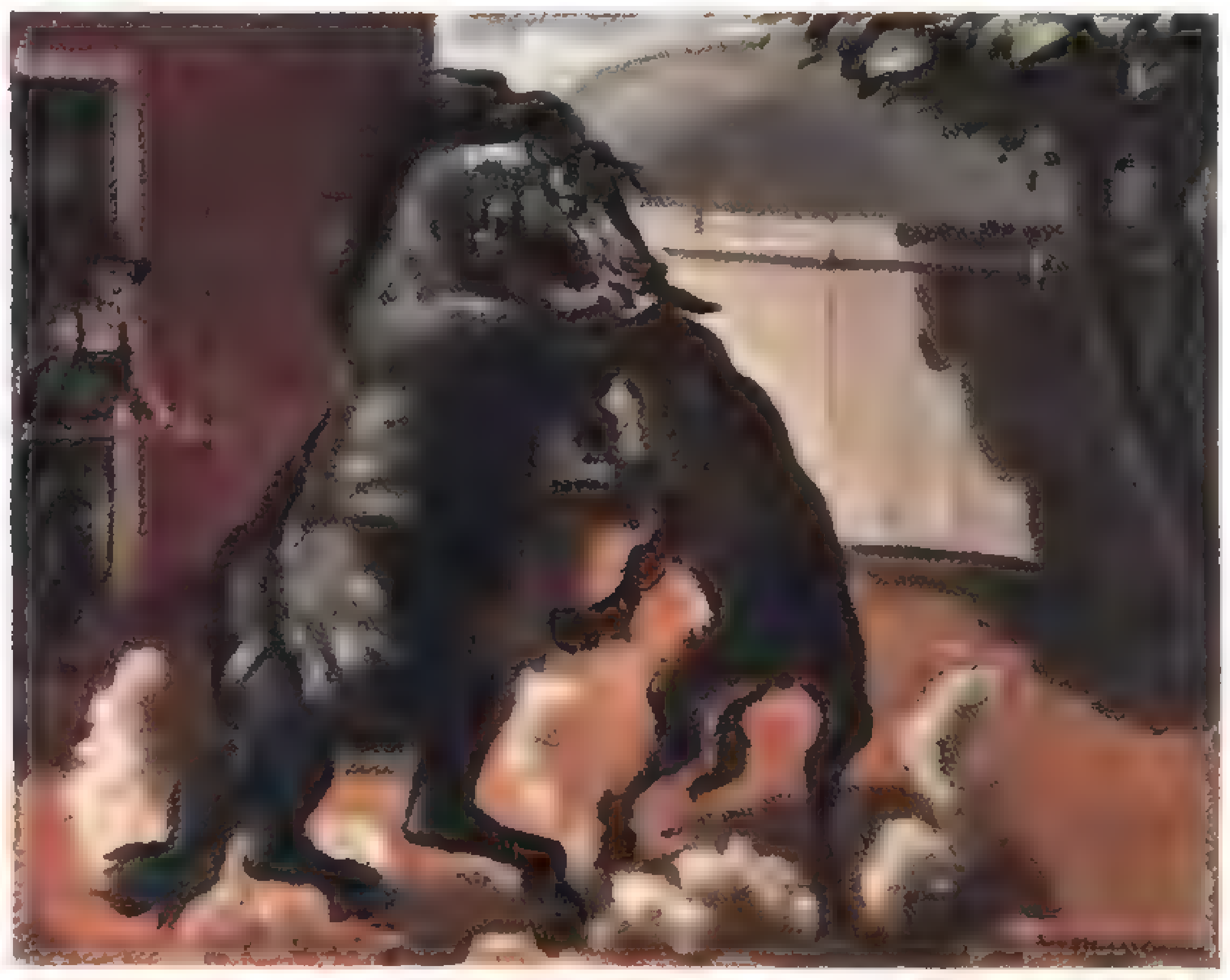
*by*

**JOHN STEUART CURRY**

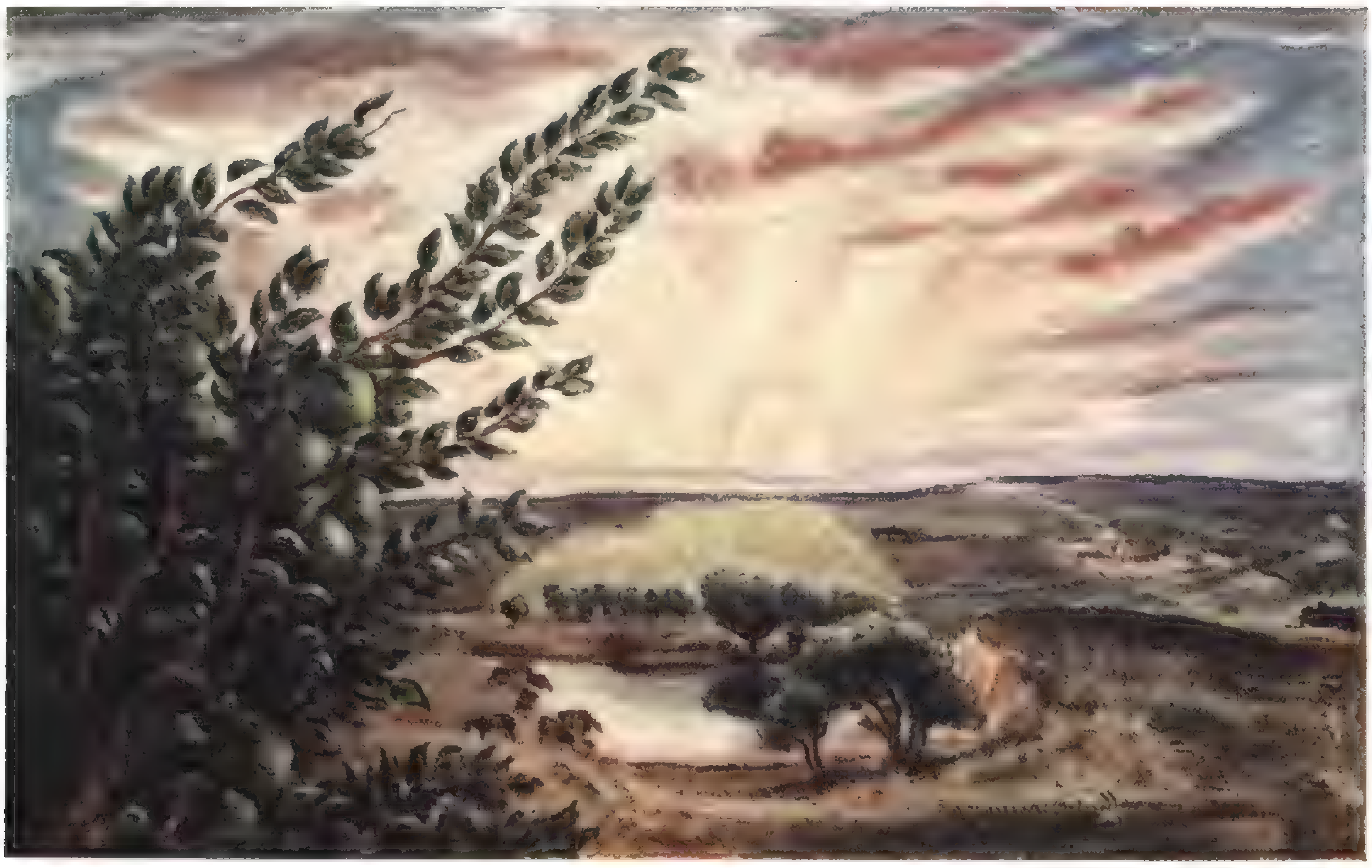


OAK TREE

*These paintings were reproduced through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., New York City.*



STALLION AND JACK FIGHTING



SUNRISE OVER KANSAS

# Education of a Regionalist

### John Steuart Curry has come a long way from those early, overpraised paintings that are strictly and peculiarly Kansas

### by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Painters whose weaknesses were betrayed when they attempted to paint an apple, or a flower piece or an egg beater used to be able to claim credit for patriotic intentions and immunity from criticism when they became Regionalists and began painting aspects of life in their towns and states. Out of respect for the star-spangled banner it became lèse majesté to point out that the star-spangled banner was not so well painted as it might be. Thomas Craven never argued for bad painting that was American as against good painting that was French but the tendency of his argument, in less intelligent minds, was to make the subject matter of predominant, if not exclusive, importance, especially after *Time* and its affiliated publications entered the crusade and turned it largely into a deafening drum-roll for their trinity of Benton, Wood and Curry.

It was Benton, Wood and Curry, and Benton, Curry and Wood, not three separate and distinct entities, but a triune symbol of something, a totem pole with three faces carved on it, and it became like a chant out of which, after awhile, all meaning had fled. Benton painted Missouri, Wood, Iowa and Curry, Kansas, but they did not paint alike and even in thought they were fellow-travelers only in a short distance down the dirt road, except in the minds of people who did not trouble to look at pictures and were content to take the label for the bottle. Regionalism has served its turn, it called attention to the riches of America, but artists found that patriotism was not enough. Patriotism had to be included and transcended. Grant Wood continues to employ cotton wool to make reasonable facsimiles of houses and men, trees and hayricks; Thomas Benton, marvelous to relate, has rediscovered textural quality with no reference whatever to geographical locale, and John Steuart Curry is becoming an artist.

It was Curry's fate to be hailed as a Regionalist when he was learning to paint, and to earn prestige for his subject matter at a time when he had not yet learned to shape that matter into the final form of picture-making. At the time of the Big Ballyhoo his companions had already struck their stride and hit upon their characteristic styles; only *he* wasn't certain that he knew quite as much as the publicity gave him credit for. He was a provincial, even in matters of art. It seems to me that he has always acted with the unease of the small town boy in the big city, self-conscious and on the defensive, but with a streak of stubbornness running through that defensiveness. He had studied in Paris, but Paris had left him pretty much as it found him. Because the diversity of Picasso puzzled him, Picasso was a queer duck to him and nothing much besides. But he—Curry—was also, and is, an honest man and as an honest man he sensed his own limitations and strove to overcome them. He kept on painting while others promoted and perorated; there were a couple of things he had to find out. If he had not the gauge of genius, he had at least the capacity for becoming a good and honest artist. As a result, he has left the Regionalist, J. S. Curry, far behind, at the turn of the road.

Long before the last echoes of the brass band had died away, Curry was able to express his growth and development on canvas, and continue as an individual artist, independently of any group movement. You would look at an early painting by this Kansan, and about all of which you were conscious was: This is Kansas, or This is a storm in Kansas, or This is a baptism in a horse trough in Kansas. The labels obliterated the painting. You were conscious of local quality, local characteristics, but you had no feeling that you were looking at organized pictures. Bear in mind that it took courage at that time to present Kansas life—and the only life the artist knew—as a serious theme for art. Maybe Curry was in a hurry to put down the impact of life as he felt it long before he could express a coherent opinion about it. He was in the case of a novelist who will never write that fine tenth novel until and unless he gets the first and second stories and, their successors, off his chest. Because these first novels of his—*Tornado* and *Baptism in Kansas*—expressed revolutionary intentions, the rewards for them were out of proportion to their merit. For *Tornado*, which I regard as a particularly confused canvas, Curry received second prize at the Carnegie International of 1933. Both paintings are in museums, *Baptism in Kansas* more deservedly so.

Look now at *The Line Storm*, completed in 1934. We are still in Kansas, but this painting includes Kansas and transcends it. It is not smothered by Kansas particularities and peculiarities. When you see *Line Storm*, the greatest storm painting by this particular specialist in the upheavals of Nature as they show themselves in Kansas, you become aware of the distance the artist has traveled in his quest toward picture-making wherein details are subordinated to contribute toward a greater total effect. When you look at any recent canvas by Curry, you have the same feeling of satisfaction and you are more likely to say, first, This is a painting, and, secondly, It is a landscape, and, thirdly, It is a Wisconsin landscape, which is the true order of importance.

He is a prodigious worker. He loves jobs, commissions, contracts. He is becoming one of our most prodigious muralists, decorating walls so fast as they are put at his disposal. He thinks of art also as a skill to be applied toward decorative ends, rather than as wholly

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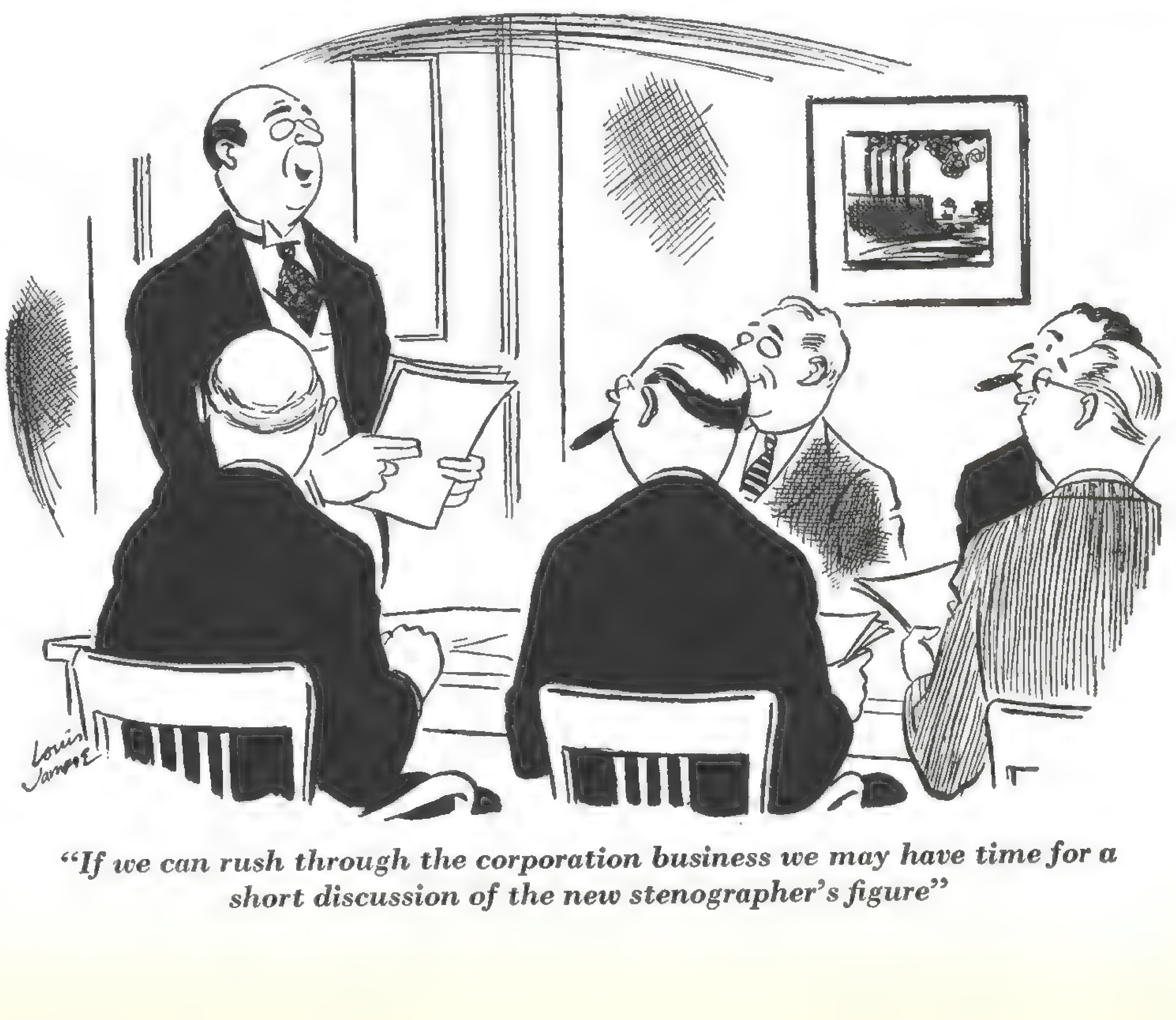
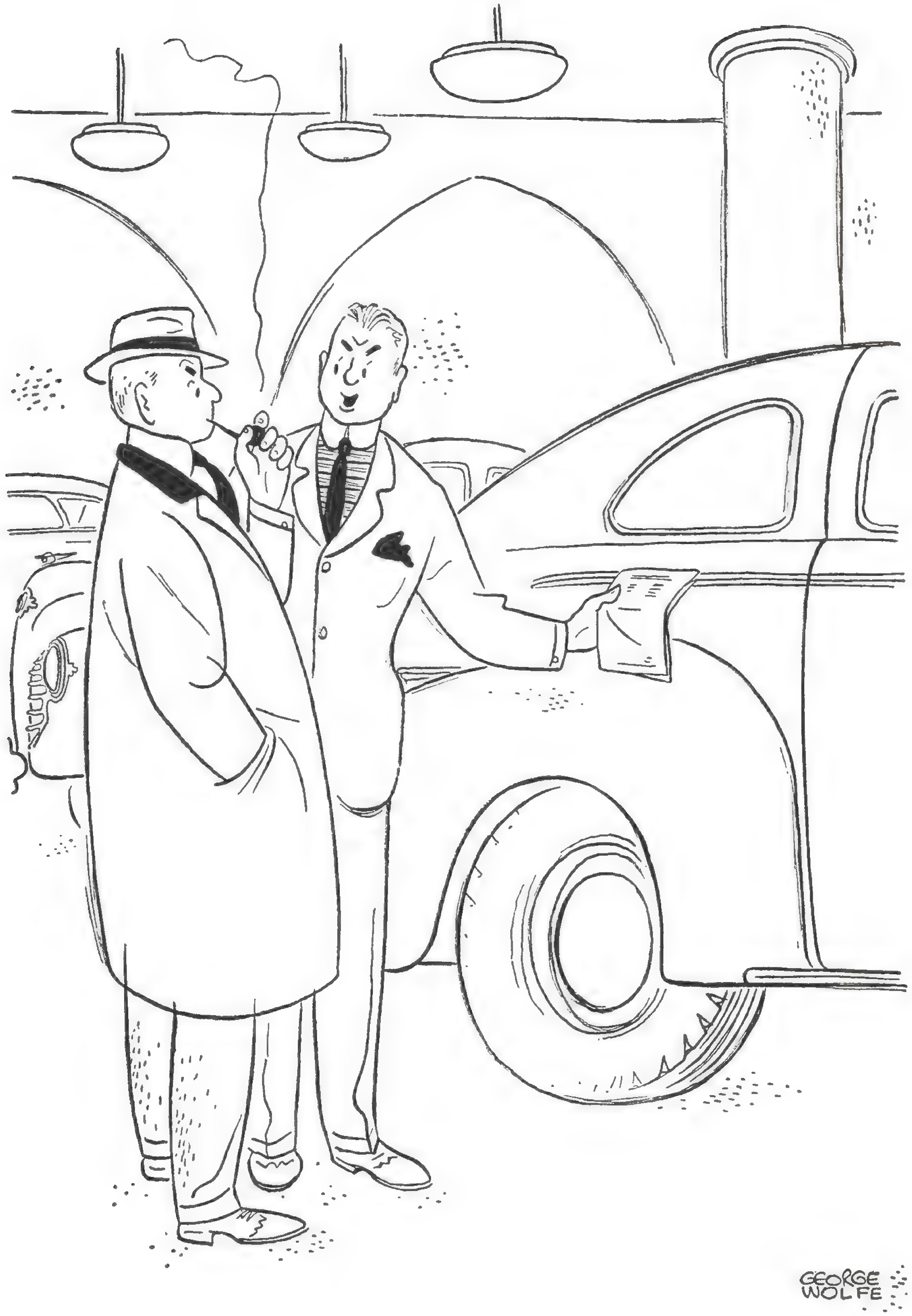


*"If we can rush through the corporation business we may have time for a short discussion of the new stenographer's figure"*


GEORGE WOLFE

*"This is our all-out model—it runs on gas, kerosene, electricity, steam or charcoal—depending on the emergency!"*

# Victory On a Conveyor Belt

### Once started, America has what it takes to beat all nations producing arms, and our motor industry is now going to town

### by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

℞

The automobile industry has at last swung into national defense in high gear . . . and the shattering of all-time records in every phase of the defense production is at close hand.

Mass production is the child of the assembly line; and the assembly line is a necklace around the pulsing throat of Detroit . . . and the whole auto empire. Using the skill, the knowledge, the experience, the resources, and the specialized imagination of the automobile field, we can produce more than any other nation in the world—better, faster, longer.

As a nation, we have everything we need to knock any enemy . . . or combination of enemies . . . as flat as a sheet of rolled steel. We have enormous reserves of skilled manpower, of production engineers; we have available vast supplies of raw material; we have special knowledge and acid-tested methods. When we screw these parts together . . . the entire axis will kow-tow to the American know-how.

Time was when this motor empire was a slumbering giant. Defense orders came in . . . and were filled, well and swiftly. But "business-as-near-usual-as-possible" was the order of the day . . . and this resourceful industrial giant could handle such peccadilloes efficiently enough without stirring. Orders came . . . and chromium went . . . and life skipped on as usual.

"This isn't our war," one official told me in Detroit, a few months ago, "we should keep our auto production up to scratch . . . even if we turn out machine guns and airplane parts for the government." And, privately, he grumbled about priorities.

Well, it is only fair to say that up to the fateful afternoon of Sunday, December 7th, this was the point of view of many men in the industry. The "government" was still felt as a thing apart, intruding, to some extent, on the smoothworking gears of industry.

But that Sunday afternoon, the news flashes that came over the radio solidified the industry and the country like the hot flame of a welding torch. The noun "Government" was instantly replaced by the pronoun "We."

And today, the industry has swung into a twenty-four hour schedule, seven days a week . . . with production engineers hot on the trail of an "eighth" day.

We have a great edge over every country in the world. Our industry, and to a large extent our so-called national character, is based on ingenuity and versatility. Our national genius is based on invention, design, development . . . and, above all, the idea of change.

"Change" in England required nothing less powerful than imminent invasion . . . to make it a recognizable and acceptable entity. We, on the other hand, identify change with progress . . . and change everything, from automobiles to wives . . . as often as economic expediency permits.

Far from resisting change . . . we run after it. Our most hypnotic advertising cantraps are the words "new," "revolutionary" . . . "bigger and better." If "Rockets to Mars" were perfected tomorrow, the American people would order them the day after . . . and the American manufacturer would have production started before the week ended. Three months later they would roll off the assembly line . . . and eleven months later they would underwrite a giant new industry.

This conception of change, love of change, preparation for it . . . combined with the proper tools, the clear-cut objective and all-out signal . . . will produce an industro-military machine which will outstrip everything previously known in the history of the habitable—if not the civilized globe.

Suppose we chart, for a moment, some plain figures. During the model year, ending July 31, 1941, the automobile industry turned out more than 4 million cars. (4,296,856 . . . to be exact). The value of this passenger car production was approximately 3 billion dollars. For a total in the field, add for 1941 800,000 commercial trucks . . . worth about 350 million dollars.

Now, suppose we convert this, gradually, into defense products. Up until Oahu-Sunday, it had been agreed that for 1942 automobile production would be cut by 50 per cent . . . restricting the total to some 2 million units. But now we can look forward to an almost complete curtailment of production for consumer units . . . which means that the whole productive capacity of that part of the industry is available for defense work . . . if and when it is required.

Meanwhile, new plants, tools, jigs, dies have been developed for the manufacture of aircraft fuselages and engines, tanks and tank parts, guns and ammunition, marine equipment, and special military motor vehicles. For, contrary to the popular notion, equipment is not "converted" from one use to another: new equipment is "built." By September the backlog of orders for this work totalled some three and one-half billion dollars.

The curtailment of auto manufacturing will not release "machinery" for defense work . . . but it will release materials, plant space, and specialized personnel. Almost half a million men are employed in the motors industry. In 1942 they will make blitz tokens.

To illustrate the way the motors industry is being metamorphized into a defense arsenal, it is necessary to break down the picture . . . in sections. Take, first the case of tanks. Chrysler . . . in a special "Tank Arsenal" . . . is turning out 28-ton tanks. The larger tanks are soon to be produced by General Motors, according to the specifications of an order

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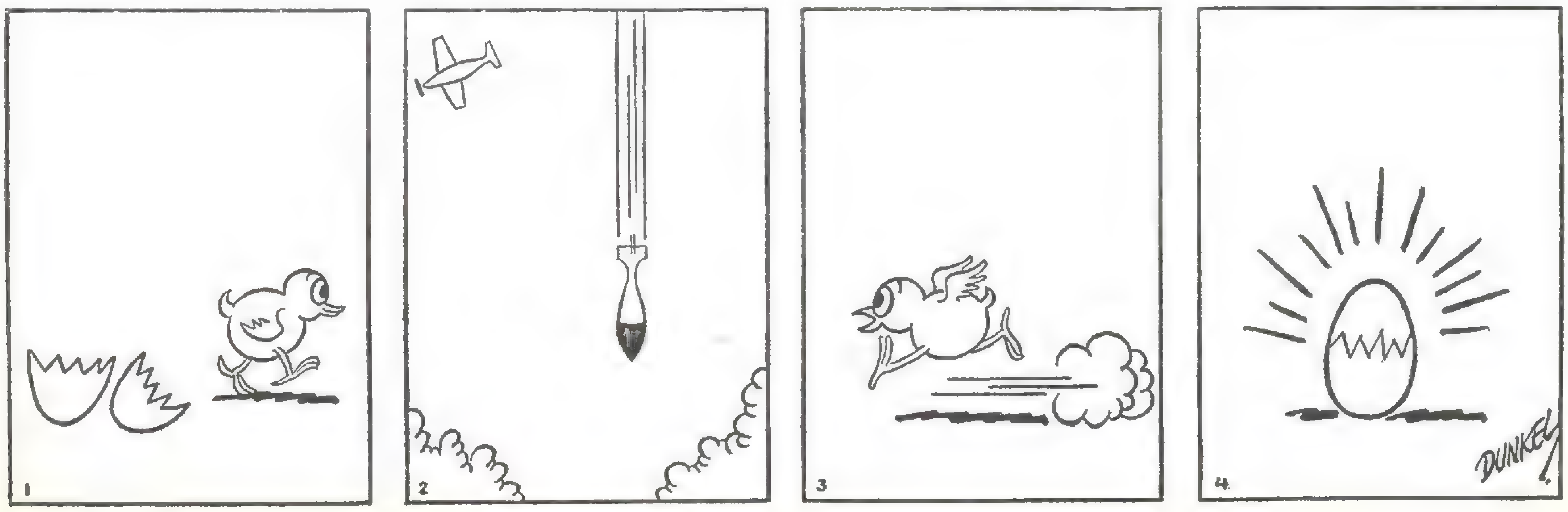


# The Esquire Sports Poll

**Since spectator sports help finance schools, the public favors some kind of subsidization of student players**

**by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

This month Esquire's Sports Poll includes the swimming coaches, and as a hemispheric solidarity plug, the Canadian sports writers. The usual electorate of the U. S. public and its sports writers also participate.

Esquire polled the tank coaches because these mentors' pupils have registered, by the exact medium of the clock, greater progress than has been made in any other sport during the past decade.

The coaches differed with the other groups polled only twice—when 65.45 per cent of them expressed the conviction that the beauties of the human female form divine, as displayed by the scant and cuticle-cuddling bathing suit, had not accounted for the boom in women's swimming; and when 51.69 per cent of them refused to believe that women athletes display less true sportsmanship than men.

Well, these gentlemen are authorities; that's why we asked them what's what. But to mutter the final word of the vanquished we personally think the coaches' judgment is a case of fellows not being able to see the forest because of the trees. Views of the limbs and trunks certainly haven't diminished popularity of women's swimming; that at least is certain.

It's significant that the coaches indicated 57.62 per cent favoritism for subsidization. Swimming isn't financially self-supporting. Help given varsity sports performers who do draw crowds through the gates, thus financing the non-profit sports, doesn't seem to be such a heinous crime to the natatorial authorities.

Reflecting again America's interest in sports is the frequency with which signatures of distinguished men pop up in the returns.

Among the ballots were found the names of such noted characters as: The Honorable James A. Farley, the Honorable Dwight F. Davis, Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, Frank Lloyd Wright, Sidney S. Lenz, Jim Tully, Lew Sarett, Robert Quillen, Harold Bell Wright, Irvin S. Cobb, Walter Wanger, Erskine Caldwell, Christopher Morley, Julian Street, Paul Horgan, Laurence La Tourette Driggs, Jr., John S. Pillsbury, Tony Sarg, Graham McNamee, Ralph Henry Barbour, W. C. Fields and Paul G. Hoffman, president of Studebaker. And now for the blow-by-blow:

## ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

*Do you think that universities and colleges are justified in subsidizing athletes through athletic scholarships in view of the large sums drawn in at the gate at athletic contests?* Yes ☑ No ☐ 69.52%

II

*Do you believe that the boom in women's swimming is due to the form-fitting bathing suit?* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 52.83%

III

*Do you believe that women athletes have less true sportsmanship than men?* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 54.37%

IV

*Do you believe that the amount of public amusement in professional wrestling justifies its fakery?* . . . . . . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 65.66%

V

*Do you believe that the possibilities of sinus infection, etc., virtually offset the physical benefits of swimming?* . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 79.34%

VI

*Do you believe that the pugilistic game will be benefited eventually by the crop of boxers now being developed in the military camps?* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 81.50%

VII

*Do you believe that U. S. O. recreational activities should be directed by Big Name athletes in preference to men trained in the administration of physical education?* . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 88.44%

VIII

*Do you believe that the American League Most Valuable Player Award was justifiably given to Joe DiMaggio over Ted Williams?* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 73.36%

IX

*Do you believe that a college football game should be played on a field of mud, in a cold down-pour of rain, which precludes skillful play and additionally jeopardizes the safety of the players?* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 69.04%

X

*Do you believe that the major leagues should automatically make a veteran ball player a free agent after he has served ten years on one club?* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ 55.92%

## BOX SCORE OF TWELVE BALLOTS:

| | I | II | III | IV | V | VI | VII | VIII | IX | X |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **James A. Farley** | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *Yes* |
| **Arthur H. Compton** | *No* | | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | | *No* | *No* |
| **Erskine Caldwell** | *No* | *No* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* |
| **Harold Bell Wright** | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | | *Yes* | *No* | | *No* | *Yes* |
| **Senator A. Capper** | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* |
| **Christopher Morley** | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | | *Yes* | *No* |
| **Walter Wanger** | *No* | *No* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* |
| **Graham McNamee** | *Yes* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* |
| **Irvin S. Cobb** | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* |
| **Paul G. Hoffman** | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* |
| **Dwight F. Davis** | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *Yes* |
| **W. C. Fields** | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | *No* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *Yes* | *No* | *Yes* |

### QUESTION I

***Do you think that universities and colleges are justified in subsidizing athletes through athletic scholarships in view of the large sums drawn in at the gate at athletic contests?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **Yes 62.63%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **Yes 57.62%** |
| **Sports editors** | **Yes 89.88%** |

According to this vote the lad who helps to account for stadium crowds and sport page mention of Alma Mater deserves a campus wages and hour law. All along the line a majority of the classified vote endorsed giving productive performers a share of their earnings for the varsity's holy cause. Mock pious attitude toward subsidization has had the boys who peddle programs at major university football games hawking "names, numbers and salaries of all the players."

"The question that I'm most interested in," wrote **Graham McNamee,** "is the first. I do not attempt to say just where the schools should start and stop in this matter, but I'm sure that a boy who has preserved a fine body, provided he has the necessary mental qualifications, may well be rewarded with at least a scholarship in any institution of learning without fear of ruining the school's morals. Many colleges would like to take the hundreds of thousands of dollars accruing from football and give nothing in return, but I feel that all schools will eventually be forced to reward their players in some manner; and there doesn't seem to be any other way except scholarships and a certain amount of support other than the tuition. I have felt strongly on the subject for years and have had many arguments. Let the Dean throw his arms about in holy horror and then after he has worked off the extra energy let him sign on the dotted line and give his money makers some kind of an honest payment for the monetary and advertising benefits they have brought to his school."

"The question about subsidies naturally demands a qualified answer from anyone who knows all the angles," wrote **Frederick Ware,** *Omaha World-Herald,* who filled in the "no" square on his ballot. "The item of gate receipts is quite apart from the ethical question of the amateurism of players and the avowed purposes of college athletics. If colleges run a football industry as a sideline their hands should draw wages—and should play teams from schools that run their sports similarly. If colleges use receipts for the development of athletic programs, if they regard players as students, then students should be treated as amateurs."

Unreservedly for subsidy, **R. G. Lynch,** *Milwaukee Journal,* argued: "Any college man will tell you that it is not possible for a student to carry a college program of study and do justice to it, work his way and devote the time to football which Big Time varsity football requires. Two of these things a man can do, not three. A man who lacks the money to pay his way through college should be given the same chance that other students have, if the university wants him to play football. He should have the same chance to do justice to his studies that another student has who works his way but is not wanted for football; and the same chance that another student has who plays football but has private means which make it unnecessary to work. The colleges should cut out the hypocrisy and meet this issue openly. Even in the sanctimonious Big Ten the football players get help. One common practice is to give players a block of tickets for each home game. University officials cannot be ignorant of the fact that the boys sell these tickets. Stars even 'find' prosperous alumni who buy their tickets at a premium. It is inconsistent and not a very pretty picture for a big university to teach its students to cheat in this way, and to make scalpers out of them."

"There are only three excuses for college football," wrote **Sec Taylor,** *Des Moines Register*, "as I see it: (1) To provide a clean, man-making, contact game for the *students* who want to play. (2) To provide entertainment and amusement for the students, alumni and public, the former particularly. (3) To provide funds for financing minor sports, which do not pay their way—intramurals, etc. I can see no excuse or reason for colleges' engaging in professional football."

Among those voting "yes" were **Lew Sarett,** the poet; **Robert Quillen,** the paragrapher; **Clement O'Neil,** editor of the *Atchison Globe;* **Phil Seguin,** *Montreal Le Canada;* **J. P. Fitzgerald,** *Toronto Evening Telegram*, and **W. C. Fields.**

Lined up against these were: **Julian Street, Paul Horgan, Laurence La Tourette Driggs, Jr., Harold Bell Wright, Irvin S. Cobb, Arthur Holly Compton,** the Nobel Prize winner; **Walter Wanger,** of Dartmouth and Hollywood; **Paul Hoffman,** president of Studebaker; **Tony Sarg,** the marionette master; **John S. Pillsbury,** the flour man; **Frank Lloyd Wright,** the father of modern architecture; **George H. Campbell,** *Oshawa*, Ontario, *Times*, and the Honorable **Dwight F. Davis,** donor of the Davis Cup.

### QUESTION II

***Do you believe that the boom in women's swimming is due to the form-fitting bathing suit?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **Yes 54.63%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **No 65.45%** |
| **Sports editors** | **Yes 56.74%** |

Famous chefs eat corned beef and cabbage at home. Millionaires gamble at golf for a dime a hole. The mailman takes a walk on his day off. The guy who hires the gorgeous chorus dolls is happily married to a jolly fat woman with buck teeth. What you see all the time doesn't impress you as it does the outsiders. Look how the mermaid mentors crossed the rest of the voters on this question!

**Senator Arthur Capper** of Kansas voted "no," saying:

> I am rather of the opinion that the propaganda on the value of swimming as a healthful exercise and as a means of reducing has done more than anything else to quicken the interest of women in swimming.

**Dr. Joe Beasley,** Kansas City, Missouri, explained:

> Women are natural and instinctive showmen. Women are naturally prone to show their stuff—else how could they convince the sex-weary male that theirs is superior to what he already has available?

**Sam W. Ingram** of Colgate, agreed:

> Yes, I believe one of the major factors for men and women has been the evolution of the suit from the "anchor" type to the "featherweight" models. It gave the bather and swimmer freedom of action.

Among the swimming coaches answering "yes" were: **Guy Nesom,** Louisiana State Normal; **Major Walter L. Lowry, Jr.,** Virginia Military Institute; **Neils Thorpe,** Minnesota; **Hal Beatty,** Fresno State; **Otho M. Polk,** Hardin-Simmons; **D. P. Chalmers,** Lafayette; **Karl B. Michael,** Dartmouth; **R. B. Miller,** Bowdoin; and **W. S. Merriam,** Pennsylvania.

Tank mentors voting "no" included: **"Cy" Twombly,** Washington and Lee; **W. C. Higginbotham,** Louisiana State; **R. E. Jamerson,** North Carolina; **Alex Wilson,** Loyola of Chicago; **R. G. Upton,** Texas State Teachers College, Nacogdoches, Texas; **Charles C. Imel,** Kenyon; **Carl B. Munson,** Wooster; **Walter J. Donovan,** Niagara; **Donald D. Drumm,** Marietta; **Roman L. Speegle,** Rochester; **Harold Norgan,** Tusculum; **Steve M. Hokuf,** Wyoming; **W. S. Koch,** Cornell College; **Dr. Wesley Gadd,** Colorado College; **Robert Royer,** Indiana; **R. B. Daubert,** Michigan State; **Willis D. Lamb,** Coe; **Steve Sinko,** Duquesne; **R. C. Heidloff,** Virginia; **Howard Stepp,** Princeton; **Julian W. Robertson,** Texas; and **H. Ortland, Jr.,** Navy.

### QUESTION III

***Do you believe that women athletes have less true sportsmanship than men?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **Yes 50.84%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **No 51.69%** |
| **Sports editors** | **Yes 58.86%** |

Agreed in this voting are the public and the sports editors. Against them stand the swimming coaches who've had extensive opportunity to observe women's reactions in one fairly new field of competitive sport. Maybe as the female is conditioned to the conventionalities of being a good sport she learns to sheathe her claws and be so obviously and utterly charming in defeat she makes the winner look bad.

The lads seemed to be afraid of making much comment on this one.

**Joseph R. Rogers, Jr.,** Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass., stated:

> The only difference I have noticed in sportsmanship between men and women is that a woman cannot accept defeat with a smile. Most men, when defeated, smile and shake the hand of their victor. Not the women; they are very apt to give vent to their true feelings and refuse to congratulate their victor. In this respect they are not, in my mind, any less true sportsmen. They are just less hypocritical. After all the incentive in competition is to win, not to lose. If you have a so-called "good loser," you have only a loser.

**Harry Scott,** Calgary, Alberta, *Albertan*, battled for the ladies when he said:

> Women athletes have as much sportsmanship as men athletes. I refer you to the great sportsmanship of the Edmonton Grads, queens of the ladies' basketball world for a period of twenty-five years or more.

**Deak Morse,** St. Johnsbury, Vermont, *Caledonian-Record*, snapped back:

> As a class women have often shown themselves to be lousy sports. In defeat there are far too many of them that cannot take it with grace. The first alibi must have been established by some cave woman who lost a cave man to some other amazon. They've been hot at it ever since.

The veteran sports writer, **Sam Otis,** *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, shows how a fellow in his business learns to keep his left up. Said Sam:

> Women who start play while young are more likely to display sportsmanship, but most women competitors are those starting in middle age, or slightly younger, and lack the proper bringing up in sports ways.

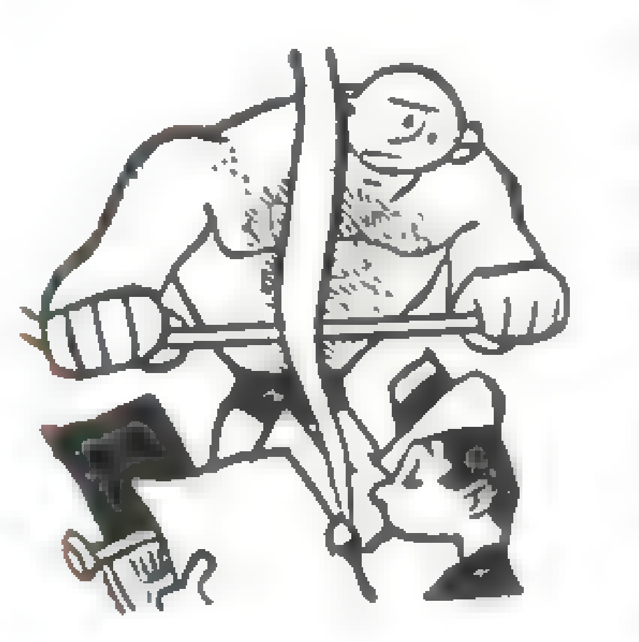
**R. O. Papenguth,** Purdue's swimming coach, evidently speaks from observation when he lays the problem right at the feet of the parents. He wrote:

> I have found girls with just as fine sportsmanship as men. We also have some rotten sports among men. However, most young girl athletes are accompanied by their parents in most cases during their training and competition. I believe the jealousy that crops up in the parents often reflects in the girls, and as a result poor sportsmanship develops.

**Kenneth Jones,** Peoria, Illinois, *Journal-Transcript*, said:

> The gals haven't had as much training as the boys. Little boys are rotten sportsmen. They learn to be good ones.

### QUESTION IV



***Do you believe that the amount of public amusement in professional wrestling justifies its fakery?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **No 66.30%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **No 74.57%** |
| **Sports editors** | **No 61.74%** |

Even the faking of wrestling is getting to be unfunny. Answers to this one make it plain that the grunters had better get new script writers or reconcile themselves to joining the silent movies' pie-throwers in oblivion. The grunters' loving friends, though in a minority, argue valiantly to preserve the belly-laughs of mat fakery as one of the priceless freedoms.

Leading the chant to throw the bums out is **Warren Brown,** long in W. R. Hearst's employ and now sports editor of the *Chicago Sun*, made to rise and shine by Marshall Field and Silliman Evans.

Mr. Brown registered his enthusiastic ennui toward the grunters:

> The fault lies in the presentation in some sports news columns of the wrestling matches as serious competition. Certain Commissions have made themselves silly by dignifying the hippodromes with rules and regulations. I was among the first to start spoofing the "beeg, strong fellers," and at the moment I am able to get no great urge to worry about them, one way or another. As a strip-tease-less burlesque show, the wrestlers probably have a place, but usually when they are showing, I remember that my place is at home with a good book. This is the opinion of one who scandalized Chicagoan ringsiders in 1923 or thereabouts by reading (in the press row) a copy of the early edition of his newspaper throughout the furious (?) struggle between the Elder Zbyszko and Ed Lewis.

**Vincent D. Lunny,** Montreal *Standard*, voted "yes" with the minority on these grounds:

> Fakery in wrestling is justified because most fans realize that they are paying merely to see a show. They attend the "championship" matches in much the same frame of mind as they would attend a vaudeville performance and the more spectacular the display, the better they like it, even though fakery is employed to assure spectator appeal.

On the other hand, **Albert Gaucher,** sports editor of *Le Nouvelliste*, Trois-Rivieres, Quebec, Canada, voted "no" stating:

> About wrestling. My opinion is the wrestling may be considered like the most revolting sport that I know. The public goes to wrestling only for a recreation, a distraction not more. That's a fake, plenty of fake. Meanwhile, very much funny et very much spectacular in reality. I don't get any way no sympathy for wrestlers.

**Ike Campbell,** Enid, Oklahoma, *News*,

***Continued on page 131***

# Martians Like It Dry

## Recent developments in physics disprove Lowell's picture of a race building huge canals in a valiant struggle to survive

### by JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.

• ARTICLE •

Although light is the only clue that can give him any direct information about other planets, an astronomer must depend more on keen wits than on keen eyes. His study of phenomena here on Earth bulks fully as large, in the advancement of his science, as the study of the planets themselves. No more beautiful example of this exists than that the canal-digging Man from Mars has been wiped out, not by revelations from the 200-inch super-telescope on Mt. Palomar, but by study of the evaporation of a drop of water.

Sixty-five years ago, G. V. Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, first reported the "canali" on the surface of Mars. Since that time the art of the telescope maker has improved a score of times, the size and power of his product has doubled and doubled again. And yet observers today are in exactly the position they were in in 1877—some say there are canals on Mars, and some equally competent observers say there are not. One school holds that the thin, continuous lines are realities, the other that they are optical illusions made up of eye-fatigue and scattered, unrelated shadings.

In that sixty-five years, photography has been applied to the study of the planets, instruments capable of measuring the temperature of a planet a billion miles distant have been perfected— and the canals of Mars remain a mystery.

It is certainly not for lack of effort. Even aside from his professional curiosity, the astronomer has a very deep and personal interest in that problem. The astronomer is a lonely man, oppressed by a loneliness no other occupation can bring. His work-room is not his observatory, but the cold and black and night of space that is infinite in time and extent. It is an immensity to which the mind can conceive no end.

In that outer emptiness the astronomer's mind must dwell. All his concentration is focussed out there, where the stars aren't close, bright points of friendly light, but Titan masses of soundless, furious flame, coldly indifferent to all things but the heave and strain of gravitational pulls that reach across a billion billion miles of black abyss. There's an overwhelming sense of loneliness that comes with daily awareness of our position on a burnt-out little cinder circling one very ordinary star in that vast pageant.

Are we alone in looking out at those flaming suns? Among all their millions, is none but our own sun warming habited planets? No telescope, no instrument we can now hope to devise, can ever reveal an answer to that question. The nearest of the stars is too immensely remote. But perhaps one of the eight other planets we do know bears living beings that share with us that vision of infinity of black space and far scattered stars?

The astronomer, feeling something of that aloneness of our race on this world, has had double reason for seeking to solve the mystery of the canals of Mars. If they are real, those canals would strongly indicate that there were other intelligences, other understanding eyes to look out upon the stars and wonder with us.

Why have the efforts of two generations of astronomers seemingly failed to advance us appreciably beyond the point Schiaparelli left us almost two-thirds of a century ago?

The root of the trouble is this; every telescope on Earth has been placed in precisely the sort of location an astronomer would *not* select if he had really free choice: at the bottom of a 500-mile deep ocean of extremely erratic air. The astronomer would really like to establish his observatory on the airless mountains of the Moon.

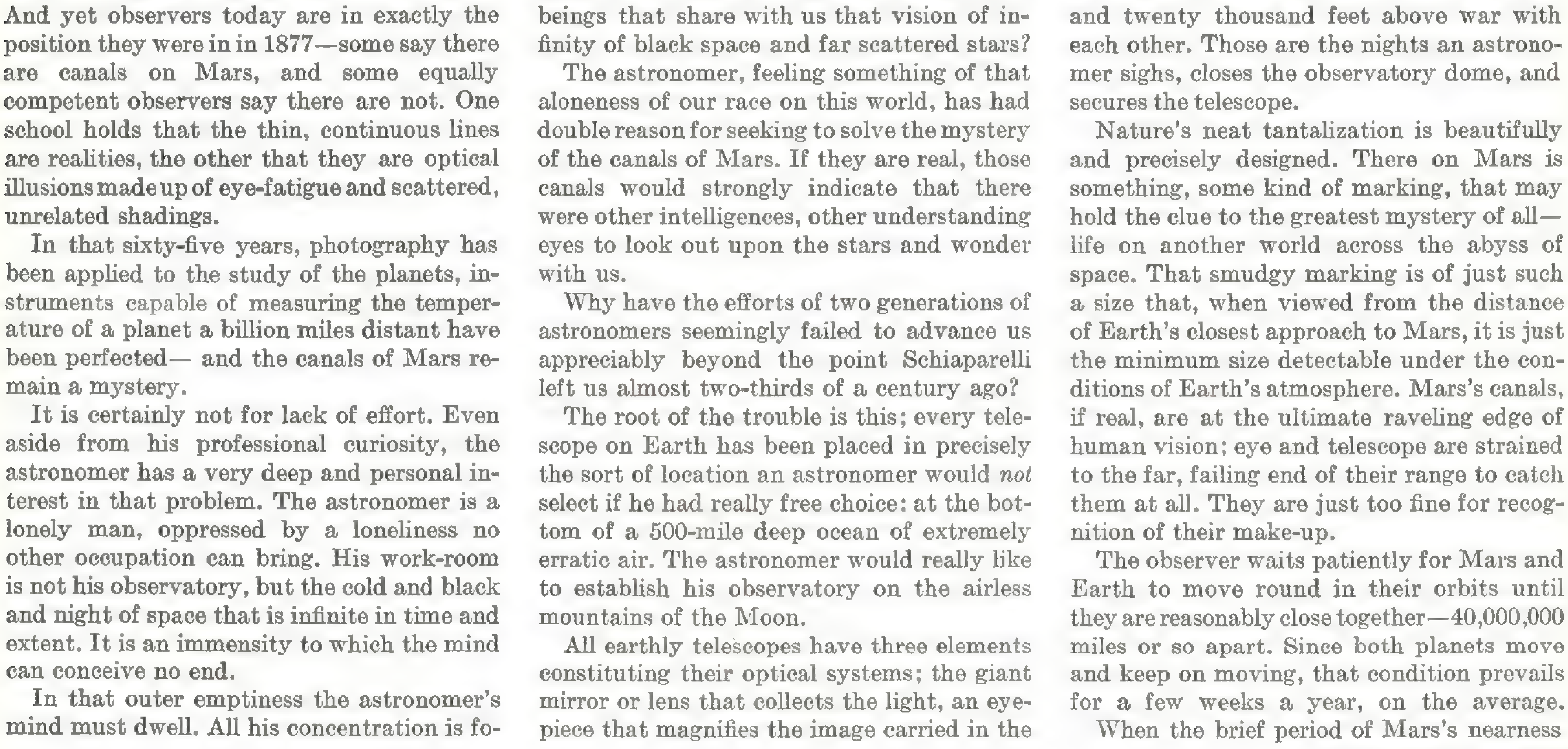
All earthly telescopes have three elements constituting their optical systems; the giant mirror or lens that collects the light, an eyepiece that magnifies the image carried in the light the big mirror gathered, and the 500 miles of turbulent air through which the apparatus must peer. The mirror is polished and shaped with an accuracy measured in ten-millionths of an inch, the lenses of the eyepiece are ground and formed with fanatical care—but the air heaves up or slumps down with every change of barometric pressure, and wriggles like a pleased puppy when the high-level winds blow. So long as telescopes are mounted on Earth, and the wind bloweth where it listeth, the magnification an astronomer can usefully employ is strictly limited.

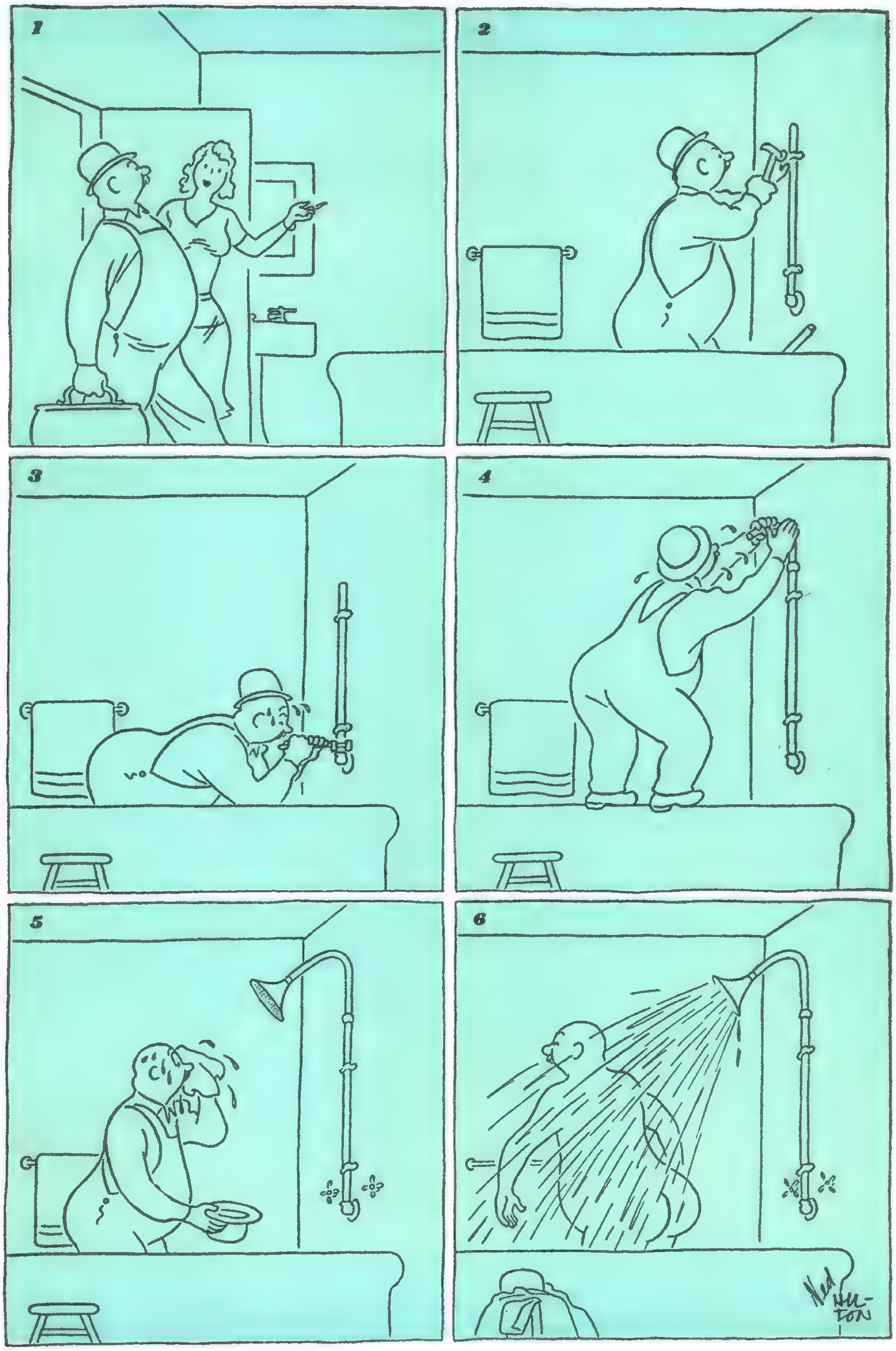
Many a cold, clear night when the stars seem near and very bright, they dance and swing and jerk about as the lenslike masses of cold and warm air twenty to a hundred and twenty thousand feet above war with each other. Those are the nights an astronomer sighs, closes the observatory dome, and secures the telescope.

Nature's neat tantalization is beautifully and precisely designed. There on Mars is something, some kind of marking, that may hold the clue to the greatest mystery of all—life on another world across the abyss of space. That smudgy marking is of just such a size that, when viewed from the distance of Earth's closest approach to Mars, it is just the minimum size detectable under the conditions of Earth's atmosphere. Mars's canals, if real, are at the ultimate raveling edge of human vision; eye and telescope are strained to the far, failing end of their range to catch them at all. They are just too fine for recognition of their make-up.

The observer waits patiently for Mars and Earth to move round in their orbits until they are reasonably close together—40,000,000 miles or so apart. Since both planets move and keep on moving, that condition prevails for a few weeks a year, on the average. When the brief period of Mars's nearness

*Continued on page 156*

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Ned HIL-TON

# Peter Cartwright's Windies

### He was a great talker, though he was new in the town and there was always someone willing to listen

### by LOUIS ZARA

**•FICTION•**

You must know our town before you can understand this. The marker at the limits where the highway ends and Main Street begins says we are "Population 500." But, you know, we are really 475; the rest have been added to make out a round number. I guess we really are like that: round numbers, round people. It makes us feel more complete. Even to round stories—and that brings me to Peter Cartwright.

He came into our hills thirty years ago. I remember when he arrived. He bought the old Greenlee farm and the wooden house down by the creek. He had a wife but she died soon after they came. There were no children. As long as she was alive he rarely went into the square. Afterwards he needed company, folks to talk to, and he became more friendly.

He was about forty then, a big rawboned man with a reddish beard. From the way he talked he might have been from anywheres in the country, Texas or California, or even Michigan. He wasn't one of your spouters who tells everything all at one sitting. Whatever he had to say was interesting and there was always a thread left to make people want him to take up next time where he had left off. A man like that you can't turn away with a cold look or a few minutes of silence. None of us old families forgot that he was really a foreigner, but we liked him anyway.

He was a great one for long walks on our dirt roads. You could see him a mile off when he came striding along, his coat open, a thick stick in his hand, no hat and his hair streaming in the wind, and his corncob stuck in his beard and him puffing like a switch engine. Of course, he was an outsider and folks were wary of him. But he was a good talker and there was always someone ready to listen to him.

First year he came he told how he had been down in Havana when the battleship *Maine* blew up.

"I was in the stokehold then," he said quietly. He squatted on his heels with the rest of us in front of the general store and picked at pebbles in the road. "We was in the harbor but some of the ship's company was always left aboard. I had liberty, all the liberty I wanted while we were in port. But I got tired of Havana."

He dropped his eyes. "Cuban girls—well, they're good but they're like all the rest of them when you come to know them. I was tired and I went back and reported in. I went down to my bunk and got ready to call it a night. Just then a mate hustled in and gave me a hail. He was in some trouble. So I got up and dressed again and left ship with him. We were down on the waterfront going into a bar when the explosion came. She was nearly blowed out of the water and 266 of the ship's company was killed." He shook his head. "It was the closest I ever come to being killed."

Ezra Hall, who keeps the store, got to his feet. "When was that there *Maine* blowed up?" he asked as though he didn't care.

"It was February—lemme see," said Peter. "It was February fifteenth in '98."

A few minutes later Ezra shuffled out of the store. He gave us the sign. He had looked it up in his almanac and found the date true. Ezra always did that when he thought someone was telling a windy. "Says the blowing up of the *Maine* started the Span-American War," he added. Peter's eyes crinkled but he said nothing.

That was maybe the first story Peter Cartwright ever told at the general store. But it wasn't the last. Sometimes they were just plain stories and sometimes they were those far-fetched ones we called "windies," but for thirty years he was about the best story teller our town ever had. As he said, going around the world with Uncle Sam's Navy, he'd seen pretty near everything there is to see.

Once he told about a trip to those Pyramids in Egypt when his boat was in Port Said. Maybe a lot of people have seen the Pyramids but Peter could almost make you see them yourself the way he talked about them.

"We had three days' liberty," he said, sucking on his pipe, "and two mates and me we started out to see the world from the back of a camel. Now there ain't no riding more uncomfortable than the back of a camel. No brute grouchier and no smell worser. But we were bound to see the Pyramids and we seen 'em. The best of the lot is at Ghizeh near Cairo. You wouldn't believe to see them sitting in the empty desert there as though someone had let them down there with a block and tackle. We seen the Sphinx, too. I didn't like her. The only riddle I know about her is how did she ever get there, poor old stone woman sitting in the sand. We climbed up one pyramid but the sun blistered my neck and my mates wasn't interested in going up the others so we quit.

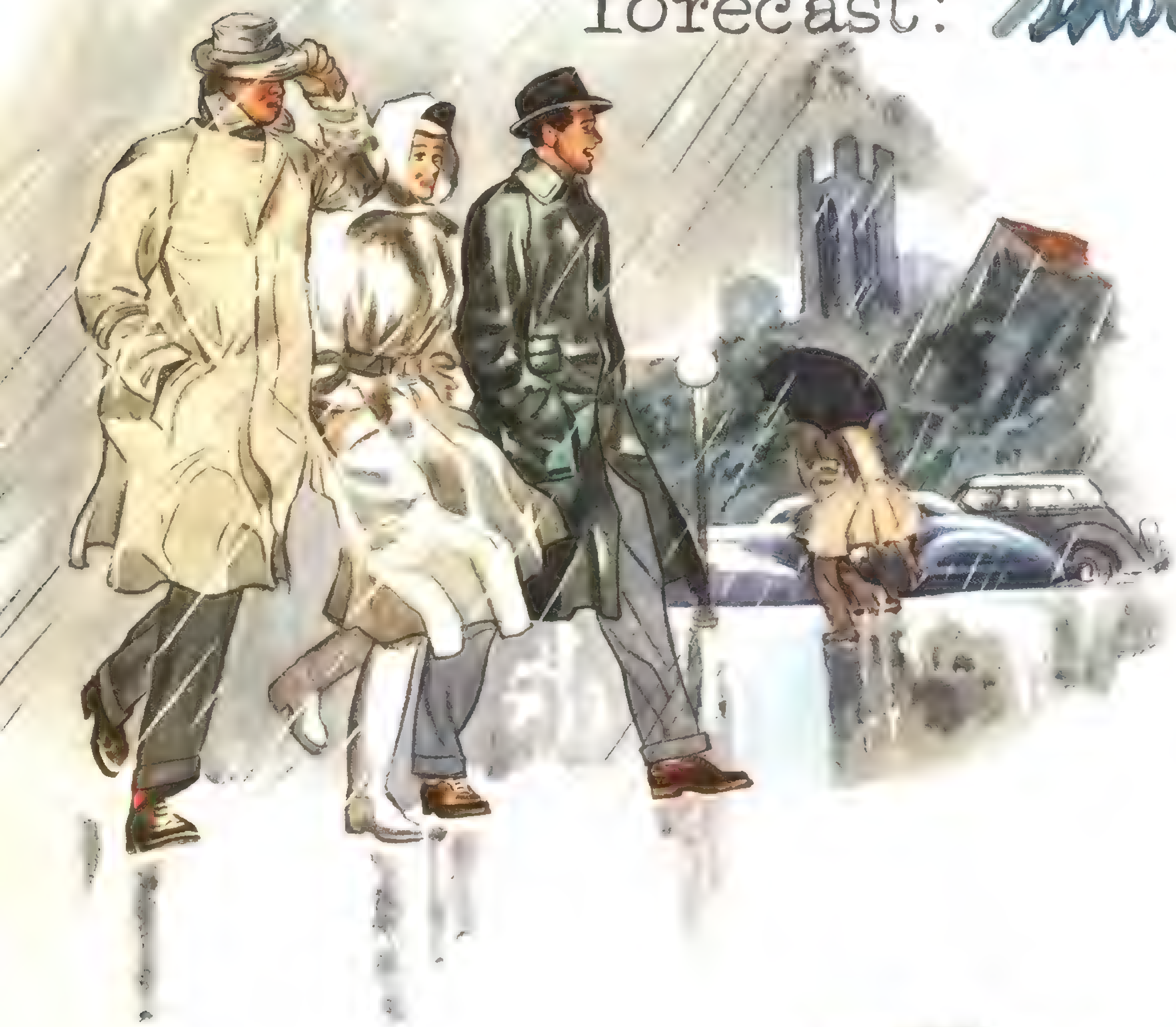
"On the way back to Cairo we was jumped on by a bunch of Egyptians with dirty sheets wrapped around them and those dirty turbans on their heads. They pulled knives, but me and my mates were no kids. We got away but I've carried a scar on my ribs from that fight to this day." He yanked up his shirttails and showed us the gash.

He had been to the Holy Land, too. He told about riding into Jerusalem on a donkey and seeing the holy places. Someone told Reverend Macready about it, and the minister had Peter tell the whole congregation about it one Sunday night. Peter stood leaning first on one foot and then on the other, his hands crossed before him. His beard was wetted and combed for the occasion, and his eyes glowed as he talked.

"I seen the River Jordan," he said and

Continued on page 168

# Esquire
# forecast: *showers followed*



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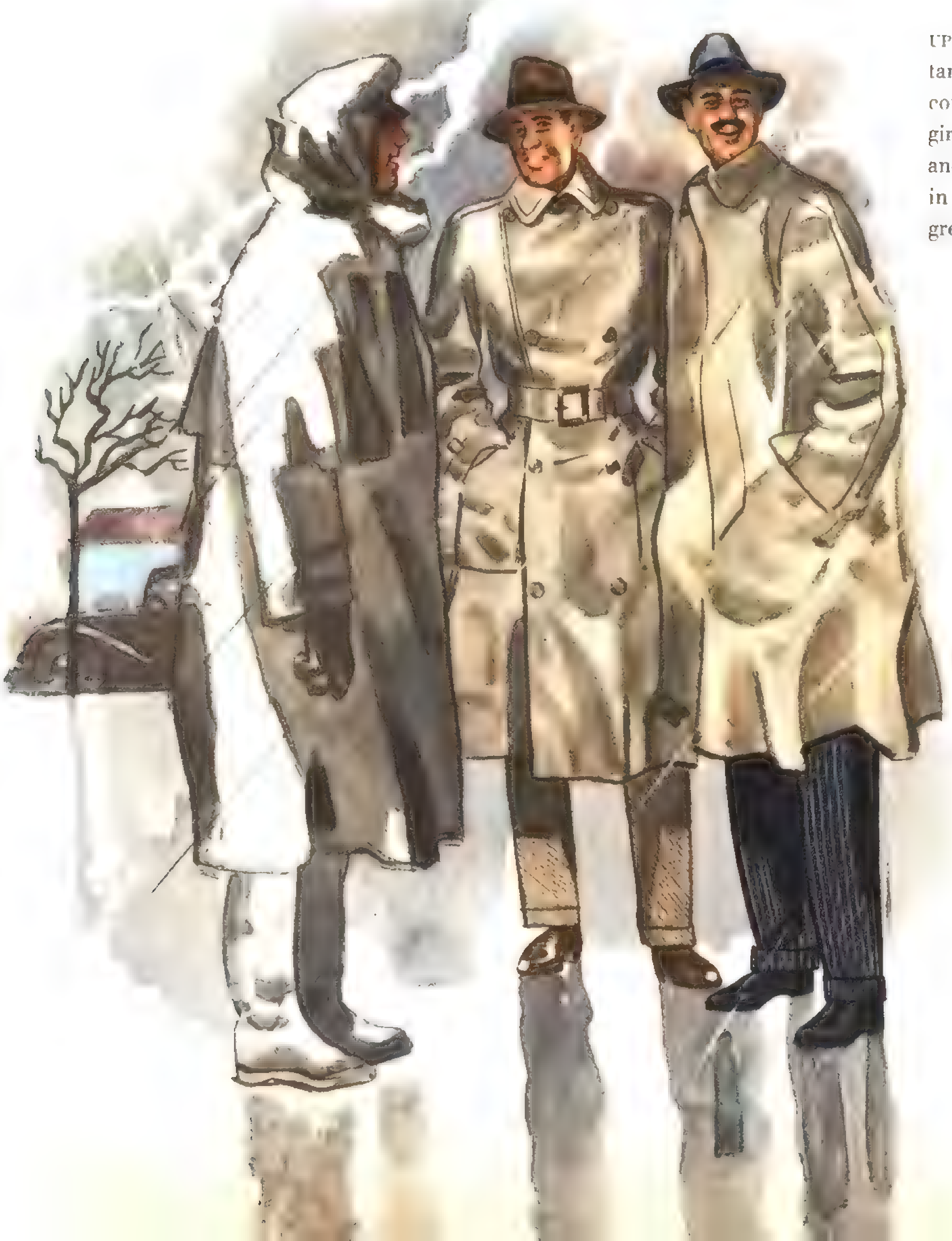

UPPER LEFT: The first undergradua
tan cotton raincoat with raglan sho
covert cloth slacks, wool hose, an
girl is all under cover in a hoode
and rubber boots. The third memb
in a green oiled coacher coat. He
grey flannel slacks, wool socks, an

LOWER LEFT: Talking
business man who wea
processed cotton twill
down hat. Brownston
brown shoes that are
The second man favors
Grey felt hat, flannel s

UPPER RIGHT: The first man
checked Harris tweed topco
colored oxford shirt with
Saxony suit, brown wing tip
smoker combines the overp
brown rough felt hat, twee

LOWER RIGHT: The umbr
topcoat with fly front a
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collar, broadcloth shirt,
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tie, unfinished worste

# by sunshine

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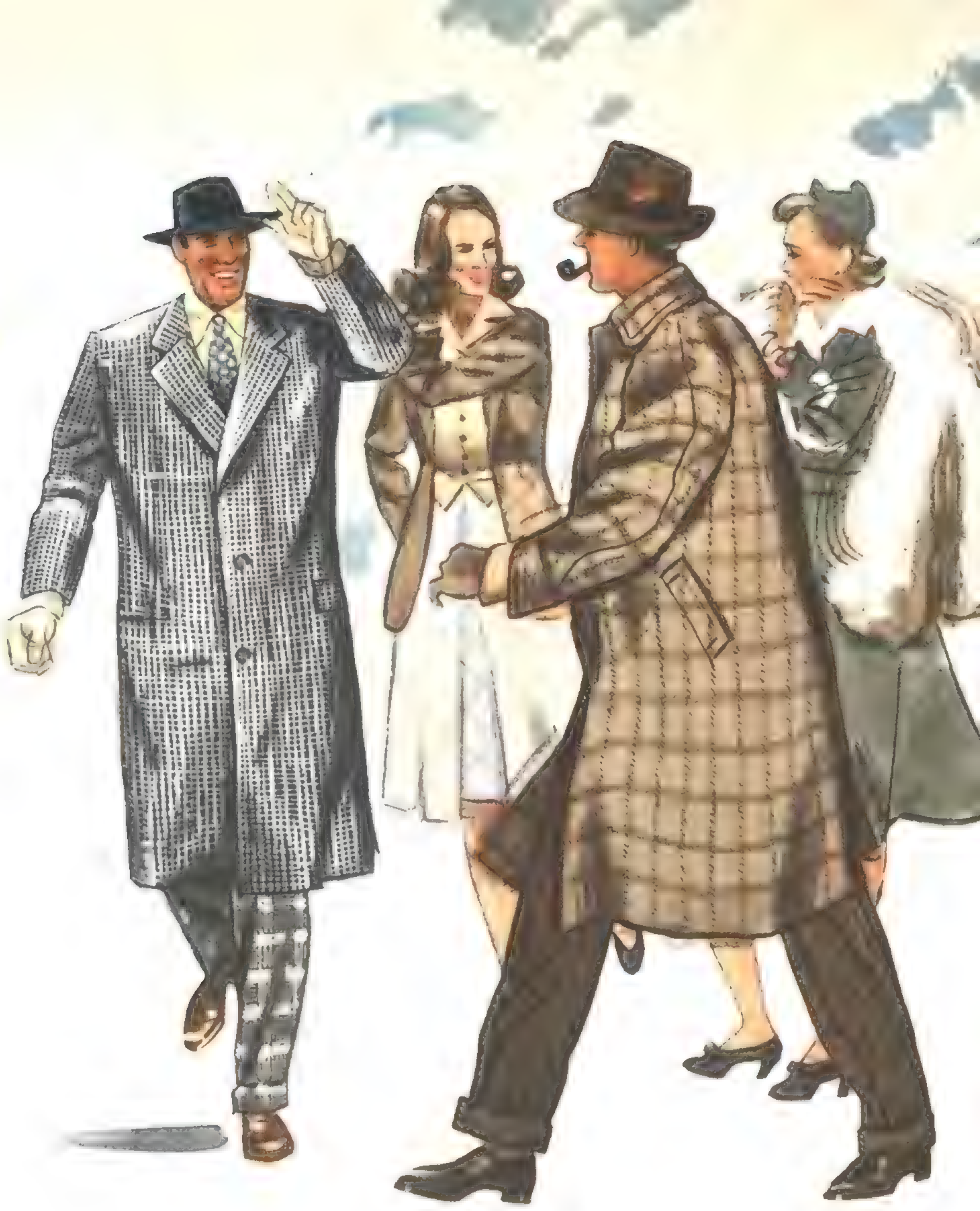
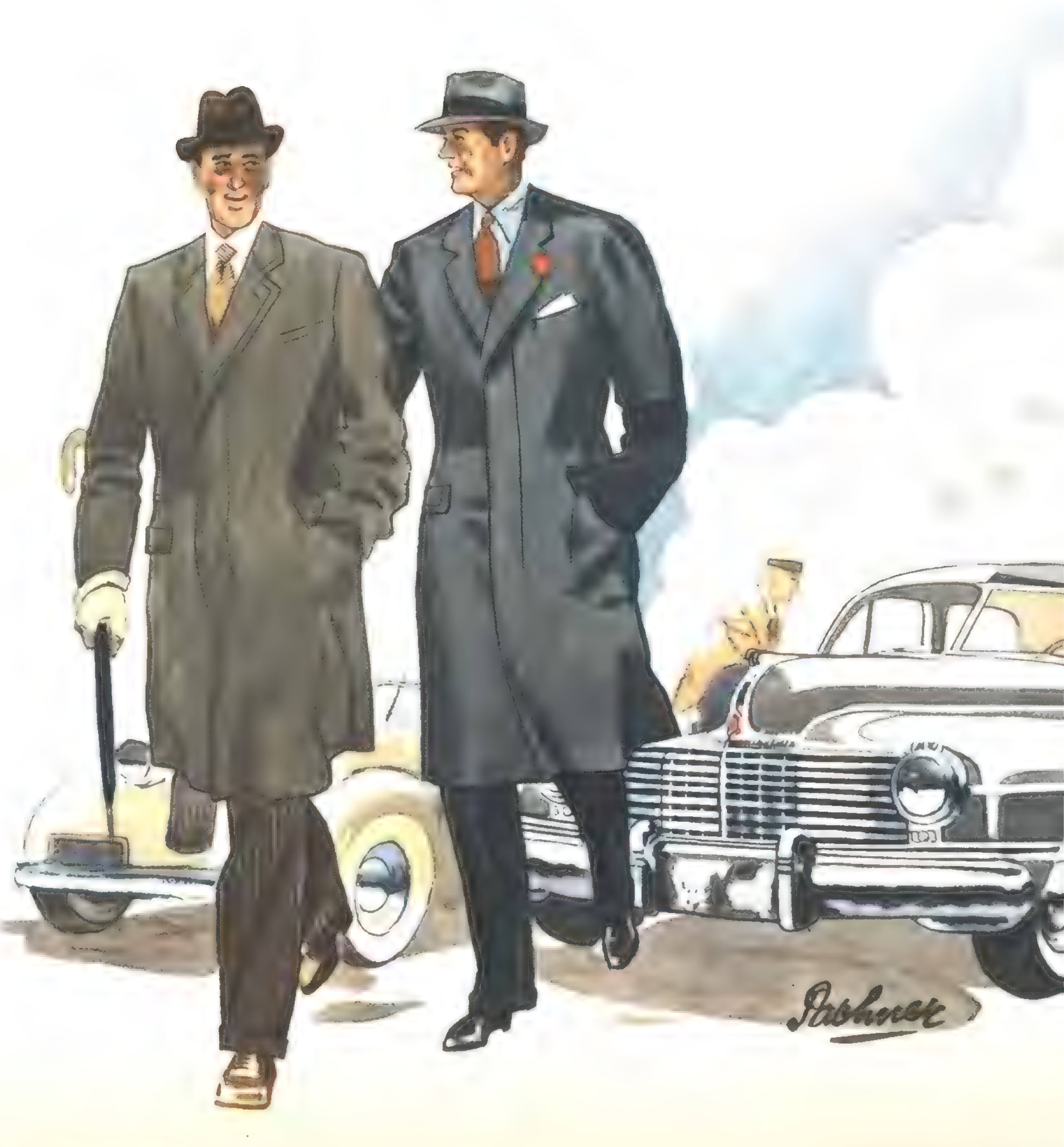


ate wears the short processed
oulders, processed cotton hat,
d brown wing tip shoes. The
ed processed cotton raincoat
ber of the group steps ahead
also wears a khaki felt hat,
nd brown seamless top shoes.

to the adequately garbed policeman is a
ars the belted double breasted raincoat in
l, with epaulets. He also has on a brims-
ne diagonal tweed suit, and double-soled
treated with a waterproofing compound.
s the fly-fronted gabardine raincoat, a Star
suit, and rubbers over his town last shoes.

n in this country scene wears a grey
oat, greyish blue pork pie hat, cream
lounge collar, wool tie, Glen plaid
p shoes, and chamois gloves. The pipe
plaid brown tweed Balmacaan with a
ed suit, wool socks, dark brown shoes.

rella toter is turned out in a covert cloth
and change pocket. With it are allied a
hat, striped repp silk tie, white starched
t, chamois gloves, chalk striped worsted
His companion wears a Star Grey tweed
nap brim hat, broadcloth shirt, foulard
ed suit, and black straight tip shoes.



**ANN GILLIS**
HURRELL PHOTOGRAPH

## The Right to Live

Continued from page 44

belong to one. The customs inspectors may even forget about it. But after a few minutes the shoes again seemed to him a better receptacle for the money. And, according to the ebb and flow of his emotions, from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, he paid six visits to the men's room to remove the banknote from his hat and hide it in his shoe, or to take it out of his sock and stick it under the hatband.

Finally both ideas began to seem equally bad to him. He took the hundred-dollar bill, folded it up very small, and put it in a match box, under the matches. Having done this, he placed the box on the smoking table of the compartment. If they searched the match box, he could say it didn't belong to him, he didn't know how it got there in the first place. True, the money would be lost, but he would not have to go to jail at least.

The actress watched the boy's tortured behavior with a half-ironic, half-benevolent smile. Finally she couldn't stand it any longer:

"Poor Georgie," she said, "I feel very sorry for you. And I am mad at you too! Why didn't you come to me for advice? Just between you and me, I have all my jewelry with me and I am not in the least afraid that they are going to find it at the frontier!"

"Where did you hide it?" the boy asked curiously.

The actress smiled like a sphinx. Then, whispering, although there was nobody else in the compartment, she told him:

"It's all in my overnight bag. In a cake of soap and a tube of toothpaste. But not a new cake of soap and not an unopened tube of toothpaste! The soap is half used up, and the tube looks as if I had been using it for weeks. It would never occur to them to look in these places!"

"Colossal!" the boy whispered enthusiastically. "You are certainly one smart woman! Of course you can take your jewelry across the frontier like that, and bring them back the same way!"

"You are mistaken," the woman answered him very significantly. "I am going to deposit all of it in the safe of some bank, outside. Why should I have them with me? One day we are going to have a law that everybody must surrender his jewelry to the government. If that day comes, I'll be able to say with a clear conscience that I haven't got any."

The actress was not the only one who had such worries. The authorities made so much trouble for people on account of their property that they were beginning to be hysterical. As if it had been a crime to own a pair of earrings, it became a general custom not to wear any conspicuous piece of jewelry, but to send it away, abroad by all means. No matter where you lived, for some reason "abroad" seemed much safer than home. But, generally speaking, there were fine distinctions between the different countries from the point of view of their dependability. For example, the mountainous country was considered much more secure than the actress's homeland—up to the time of the great deluge which covered even the highest mountain peaks.

The boy's respect for his lady's composure and cleverness grew apace. As he looked at her, the superfluity of his admiration was being transformed into amorous vapors. As for the actress, she felt immensely pleased by her friend's boyish naïveté: she felt like stroking his hair, which she did, just as one pats a stupid but very much loved big dog.

It got dark. The electric lights of the compartment were turned on. The train arrived at the frontier. It stopped; it practically struck root at the ragged little station which in the golden age of Europe used to have absolutely no significance. The engine was unhitched and driven away to take on water. There was plenty of time for everything. The customs inspection was not going to be over in the twinkling of an eye.

The doors were being slammed throughout the long train. One could hear a mingling of sighs and semi-suppressed cursing. The passengers from whom half a ham, a box of cigars, or a camera had been taken away, sighed or argued angrily according to their temperament. The customs inspectors were slowly approaching the compartment of the stage couple.

Finally they appeared on the corridor and opened the door of the compartment. In the old days, long-long ago, a civilian inspector with an armband and an innocent rubber stamp used to be enough for this transaction. Now there were at least ten of them. Soldiers with sidearms, non-coms and officers with revolver holsters, as if nobody but murderers had been traveling on the train.

The commandant of the group, a sweating, fat, unpleasant man, looked suspiciously into the young actor's passport. Then he scrutinized with a glance its owner:

"Do you have anything dutiable, or anything the exportation of which is forbidden by law?" he asked the boy with threatening severity.

The actor turned deathly pale and could hardly keep his eyes away from the match box. He was the kind of actor who gets stage fright every time he hears his cue. Now, too, his voice trembled as he answered much too nonchalantly:

"Nothing, nothing at all . . . Only clothes . . ."

The commandant pursed his lips sourly. "This kid's got some dough tucked away on him"—he thought—"he must have, because he is out for a good time. But he can't have much . . . An actor like him . . . To hell with it! I'll let the sap get away with it this time. I'm not going to waste my time searching him!"

He turned to the actress:

"And what do you have with you, Madame?"

"Clothes . . . Toilet articles . . . You may look at them. My baggage is up above . . ." the lady answered with ice-cold calm. She even succeeded in imitating a suppressed yawn, as if she were being bored by the whole useless and pointless procedure.

The fat commandant cast an upward glance at the baggage rack. Then he asked with dry politeness:

"May I see that overnight bag, please?" And he was already lifting down the alligator-hide, silk-lined bag. His hand did not err for one second; he wasted no time. He reached for the soap container and the toothpaste. With a knife he sliced the soap in two; he squeezed the paste from the tube. The gems, removed from their settings, coruscated in the moist palm of his hand.

There was deathly silence in the compartment. The actress's mouth felt dry; her throat constricted with terror. She couldn't say a word; she just watched silently as the commandant wiped the precious stones with his handkerchief, examining them. Those stones stood for her whole life. How long it had taken, how difficult it had been to collect them! The rubies she had earned with her art, on the stage. The diamonds she had earned with her art too, but later on in the evening, when the show was over. How much she had had to struggle to get them, and now they were taking them away from her!

The fat commandant held a diamond up to the light and scrutinized it. Then he remarked, with the cool criticism of a pawnshop appraiser:

"It's pretty large . . . Too bad it's a little yellowish . . ."

This filled the cup. This much suffering couldn't be borne in silence. Wasn't it enough for them to take the diamonds away from her, did they have to insult her on top of all that? Yellowish! The actress screamed out and fell back in a dead faint on the plushy seat of the compartment.

The commandant turned back and motioned to one of his men:

"Corporal! Go get a glass of water for the lady!"

The soldier left to fetch the water. The young actor sat by his unfortunate lady, kissed her hair, stroked her hands, and tried to revive her. How could this terrible thing happen to her, of all people? His curiosity got the better of him and he asked the commandant humbly:

"If I may ask, Excellency, did somebody tip you off about this poor woman?"

"What makes you think I had been tipped off?" the commandant retorted, morosely.

"Because you reached for the soap and the toothpaste at once!"

The commandant waved his fat hand contemptuously:

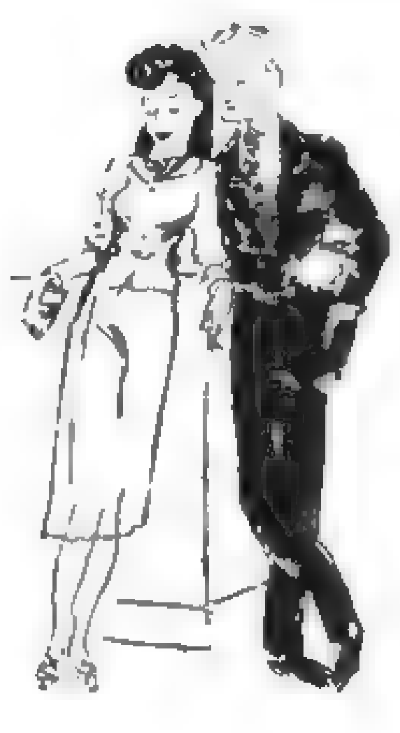
"Nobody tipped me off. For weeks we have been looking in cakes of soap and tubes of toothpaste only. Somebody made the idea fashionable, like sun-tan stockings . . . Since then all the women I've come up against have been trying to smuggle out their jewelry like this one . . ."

The actress sighed deeply and slowly raised her long, bronze-colored lashes. The poor woman had aged ten years in ten minutes.

No sign of compassion could be detected on the sweating face of the fat officer. Yet he wasn't an evil man; deep inside he felt a little sorry about the brilliant success of his guess. He looked at the woman meditatively. What was this poor dame going to do without her rocks? She wasn't going to get any new diamonds, that much was certain. But the situation was beyond help. From his pocket he took the official blanks, screwed off the top of his fountain pen, and got ready to take down the confession when the lady came to. ##

## JEEZ!

*by* **PHIL STACK**



*I hope that I will never be*
*The victim of an author's Tea;*
*A Tea where tea is never found*
*But Scotch and shady jokes abound;*
*A Tea where no one can recall*
*The guy whose tome has caused the brawl;*
*A Tea where authors praise their books*
*And give each other dirty looks . . .*
*Upon whose bosoms drinks are slopped*
*Upon whose laps the babes are propped . . .*
*Poems are made by lines like these . . .*
*But gals are made at author's Teas!*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 73*

fess to believe. Also men of the world who are gifted should use all their powers to support our great cause. There is, however, this difference between men of science and men of art, the latter including poets, playwrights, novelists, essayists, painters, sculptors, illustrators, music-composers, musicians, and what you will. Modern wars are fought less by tories than by laboratories. Pure scientists "for the duration" become applied scientists. But art and propaganda mix about as well as oil and water, which mix never to increase the storm but only to allay it. Thus the best thing true artists can do in time of war is to go ahead and continue in those ways that promote civilization. During the Napoleonic wars the supreme example was set by Goethe. You cannot successfully turn Pegasus into a draught-horse and make him haul the freight of propaganda. An excellent illustration of this was shown by our leading American woman-poet (who is no more like a poetess than Boadicea), Edna St. Vincent Millay. The spirit that animated her volume, *Make Bright the Arrows*, is fine, but good as the verses were, they were so far below her high level that even the reviews noticed it; and it is significant that now she has reissued a collection of her superb sonnets.

What, then, shall the poet do who is on fire for a holy cause? The answer is given by Robert Nathan. His poem, *Dunkirk*, is a thing of beauty; it illustrates in the best verse he has ever written the glorious tradition of Britain on the sea; as shown in the typical boy and girl who set out in their small boat. That is a fit subject for poetry, and Mr. Nathan rises to the occasion.

I was told the other day by a public librarian that a lady asked for a recent popular book on Biology. "Which one do you want?" "I want the Biology of William Lyon Phelps." I wish I knew something about that myself.

Since the year 1939-40 (what irony that the relapse into barbarism should have coincided with the academic year), many of us have been suffering from acute nostalgia, nostalgia for the Europe we used to know. It is well that many beautifully illustrated books of the Britain that existed for nine centuries before 1939 should appear *in memoriam;* but at this moment I want to call attention to a very remarkable one on France. This is named appropriately *All Men Have Loved Thee*, and is by Harold C. Geyer. The secondary title is *A Song of France;* and the by-line means three times as much as usual. For Mr. Geyer has written all the poetry and prose, made all the drawings and etchings, composed the letters, and even designed the jacket and end-papers. The few exceptions to this amazingly versatile achievement are a few cartoons that are properly credited. These pages—both written and illustrated by one man—show Paris and France as we knew them in the stormy and leaderless period of the Nineteen-thirties. The dramatic manner of the presentation is as follows. A young American in 1933 is in Paris studying art; he writes letters to his mother with drawings in pen and ink; for he feels not only the enthusiasm for his profession, but also the centuries of tradition. In his verse and prose and pictures he shows what the French people were as leaders of culture; but he also shows the suicidal political storms and quarrels, pointing to the coming overwhelming disaster. These excitements were megaphoned by the newspapers; and our author represents these in psuedo-facsimiles, naturally in translations.

This is a magnificent work, and I think every one who loves France will find it tragic, inspiring, and *full of hope*. Such culture cannot permanently go under, any more than did the intellectual and artistic life of Greece.

*Some of the common mysteries in many a mystery novel are who killed the deceased, where the suspects were at the time of the murder, and why the book was ever published.*

Inasmuch as Lord Baldwin was plentifully cursed just before the war and soon after its beginning by those who did not like him, I was pleased to see in a recent number of the London *Spectator* a fine tribute to him by Harold Nicolson (who incidentally wrote the best book on Tennyson I have ever read). "With what affectionate respect do those who never belonged to his party, and disliked his policy, recall the jovial interest he took in opinions and personalities alien to his own. . . . he is always ready to place his sagacity at the disposal of younger men. 'How,' I had asked him [in 1935], 'should an elderly civil servant adjust himself to parlimentary duties?' 'I can,' he answered, 'give you three valuable rules. First, if you subscribe to a press-cutting agency, then cancel your subscription at once. Secondly, never laugh at the Opposition if they make a mistake. Thirdly, steel yourself against the attribution of a false motive.' How often, in the years that followed, have I pondered upon these three sane principles."

With reference to press-cutting agencies, our beloved F.P.A. wrote, "Papa, what is a press-clipping agency?" "It is where, my son, you pay five dollars and receive five hundred insults."

The *personal* relations of British antagonistic leaders I learned from Sir James Barrie, who lived in the Adelphi not far from the Houses of Parliament. He told me that very often, in a late-night-lull in a long debate, Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald would slip out of the House and come to Barrie's rooms; all three would smoke their pipes and talk for an hour or so in the friendliest manner, and then the two statesmen would go back and resume fighting.

Nothing irritates me more than the common patronizing attitude of many of our penmen to Barrie; they call him a sentimentalist, and speak of him as "little" Barrie. Men of action and men of political leadership loved and respected Barrie. He was the most intimate friend of Captain Scott, who wrote his last words to Barrie while in the grasp of death near the South Pole.

Good court judges are among the most admirable men; look at Judge Learned Hand, who during the disgusting intolerance of World War I, refused to be affected by professional patriots; a year ago, New York City's Chief Magistrate, H. H. Curran, wrote a book of his experiences, *Magistrate's Court*, which is like life itself, a mingling of farce and tragedy, and alive with human sympathy. And now Curtis Bok, Judge of Court of Common Pleas No. 6 in Philadelphia County, has produced a remarkable work with alluring title, *Backbone of the Herring.* I have known Mr. Bok for years, but I had not the remotest idea what this title meant until I saw the citation: it is the judicial oath used in the Isle of Man. "You swear to do justice between cause and cause as equally as the backbone of the herring doth lie midmost of the fish." Curtis Bok has a fine inheritance of brains from both parents; his father was Edward Bok and his mother, one of the wisest and most charming of women, Mary Curtis Bok. He himself is a fine amateur musician and a thoroughly cultivated and civilized man. This book is in eighteen brief divisions, filled with human "cases," illuminated by humor, intelligence, understanding and sympathy. It is high time we had more of these revelations of human nature as seen from the bench. I find this particular herring, whose Judge has backbone, simply irresistible; and furthermore, it is written with subtle literary art.

In the November issue I said that Masefield used a word I had not heard—*davender*, meaning dub: I have received an interesting letter from S. Sivrisarian, written from Buenos Aires, enclosing a poem by W. St. Leger, which sounds as if it had appeared in *Punch;* and which my correspondent wisely suggests may have inspired Masefield, because Masefield called Walton's *Compleat Angler* a davender. The poem is named *A False Gallop of Analogies*, under which title is *The Chavender, or Chub*, quoted from Walton. It is quite possible that Masefield intended his readers to recognize the quotation, but I certainly did not, and am grateful to my correspondent. The first two stanzas of the poem he encloses are

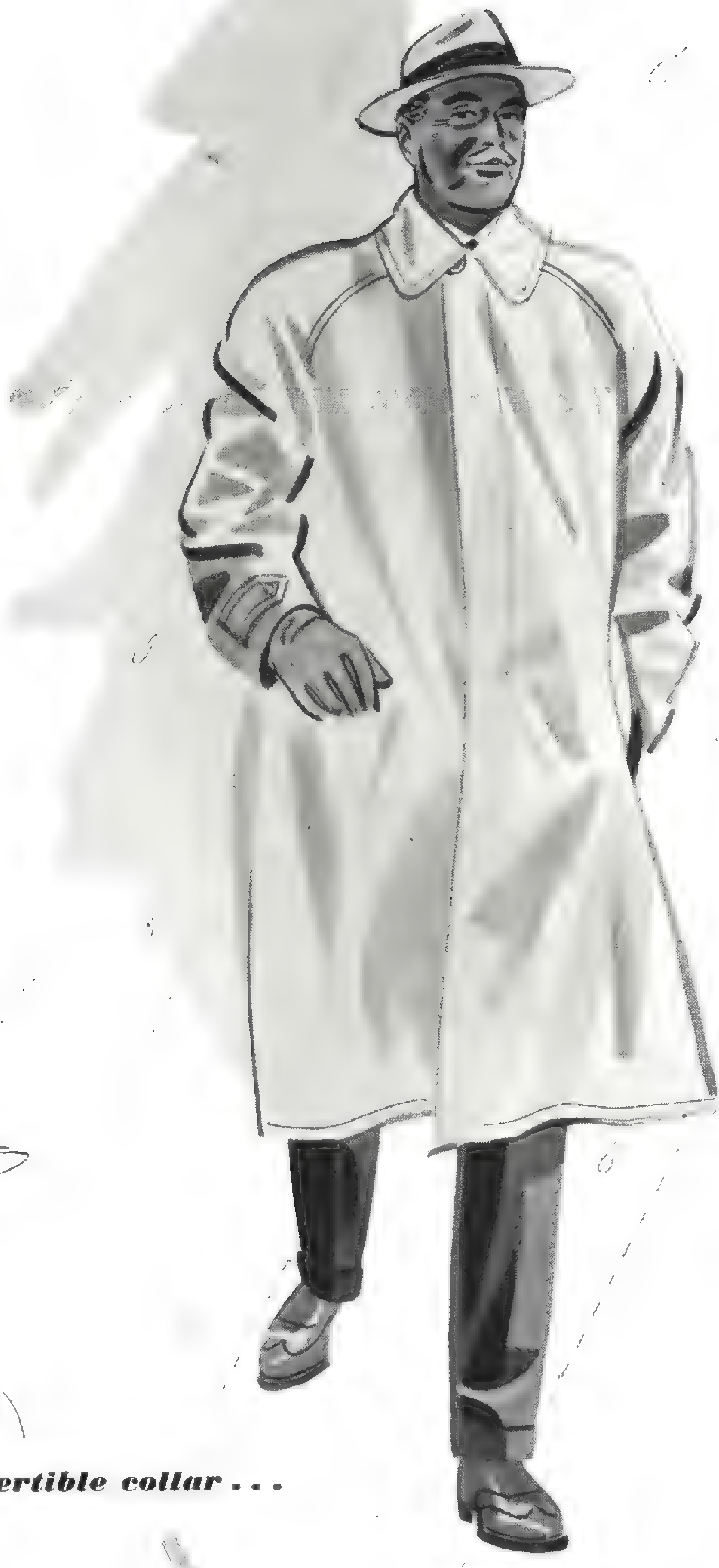
There is a fine stuffed chavender,
A chavender or chub,
That decks the rural pavender,
The pavender or pub,
Wherein I eat my gravender,
My gravender or grub.
How good the honest gravender!
How snug the rustic pavender!
From sheets as sweet as lavender,
As lavender, or lub,
I jump into my tavender,
My tavender or tub.

Then the rhymes continue, with lines ending in "enders," among them being davender.

Among recent biographies I strongly recommend *Claude Debussy*, by Maurice Dumesnil. The French author writes the book in admirable English, for he is one of the most versatile men in the world, a concert pianist, speaking fluently several languages, and thoroughly at home in various arts; it is fortunate that we have him in America, where I hope he will reside for many years. This is a skilfully novelized biography, taking Debussy from childhood up to the grand climax of the production of *Pélleas and Mélisande.* It is written with vivacity and yet with mastery of the material.

Turning from art to science, *William Henry Welch*, with the secondary title *and the Heroic Age of American Medicine*, by Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner, will open the eyes of many readers to Dr. Welch's enormous services in the cause of public health and will reveal to many who were acquainted with these services the quaintness of the hero's early years. He was brought up in an atmosphere of deep evangelical piety, which lasted all through his four years at Yale; and immediately after his graduation, he was so eager to be appointed an instructor in Greek, that if his wishes had been fulfilled the world would have lost a great physician. I knew Welch pretty well; he was full of merriment and good stories and was universally beloved.

The romantic biography of Poe by Hervey Allen, author of *Anthony Adverse*, the charming story of his life by Laura Benét (sister of Stephen and William) called *Young Edgar Allan Poe*, and the latest monument to his memory in the form of a scholarly and well documented "critical biography," by Professor Arthur Hobson Quinn, bear evidence if any were needed to Poe's ever-shining fame. Numerous Lives of Poe remind us,
Though his life was not sublime,
Uncanny tales will ever bind us
To the chariot wheels of Crime.



# rainy reasons

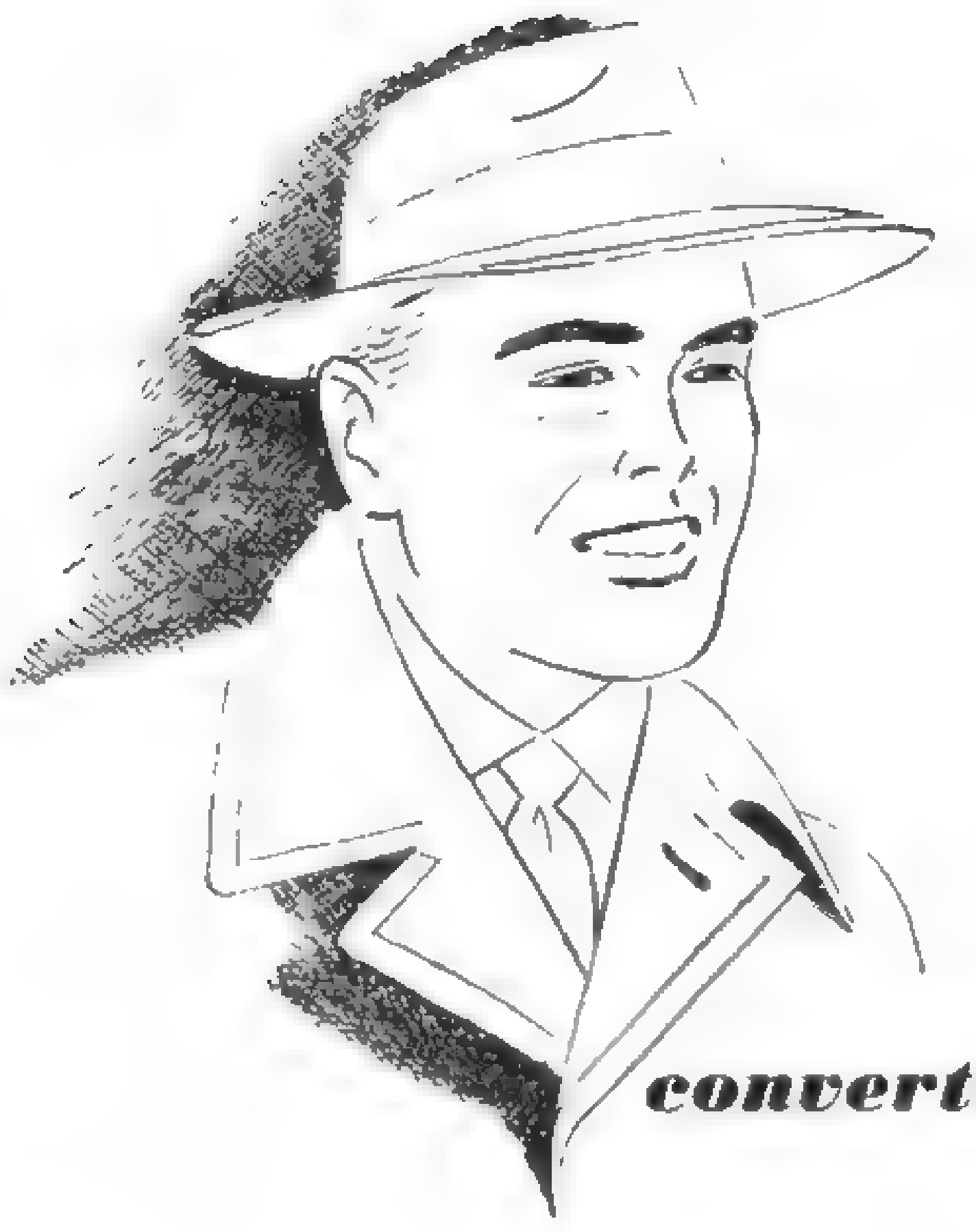
## pointers on raincoats that merge functionalism and fashion

### by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

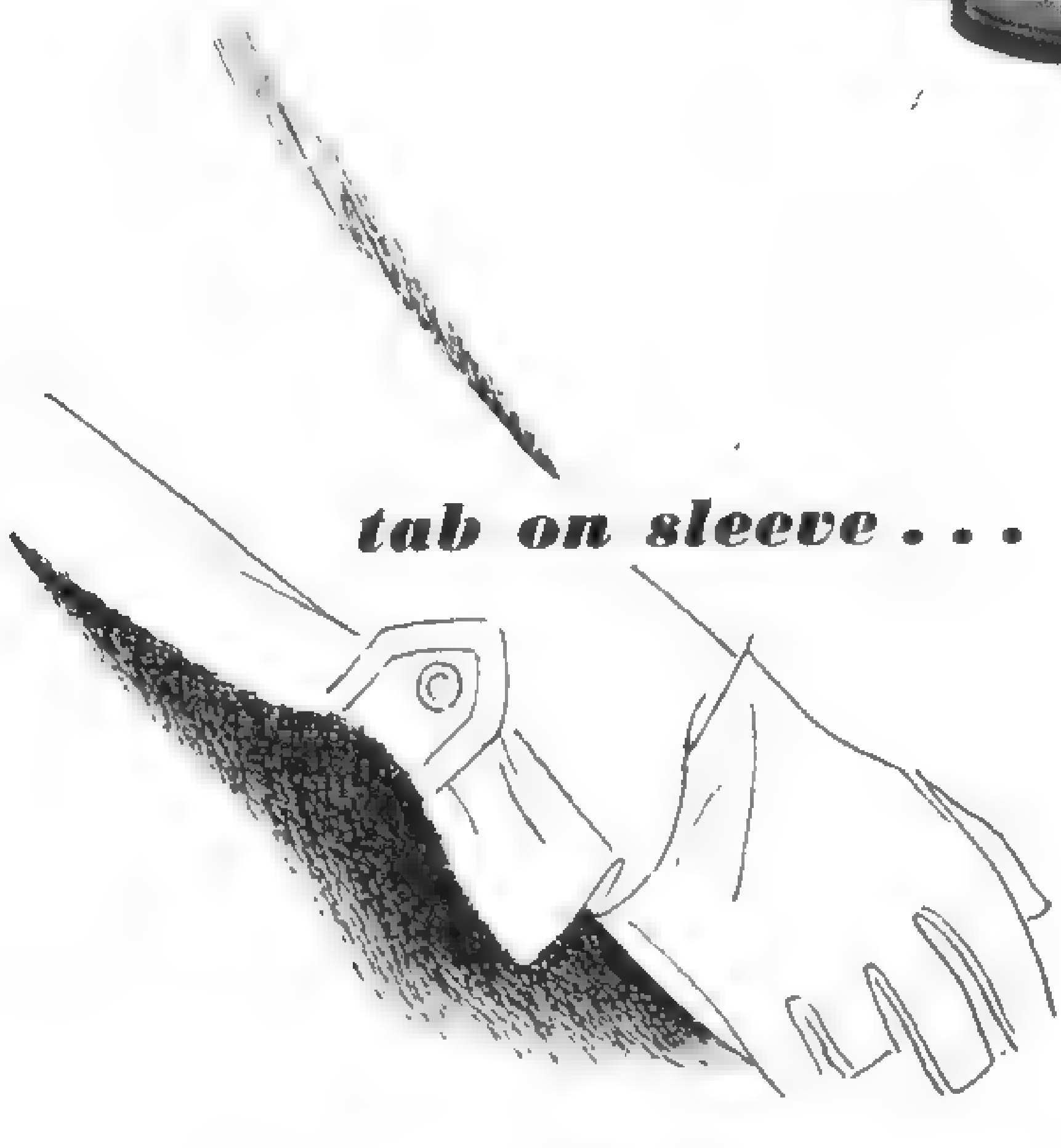
▪ wearables ▪

Probably when you slip on your raincoat you do so with the matter-of-fact idea of keeping off the rain. And the chances are you haven't bothered much about analyzing its details. Whether you care or not, its fabrics, which may be cotton twill or poplin or worsted gabardine, have been treated by a process that kept chemists working in laboratories weeks on end for the right formula. From their test tubes came liquids which applied to the fabrics did not affect their strength, yet made them repel rain. The rayon and cotton twill cloth that got its first real test in football pants and now is a uniform cloth for the U. S. Army paratroopers, is playing a position on the civilian lineup. Well-established are the oiled and rubberized cotton coats which are completely waterproof.

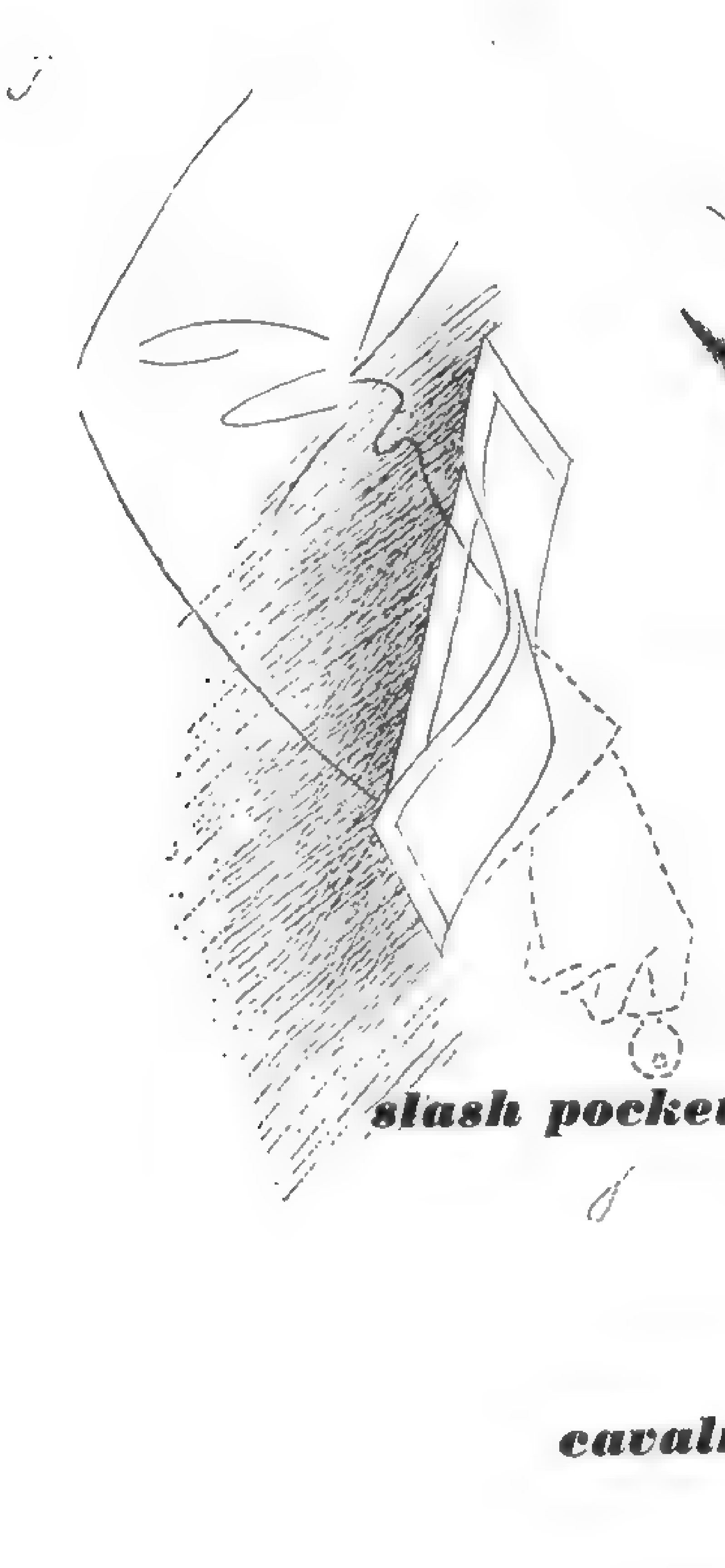
Carefully calculated too, are the details of the coat. The convertible collar is popular because it may be fastened closely at the neck, affording adequate protection, or left open. Straps at the lower part of the sleeves are put there so you can tighten them and keep the rain from trickling underneath. The slits cut through the coat at the opening of the slash pockets make it unnecessary for you to unbutton the coat to get to inside pockets for keys or change. Raglan shoulders have general acceptance because they have cape-like lines. From them drapes the full body of the coat. The cavalry inset at the vent is borrowed from the coat of horsemen. This extra flap on country raincoats provides good coverage and at the same time does not interfere with the free action of the vent. Rubbers, carrying the imprint of a shoe design, combine appearance with general utility. High suburban rubber boots with straps at the top protect not only the shoes and socks, but the bottoms of the trousers, which are tucked inside.



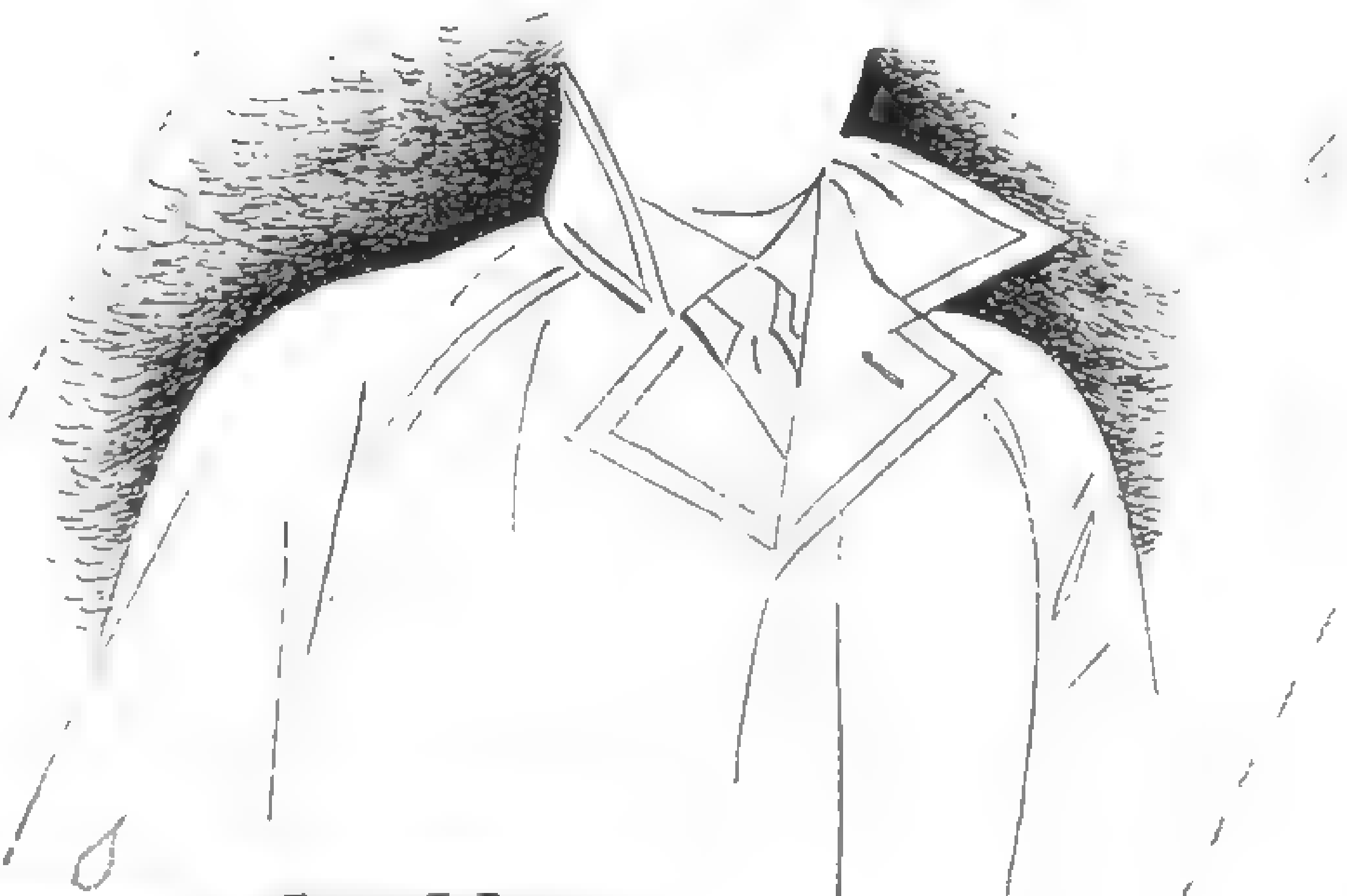
convertible collar . . .



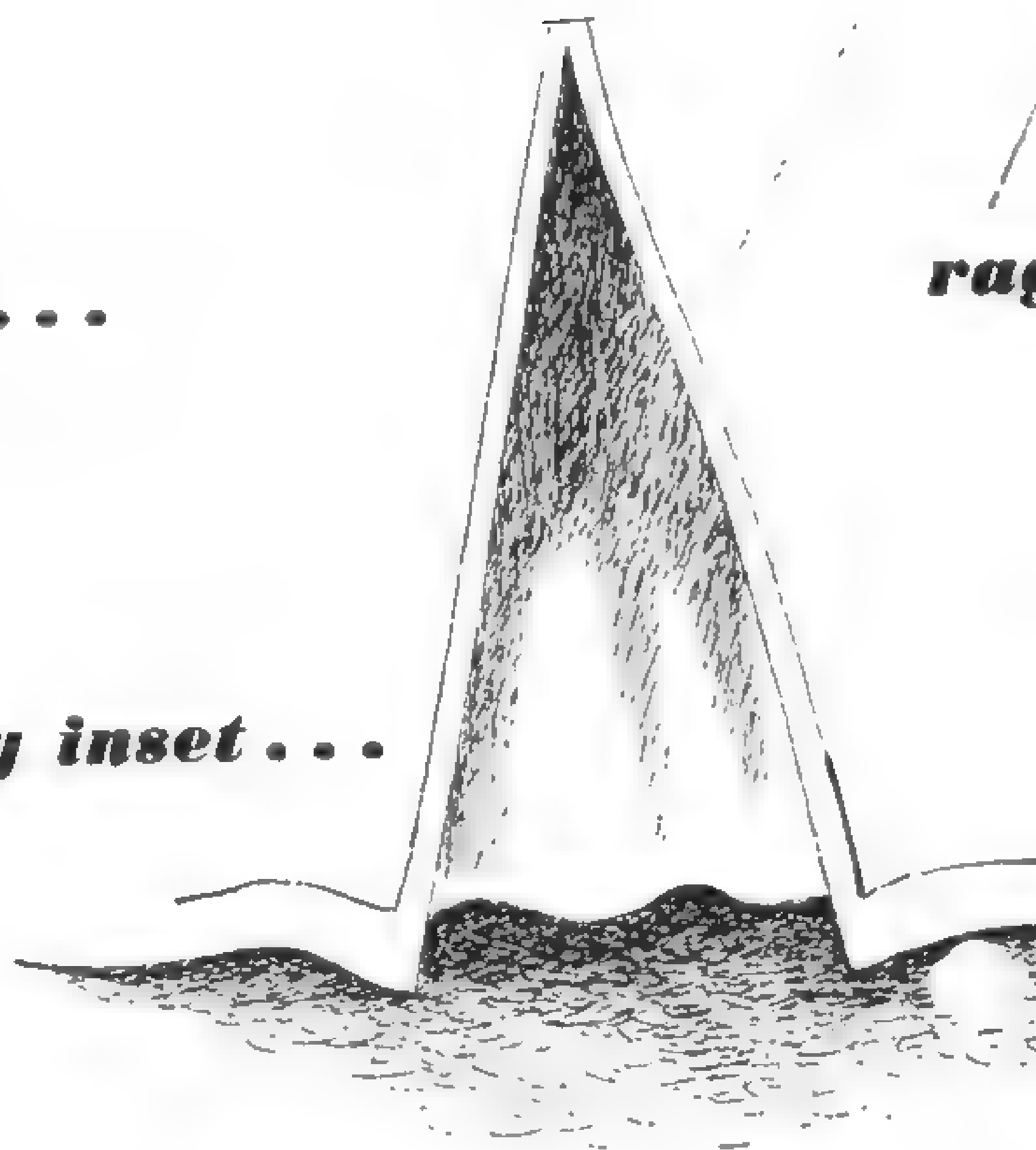
tab on sleeve . . .



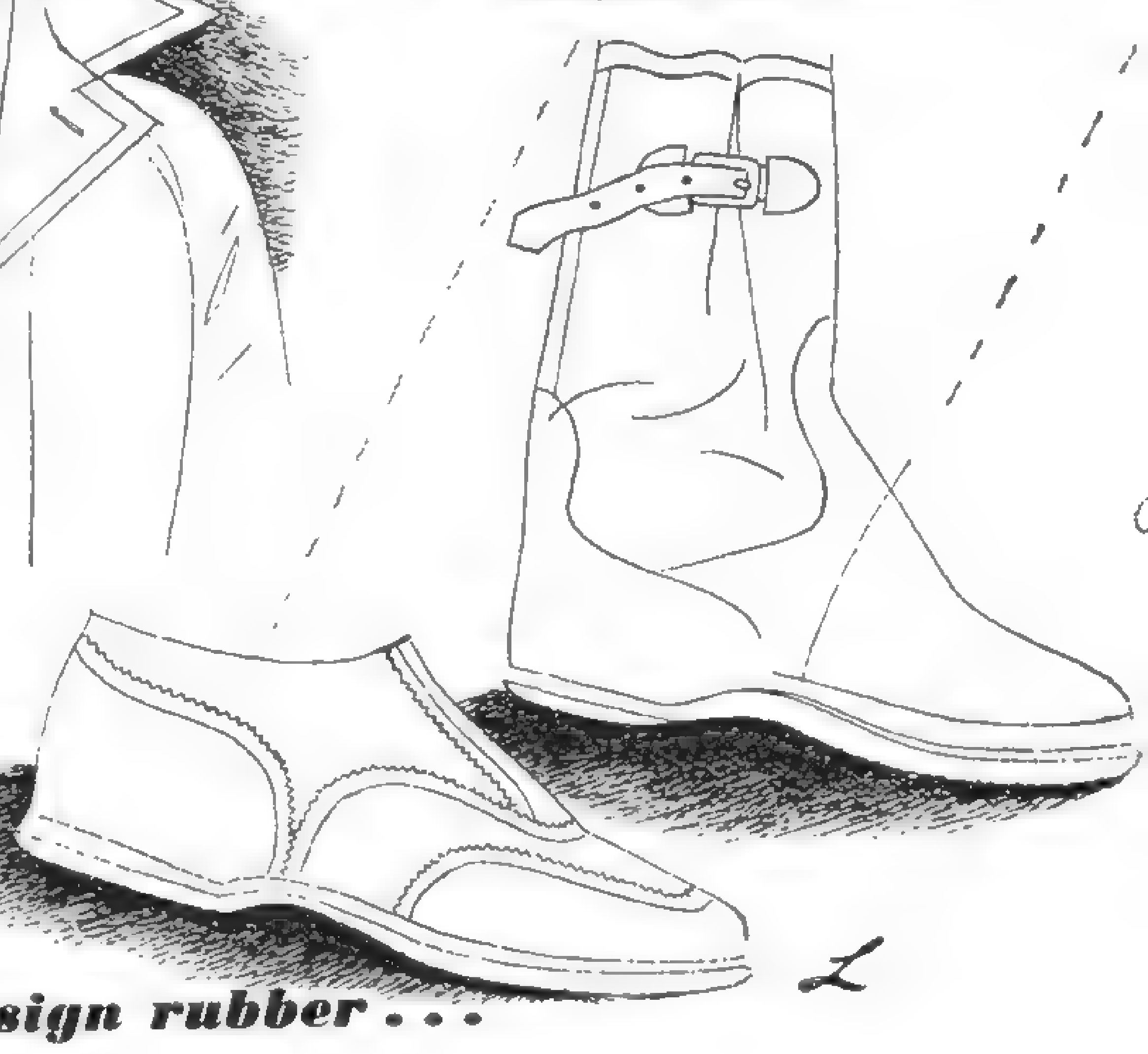
slash pocket . . .



raglan shoulders . . .



cavalry inset . . .



suburban boot . . .

shoe design rubber . . .

# Suicides Are Stuffed Shirts

*Continued from page 70*

for "lost time," meaning presumably those arid agency years.

In the main, she talked like a near-trollop who had learned to know the interesting, if precarious, relativity between mattresses and meals—and thinks she can employ it indefinitely. Maybe she can but more probably she's just adding another worker to a familiar group whose artisans last only till they get lumpy.

*Case No. 2.* This one, too, is still walking around. He's a World War I veteran, nearing fifty. He's married, with three children. He first started going to pot when Hitler invaded Poland. After that, all his waking hours were spent talking war, listening to war news on the radio, and reading newspaper and magazine articles about war. He gradually became like a person possessed, recalling avidly things he had seen in France—"stinking human flesh"—"a crazed comrade hurling hand grenades into a heap of enemy corpses"—"horrible, horrible" things which he couldn't endure a second time and "which I'll let no son of mine go through."

Civilization was ending and only blackest doom lay ahead. So he lost weight and his eyes took on a peculiar fevered gleam. He found fault constantly with his wife, who obstinately refused to become excited about the things which were exciting him.

During one of his less distracted intervals he talked to us about his condition. "I'm going crazy," he said, "and I'd rather be out of the way than crazy. I know how I'm acting, but I can't help it."

Then he asked us what we thought of the relative merits of killing one's self or of being carted off to an asylum.

We suggested that he avoid both routes by going to a sanitarium we knew about—where he'd hear nothing of wars, where there were excellent nurses and all sorts of outdoor activities. We said it might be worth trying, since the expense involved would be no greater than either of the other routes he had suggested.

He went to the sanitarium. He heard nothing about the decline of civilization. He had pretty nurses and outdoor activities.

And he became acquainted with another patient there, a woman. They got well together—mountain climbing together, swimming together, dancing together, and finally laughing together at everything and everybody else.

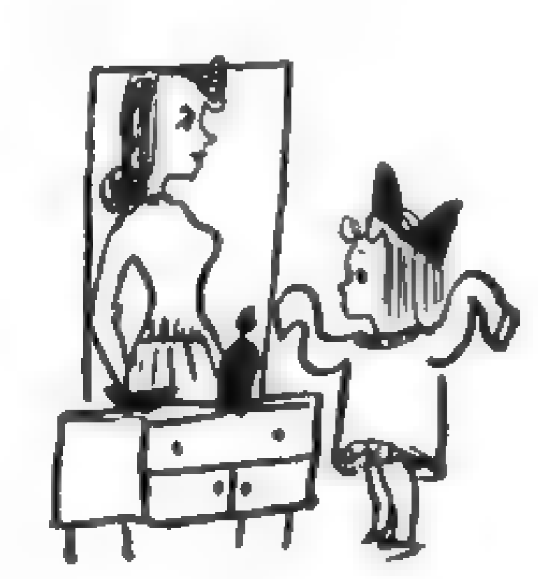
Now he wants a divorce and his wife is going to give it to him, for she's mad clear through and talking "good riddance." So a home is broken up, three adolescents are thrown upon their own, and a middle-aged wife must strike out to make some sort of living.

While two "recovered" crackpots venture forth upon a frothy odyssey which will end no one knows where.

*Case No. 3.* She, too, is still alive and kicking. Her opening life chapters carried a silver spoon sparkle, for she had unusual beauty, independent income, and aristocratic antecedents.

Everything seemed particularly hunky-dory for her until she married. And that was nobody's project except her own for she hand-picked her own husband. She found him in a law school. He was young and handsome, and very shortly afterwards he was married. We suspect he didn't fully realize the fact until months later when their personalities began to un-click.

She was nervously intense. He was easy-going. She was ambitious for him. He was ambitious for himself, in a different sort of way. So she proceeded to "make him over." She insisted that he transfer to one of the top-priced schools in order to make better contacts. He did. She paid the bill. She insisted, after his graduation, that he join a handsomely furnished firm in New York City. He did. She paid for adding his name. Strangely enough, he began to do well. Then he did a little insisting. He insisted that they have a child.



### Modern Ambitions

*A boy who wants to make the news*
*Aspires to fill his father's shoes.*
*His sister aims for something better,*
*And hopes to fill her mother's sweater.*

Obligingly she consulted her physician. The physician told her she would always be childless and that there was nothing that could be done about it. The announcement almost capsized her, for it was her first major setback. And a real tragedy. But she met it in her own way. She kept making excuses to him—reporting that her health was none too good and that her doctor had advised her to wait for a little while. But she began to be afraid.

And rightly so. They had been married five years when the first rumors came to her. Her husband was performing certain amorous antics which couldn't be overlooked. To her, that called for a scene.

They had it.

She said to him (not in these exact words): "I made you what you are today. Without my dough, you'd have been only a tin horn deed-chaser."

Naturally such invectives should have been better insulated for he had his pride—and another gal. So he answered: "I've been your gilded bird too long. Now I'm flying away—for good!"

They were divorced. He married again almost immediately. She came to her home town to live with her brother, who happened to be a college mate of ours.

For months she hit it up with ascending gaiety. And then one night she turned on the gas in her bathroom. Her brother found her—just in time. He phoned us to come over.

We were the only three who ever knew it. We had conferences. She moaned about lost love, lost money, lost children. We listened and tried to seek a way out.

The children gave us an idea. We suggested that she open a kindergarten. She jumped at the idea, as she would have jumped at anything just then. She took an expensive university course, she opened the kindergarten, and she coasted along all right for a time. But she was too high-geared, too intense for such tootsie-wootsie doings. With nothing vital to tie to, from her point of view, she grew bitter and acid-tongued. After the kindergarten she tried travel, then sanitariums, and finally the old home town again.

Now she is a lovely, cameo-faced hypochondriac who is famed for her venom-spitting. She is able, at a glance, to locate sultan-souled men and girdle-tossing hussies at a strawberry festival, or to find nymphomania in an ant hill.

She won't try gas again, for now she's afraid. But she toils not, only spins—devilish twisted yarns which make life miserable for everyone around her.

*Case No. 4.* The gods must have winked and shot the works when they tossed this one upon a waiting world. For he certainly was one of mankind's most richly endowed wights. From grade school through college he excelled in everything which required sinew, cerebrum, or both. He was the well-knit quarterback who could play the violin; he was the swim team captain who could read and speak French; he was the virile young lover who could return harried women to a state of luxurious self-esteem at breakfast time.

He married a beautiful girl and eventually became the father of two handsome children. When his son was nine and his daughter five, he seemed to bounce off the deep end for no reason that anyone could discern. He resigned an excellent job and drifted successively to several poorer ones. Finally he didn't work, except for a daily fifteen-minute sports review over a minor broadcasting station.

It became apparent to several of us who knew him that he was on the high road to nothing. All at once he began to talk suicide—tentatively, humorously, at first, but still talking it. His wife became frightened. She talked to us and asked us to talk to him.

So we hired a bottle and a half of Scotch and went to bat with him over his own kitchen table.

We knew better than to bring the subject up ourselves for he was too clever for that, but we poured him gradually into a state of friendly loquacity.

We talked all night long. About the war, William Saroyan, politics, hunting dogs, and the Objects of Rotary.

About four A. M. he came out with it. He was bored stark mad with being alive and he was taking off—and had anybody sent us there to talk to him? We lied, and he seemed to believe us for he talked freely. We're still amazed at his brilliant contempt for all of the things most of us live for. He could find nothing to justify his continued existence—work, wife, children, friends, country, religion, research. All meant nothing to him. The words "responsibility" and "service to others" were invented only for the rabble, according to him.

Once, irrelevantly, he asked us if we thought this one crack at life was all there was. We replied that most of the big knowers seemed to think so but that we, with a Sunday School hangover, couldn't think we had been made mildly sentient without some further purpose. As yet unrevealed.

We went further, using what resources we could bring to bear, to tell him that even a yellow rat stays around to take care of its young; asking him if he wouldn't regret leaving fresh strawberries, Carole Lombard, and the outcome of Hitler and uranium.

At seven A. M. he laughed and said he might and he might not, and that it had been a good evening.

But he shot himself just the same.

Dramatically he chose to do it one afternoon near the close of a broadcast. He chose the locale so that all might hear and exclaim, and he chose the torso so that he wouldn't be visibly marked.

But it didn't work. His aim was rotten. The miraculous operation which saved his life hit all the papers. (The missile had lodged in his spine). For months he was paralyzed. Now we pass him almost daily as he sits in a wheelchair on his porch—a tyrannical, demanding invalid who can't find time to be bored.

*Case No. 5.* This last one is very brief. A baldish business man who made himself a pillar in his community, a pillar in his church—and his life into a pillar of complete dullness. He had accumulated all the money he could use and could think of no place to use it. His wife was frigid and fat, besides. As a couple they were respected and avoided.

Suddenly, for no obvious reason, he developed a violent allergy toward his bulky helpmate. He sought to conceal it, but it was like a cut-worm eating at his tomatoes.

As if awakened from a Winklelong nap, he saw with acute perception that he had missed the boat—and it never occurred to him to blame himself. Being one of the aforesaid pillars, he could see no way out but he could see all of those stupid, flat years lying in wait for him. And he decided he couldn't stand it.

Since he was one of our oldest friends, we found his solution easy. (He had thought up monoxide in the meantime.) We said go out with the boys, play golf and penny ante, and drink everything in sight. What you need is a change of pace.

He made good. He took our suggested cure, and it took him. In the words of one of our finer-grained tavern waitresses he became "one of the worst old fools I've ever seen. Drunk and pawing everybody and knockin' things over. And yuh can't throw him out because he's always got plenty of dough. But believe you me, brother, if he ever lays a finger on me, I'll—"

But she didn't need to. One hiccupy dawn he drove into his garage, managed to get the doors closed, and evidently sat down on the running board to hoist a final hooker. Some time later the motor of his car was still running, but he wasn't. He ironically, had achieved what he had previously planned, without actually planning it.

And he succeeded in emptying his bottle first!

* * *

There they are—our friends and would-be suicides. In our experience if you try to help them, you don't.

So oil their guns for them, knot their ropes, and say regretfully: "I wish I could do more than this but, after all, it's your business. Make a good job of it." #

## The Buffaloes Are Coming

*Continued from page 65*

with the independents out on the West Coast."

Baggett's current center, Halbert, is the tallest boy he's ever had. Halbert differs from most tall court stars in that he's well proportioned, weighs 220 pounds and moves with speed and grace. He pops 'em from all angles and is particularly deft with one-hand shots following pivots near the free throw line.

"Charlie Halbert," the coach points out, "went to high school in New Mexico and became all-state center. But he wasn't a basketball player; he was just a big boy among a lot of little boys. We spent as much time with him one season as we did with the rest of the team combined. He finally caught on and two years ago led the team with 500 points. He made 42 per cent of his field shots, and 63 per cent of his free throws. If he's a freak, I'd like to have a trainload just like him."

But for all their color, the West Texans aren't the story their coach is; for out on the bald prairies of the Texas Panhandle at Canyon he's built an athletic setup that's perfectly attuned to modern college athletics. The Buffs, all sixty-five of them who make up the school's athletic strength, work their way by doing jobs on the campus.

As a result, when they complete their four-year course, they have in addition to their sheepskin and press clippings, a technical knowledge of washing, ironing, pastry cooking, running a rock crusher, doing house work, landscape gardening, and sufficient training in the building trades to hold a card in half a dozen locals.

Trios of athletes share a room in Buffalo Courts, the dormitory built of native stone trimmed with petrified wood by the athletes themselves. Beds, chairs, desks, and benches found in each of the twenty-two living units laid out like a de luxe motor court are the handiwork of the football and basketball players. The athletic department operates the cafeteria, and there is a fine recreation hall for leisure moments.

The recreation hall's exterior is the same as the other buildings except that there are cast heads of buffaloes jutting out from its walls like gargoyles. The interior of the upper floor resembles a hotel lounge with easy chairs, magazines, and a radio. The walls are festooned with athletic photographs, a huge map showing the places the teams have visited, and murals contributed by an art group that uses the facilities during the summer months.

Rocks from all over the country have gone into the project, and Baggett, a rock collector from way back, will have you standing on one foot telling you how the stalagmites and stalactites found in one huge fireplace were wangled from Jim White, discoverer of Carlsbad Caverns.

The plant had its beginnings in 1933 when Baggett resigned his coaching job at nearby Amarillo College to become athletic director at West Texas State. He had learned football, basketball and track under Morley Jennings while in school at Ouachita College. Before he went to Wichita Falls Junior College to begin college coaching, his cage teams at Vernon, Texas, had won national high school recognition.

Part time jobs were the key to his success at Canyon. These blossomed with the beginning of construction on the athletic dormitory. When Baggett approached the local business men in this town of 3,500 for funds, they complained there wasn't native building material available for economical construction.

Searching parties began combing the countryside for rock deposits. Over back roads and ranch trails Baggett and his friends rode looking for stone. One day he returned with the back end of his car full of stone he'd picked up on a ranch forty miles away. A few days later another discovery was made, a rich deposit of hard flint rock just below the top soil on a site just three miles from the school. An Amarillo motor car dealer donated a used truck and immediately athletes started digging out the rock and hauling it to the campus. A crusher was installed at the quarry. The quest for petrified wood required 30,000 miles of wandering before Baggett struck a bonanza at the Flying V and Lazy S ranches.

Soon the wood fence encircling the football field was replaced with a rock wall. The grandstand was rebuilt into a respectable little stadium. Improvements were made in the gymnasium and indoor swimming pool, and there was much sodding, tree planting, and landscaping to be done.

Finding a satisfactory way of feeding the athletes was the next hurdle. Business at the cafeteria picked up as soon as the athletes took over. Price Brookfield waits on tables all week, and freezing ice creams and desserts is the job of Frank Stockman, a guard.

A check of the first year's laundry bills started Baggett thinking along another line. Equipped with two washing machines, mangles, a drier and a battery of electric irons, the laundry now takes care of the wearing apparel of the Buffalo Court residents, the towels and washable equipment of the athletic department, and provides work for Ledru Jacobs, a sophomore forward; Douglas Groom, a guard, and three football players.

An outdoor swimming pool, built with WPA funds, has been turned over to the athletes to operate, as has the nine-hole golf course. The building of tennis courts, a garage for school buses, and an outdoor dancing pavilion have provided additional work.

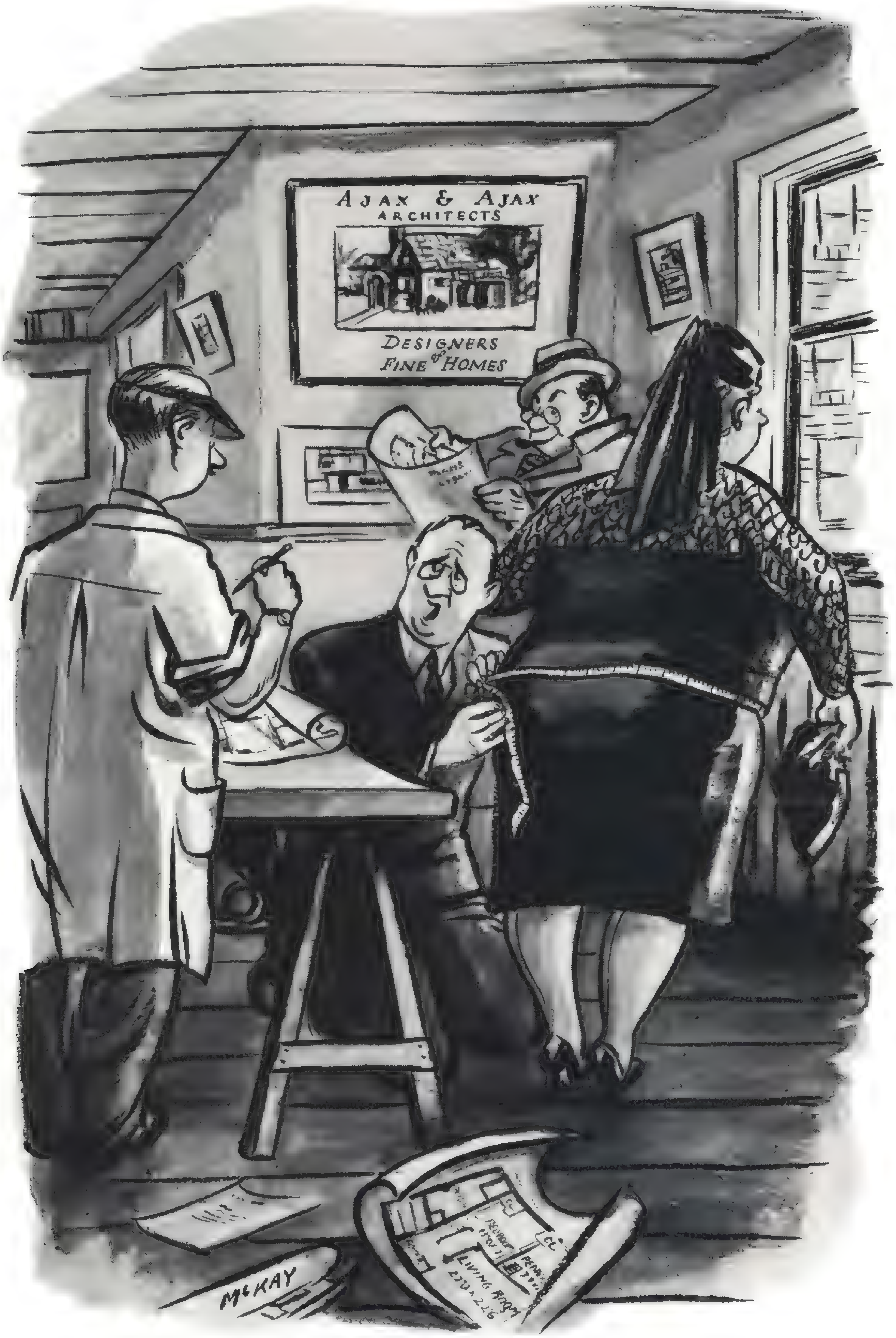
Between classes, after school hours, and on Saturday, the boys work at their jobs. "If we didn't," Baggett insists, "we'd be washed up in a short time. The work is rotated so every player does his share of the 'heavy', and all receive the same pay—twenty-seven dollars a month. So there's no gold-bricking, no grumbling."

A captain in the United States Army Reserves, Baggett knows, expects discipline; yet his requirements are fair.

Cash and materials amounting to 30,000 dollars have gone into Buffalo Courts, of which all but 1,000 dollars in government funds was contributed by business men of Canyon and Amarillo. The place is reputed to be worth 100,000 dollars; so they feel they've got their money's worth. And the athletes *know* they have. #

BUFFALOES
29
BUFFALOES
26
22
BUFFALOES
25
BUFFALOES
21
25
21

*"Tallest Basketball Team in the World" the West Texan Buffs boast. Quipped Coach Baggett: "If Charlie Halbert (center) is a freak, I'd like to have a trainload just like him." Buffs earn tuition by gardening, housework, rock crushing, building.*


AJAX & AJAX
ARCHITECTS
DESIGNERS of FINE HOMES
LIVING ROOM
McKAY

*"Doors, four and one-half by six and one-half!"*

## What's the Chance?

*Continued from page 41*

was flashed by Pinky Higgins in 1938 when he smacked out a dozen consecutive safeties.

Higgins wound up the season hitting .303. The chance of a .303 hitter's launching a 12-hit streak is 1 in 1,670,000. Therefore we can conclude that Mr. Higgins was either in magnificent luck or else hotter than a bowl of Mexican chili.

Now what chance has a batter of beating Higgins' record in any random 13 times at bat? If he's a .400 hitter, about 1 in 150,000. So Mr. Higgins' record seems destined to stand up as long as a homely young woman in a subway car.

During July, 1941 the deeds of a certain ball player outranked the war as a topic of talk. In game after game, sooner or later Joe DiMaggio got at least one hit. Some were twisting infield "bleeders," some were lucky "Texas leaguers," but most of them were solid smashes that ripped the outfield sod or ricocheted off distant walls and bleachers. On June 29, DiMag had passed Sisler's magnificent record of hitting safely in 41 successive games. But the Yankee slugger rolled right along . . . 45, 50, 55 . . . and then a pair of Cleveland pitchers finally "collared" him—after he had hit safely in 56 consecutive baseball games!

Now, what's the chance that a .400 hitter will surpass DiMaggio's record in any set of 57 consecutive games? With an average of 35 times at bat per team per game, which coincides with the published records, our hero's chance of blasting DiMaggio's mark is just 1 in 8,537. P.S.—.400 hitters are about as plentiful as corduroy pants at a society wedding.

The big thrill in baseball is the home run drive, and the more the merrier. In modern baseball only two big leaguers have ever bombarded the bleacherites four times in a single game—Lou Gehrig and Chuck Klein. Gehrig was actually robbed of a *fifth* homer by Al Simmons' remarkable leaping catch.

In order properly to appreciate Gehrig's feat let us imagine a dream batter. Let us suppose that he equals Ty Cobb's immortal record of playing in 3,033 games; that in each of these games he has five official times at bat; and that all through his career he maintains Babe Ruth's peerless ratio of one four-bagger for every 11¾ times at bat—superior to even the ratios of such formidable long-ball clouters as Foxx, Greenberg and DiMaggio. With all these advantages our dream batter would have only 1 chance in 75 of doing what "The Iron Horse" came so very close to achieving—hitting five home runs in one Major-League baseball game.

When Bill Tilden was in his prime as tennis champion of the known universe he used to toy with his opponent experimenting with new strokes, then come from behind with cannonball serves, blazing drives and bewildering strategy. Now, a Tilden can get away with that, but—it's playing with fire.

In a set in which each game figures to be an even bet, the loss of the very first game puts the loser thereof on the short end of 1.7 to 1 odds. And that single game deficit becomes more dangerous as the set goes on. At 2-1 the odds become 1.8 to 1, at 3-2 they are 1.9 to 1, at 4-3 they leap to 2.2 to 1. At 5-4, 6-5, 7-6, etc. the odds are 3 to 1 against the short-ender. Here's the complete table:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| GAMES | 5-0 | 5-1 | 5-2 | 5-3 | 5-4 |
| ODDS | 63 to 1 | 31 to 1 | 15 to 1 | 7 to 1 | 3 to 1 |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| GAMES | Even | 4-0 | 4-1 | 4-2 | 4-3 |
| ODDS | 1 to 1 | 15 to 1 | 8.1 to 1 | 4.3 to 1 | 2.2 to 1 |

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| GAMES | 3-0 | 3-1 | 3-2 | 2-0 | 2-1 | 1-0 |
| ODDS | 6 to 1 | 3.4 to 1 | 1.9 to 1 | 2.9 to 1 | 1.8 to 1 | 1.7 to 1 |

In the case of sets it's even more dangerous, of course, to get behind. In three-out-of-five-sets matches between equal adversaries the odds are 11-5 on the winner of the first set. If the same man cops the second set the odds rise to 7 to 1—not taking account of the shattering moral effect. When you're ahead 2-1 in sets the odds are 3 to 1 in your favor. In a two-out-of-three-sets match the winner of the first set is a 3 to 1 bet.

At Wimbledon on July 20, 1937 one of the titanic tennis matches of Davis Cup history took place. It was the Interzone Finals. The United States and Germany were tied at 2 matches each. In the deciding struggle the lanky American redhead, Don Budge, faced the blond German baron, Von Cramm. Budge was favored to win, but Von Cramm that day rose to heights he had never before attained. The *New York Times* described his game as "unbelievable." The German took the first set, 8-6. He won the second, 7-5. The odds at that moment were 7 to 1 against Budge. But the redhead, matching his titled opponent stroke for stroke, salvaged the third set, 6-4, and the fourth, 6-2. And now the crucial set of the entire tournament began. Von Cramm forged into a 4-1 lead. Odds: 8.1 to 1. But once more Budge put on a thrilling rally, winning the next three games to pull even again. Von Cramm took the next game, but Budge evened it once more and then swept on to a magnificent victory, 6-8, 5-7, 6-4, 6-2, 8-6.

This was a typical example of the imponderable human factor that can not be precisely calculated in any sport. It was also a typical example of the fact that it is characteristic of American stars more than any other nationality to come from behind.

In January, 1941 in the Chicago Stadium, Alice Marble, perhaps the greatest woman tennis player of all time, faced Mary Hardwick of England in a professional match. To the astonishment of the crowd the British girl captured the first set 6-4 and piled up a crushing lead in the second. With the score 3-5 and love-40 the American champion's chance of victory seemed nil. Mathematically it was precisely 1 in 128. Then with stunning suddenness the tide of battle turned. Pulling the game out of the fire Miss Marble went on to capture the set and run up a 5-1 lead in the third set. But now Miss Hardwick, with odds against her of 31 to 1, staged a gallant comeback to win five straight games and take the lead once more. However she had shot her bolt. Miss Marble finally triumphed 4-6, 7-5, 9-7 in a match that couldn't have been more thrilling if they had "planned it that way."

"Two bucks on Gallant Ox," you tell the clerk shoving a couple of iron men across the counter. He hands you your ticket. You return to your seat, light up a cigar and . . . They're off! Come on, Gallant Ox! And he wins! Good ol' horse!

Now, the composite wagers of all the bettors as recorded on the parimutuel machines *should* have shown, theoretically, that, say, Gallant Ox had 1 chance in 4 of winning. Therefore the odds were 3 to 1, theoretically, and you should scoop up six theoretical dollars. But—the figures read: "Gallant Ox—$5.20 to win." How about that? Where did the eighty cents go?

Well, seven per cent of your dough has been taken by the track and three per cent by the state. The ten per cent is deducted from the total pool; the balance is then prorated among holders of winning tickets. The theoretical odds of 3 to 1 should give you winnings of $6 plus your original stake of $2—$8 in all; but you actually get 10 per cent less or $7.20, of which $5.20 is profit. However, the track and the state get theirs, not through a direct levy, but by shortening the odds by a suitable amount (in this case to 2.6 to 1) and pocketing the difference. At tracks throughout the country this "take" varies from about eight to thirteen per cent. At most tracks, too, there is "breakage."

If you happen to bet with bookies, who offer track odds, you're up against the same handicap even though the percentage that's amputated from your theoretical winnings goes into different pockets.

If you have a ten per cent handicap at the outset before your money can compete with the rest of the bettors' mazuma, then you must be ten-ninths as smart a fellow as the average of the other bettors in order to split even. So-called "progressions" offer no help either. These are fancy systems of increasing or decreasing your bets in various ways according to whether you win or lose, and how much. The plain truth about "progressions" is this: they're strictly the bunk. By doubling your bets, say, *after* each loss, you decrease the chance of coming out loser, but you proportionately increase the chance of going completely broke. By decreasing your bets you get the converse effect.

Now, the laws of chance operate more surely with many bets than with few. Therefore, this would seem to be good advice: if you have limited capital and are so clever and wise that each bet you make is a *good* bet—that is, if you can select races in which the odds offered are actually *better* than the theoretical chances should indicate—then make each bet as small as possible.

On the other hand if each bet you make is a *bad* one—with the odds offered definitely worse than the theoretical chances should indicate—then decrease your bets to the absolute minimum: one. Yes, blow all your wad on one wager, win, lose or draw.

Now, as every bet you make is a bad one by this definition—yes, even when you win, you lucky chump!—you'd better restrict your betting. Now that I come to think of it, there's an even *smaller* number of bets you can make: zero.

Football "parlays" are supposed to give you a chance to exercise your judgment. They do. Your judgment should tell you to beware of them.

In his article, *Never Give A Sucker* . . . (Esquire, November, 1940) John R. Tunis described the extensive system by which the parlay "syndicates" obtain prompt, precise inside information about coming football games, upon which dope the parlay forms are based. Mr. Tunis stressed an important reason for the parlay system's success: tie games. The forms state plainly that "All teams picked must win—ties lose." And those ties, Mr. Tunis finds, prevail even in early October in "from 12 to 15 per cent" of the games.

A standard parlay offers you 5 to 1 for picking the winners of three games out of three, 10 to 1 for four games out of four and so on up to 100 to 1 for selecting ten games out of ten without a miss.

Of course it's to the advantage of the jolly syndicate to have these games as even as possible, for when one team appears strong-

*Continued at top of page 104*

## What's the Chance?

*Continued from pages 41-103*

er than the other, enough points are arbitrarily added to the underdog's score to make the game a tossup.

Assuming that the parlay producers really succeed in offering a card of dead-equal games what odds could we fairly ask *even if no game could possibly end in a tie?* For selecting three games out of three we'd expect odds of 7 to 1, not 5 to 1. For four out of four, 15 to 1, not 10 to 1. For ten out of ten, odds of 1,023 to 1, not 100 to 1.

Now let's assume that the odds quoted are really fair, ha! ha! In that case, with odds of 5 to 1 paid for correctly choosing the winners of three games out of three, the bettor must be able to average 55 per cent in picking winners—and ties are *not* winners. The required percentage for four games out of four is also 55, but thereafter it slowly rises until, on a ten-game parlay, the bettor must have an average of 63 per cent in order for the odds not to be against him.

If you adopt Mr. Tunis' conservative figure of 12 per cent as the frequency of ties on parlay games, the selector of a three-game parlay finds that on each game picked his chance of winning must be 55 per cent, chance of tie is 12 per cent, chance of losing, 33 per cent. Consequently among games involving a victory the picker has to have a 5 to 3 ratio of accuracy—yes, among those very games that are quoted because of their evenness—some of them made artificially even by adding points. As, for instance:

Notre Dame vs. Indiana +13
Purdue vs. Pittsburgh +6
Southern California vs. Ohio State +6
Cornell vs. Syracuse +7

Many a hopeful four-bit investor, obsessed with the idea that he is a crystal-gazer and a prophet, sees his money vanish into football's obsess-pool. Below is a recap. of the figgers:

| No. of Games Bet On. All Teams to Win | Odds Offered | "Fair" Odds if All Games are Even. No Ties | Pct. of Accur.* per Game, to Split Even | Ratio* of Advantage of Teams Chosen |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 out of 3 | 5-1 | 7-1 | 55% | 55 to 33 |
| 4 out of 4 | 10-1 | 15-1 | 55% | 55 to 33 |
| 5 out of 5 | 15-1 | 31-1 | 57% | 57 to 31 |
| 6 out of 6 | 25-1 | 63-1 | 58% | 58 to 30 |
| 7 out of 7 | 35-1 | 127-1 | 60% | 60 to 28 |
| 8 out of 8 | 60-1 | 255-1 | 60% | 60 to 28 |
| 9 out of 9 | 75-1 | 511-1 | 62% | 62 to 26 |
| 10 out of 10 | 100-1 | 1023-1 | 63% | 63 to 25 |

*Assuming that 12% of the games will be ties.

Advice: whatever the ethics of football-parlay gambling may be, the mathematics of it is: don't.

Question: is a winning streak in basketball—or in baseball, billiards, soccer, hockey or what-have-you—a matter of pure merit? The answer is yes—and no.

If you're looking for a string of basketball victories, say, your best bet is a team of seven-foot sharpshooters able to toss a buckshot into a thimble at twenty paces.

Suppose that of two teams engaged in a four-out-of-seven series the stronger team is deservedly a 3 to 2 bet to win each contest. The fact is that the weaker team has a 28.9 per cent chance of winning the series—about 2 chances out of 7.

The real reason a long winning streak is exciting is because it's rare. *How* rare? Well, for example, a .667 billiardist's chance of equaling Willie Hoppe's incredible tournament mark of twenty games out of twenty is just 1 in 3,325 . . . what a thrill *that* would be! The chance of a pitcher with an average of .842 (achieved by Schoolboy Rowe in 1940) to crack the American League record of 16 wins in a row, held by Rowe, Lefty Grove, Walter Johnson and Joe Wood, is 1 in 18.6. His chance of surpassing Rube Marquard's major league record of 19 at any given time is still smaller. 1 in 31.2.

What price the chance of a team's matching the resplendent record of 26 successive wins compiled by the streaky fourth-place Giants of 1916? Even a team with an average of .763, the still unmatched accomplishment of the 1906 Cubs, has a chance of only 1 in 1,134 of sweeping any given set of 26.

There you have it—a brief glimpse of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in the shape of baseballs, footballs, tennis balls and horses' hoofs. You may not think of outdoor sports as games of chance. But they are, brother, they are. You can bet on it. #

## A Generous Gentleman of Character

*Continued from page 52*

seven days a week, year after year, to amass a lot of unforgetable things; he has to look up and verify thousands of facts and allusions. And he is interested, or he couldn't do the job at all. And when you look it up yourself, and don't leave it to secretaries or copyreaders, you absorb a lot of things, pretty useless except when out of nowhere into the air there springs a freak program like *Information, Please.*

Of course, he does have a remarkable and literal memory. He had that on display long ago when in his dugout dialogues he reproduced literal transcriptions of the horse-play of the ball players. Always he was a little beyond the mine-run sports writer, even before he came to fame on the radio.

When John first applied for a job on the *Times* back in the last days of the First World War in which he rose to the rank of sergeant, Frederick T. Birchall, who recently took a leave of absence from the *Times* to assist the British War Relief Society, was the managing editor. There happened to be an opening in the sports department, and as the story goes, Birchall, who was a friend of the family, offered it to John, bluntly expressing the dual and frank opinion: "There are two bad parts about it, John. First, you won't like it; and secondly, you'll be no good at it!" In 1939, in referring back to the historic moment, Birchall remarked with his tongue in his cheek: "Well, I was fifty-fifty right. He sure does *like* it!"

Kieran is almost unique as a sports writer in that he has never lost his boyish élan for the games. Writing a daily column about sports—in which he is always unbiased, objective—has never become a burden or a bore to him. Each new column is an opportunity to have some fun with writing. When the ball clubs come to town he never finds it tiresome, but a pleasure, to call on the managers for fresh anecdotes and critical judgment as a background for his articles. He is always alert to find out just what happened and just what was said at any rendezvous of sporting news. News to him has never become old stuff; he has never let up on his fast one. He can reproduce the Cuban lingo of Mike Gonzales phonographically, or discourse upon the politics of the New York Boxing Commission with undiminished and unvarying good humor and suave objectivity. There is something of the Irish paddy in this spry, slight figure, with its alert avidity and its professorial detachment. It is his zest that makes him such a hard worker on his column. He is no desk columnist. He gets out and sees people and goes places. That's why his articles always seem a little stronger, a little deeper than the others. He has more facts, more information, please, at his command. Instead of relying on a minimum of superficial facts; he goes after all of them before he begins boiling down. And the difference shows in the stronger essence of his literary concoctions.

That is one of his fortes—his ability to mix with all types of people and to talk their language. He is right at home equally with baseball and fight fans, college boys wrapped up in their grid struggles, and also with college professors and intellectuals. He is what you might call a super-regular fellow—though John, above everything else, instinctively shies away from all the paragon stuff that has flopped down on him since he came into his own on *Information, Please.* Nevertheless, it is a fact that he is outstanding for his wit and versatility in dealing with all kinds of people. He is always somehow one of the bunch.

Kieran knows something about botany and ornithology; for some reason he became interested in such matters. Well, I live in the country, and I know that when I order pansy seeds I order *Viola Tricolor;* just as I know that Kieran is like Wordsworth's Peter Bell, to whom a primrose by a river's brim *Primula Vulgaris* is to him, and it is nothing more.

And don't forget that Kieran has a daughter of college age, and two sons, one out of Yale, and one still in. Years of helping those kids with their home work must have sharpened the fellow. My offspring are so young that all I have to know is the capital of Delaware, and something or other that Tim, thirteen, has just asked me about $MnO_2$.

Aside from his wide diversity of interests—you remember what you are interested in—Kieran, who sounds harder boiled than most, is a mass of rice pudding. He is an all-day sucker; he is the dinner committee's playground. Latin, Greek, German, French, and English he knows; but despite his allegedly phenomenal memory, he has forgotten the word for No in all languages.

"Say," he said, plaintively, "how come *you* don't speak at dinners and things? How do you get out of it?"

"I just say 'No,' " is my truthful reply.

"I can't tell 'em that," he says. And he can't. Probably likes to speak, is my diagnosis of all people who speak in public.

Of course, Kieran has blind spots. He didn't spend his youth, as Judge James Garret Wallace and I spent ours, haunting the variety theaters, so he can't sing the words and approximately the music of *The Little Lost Child, A Pack of Cards,* and *She May Have Seen Better Days.* Still, I can't recite all of Swinburne and Kipling and Masefield, nor am I able to summon from the vasty shallows of my memory every stage direction in every Shakespeare play.

Kieran proves my argument for heredity; how could he help being considerable of a fellow—even if he doesn't know this or that—with those parents? And he is by way of being something that is rare, and alas! out of fashion. He is a generous gentleman of character.

And say, speaking of heredity, maybe my kids will turn out all right. #

THE BREUGHEL GIRL

*Kodachromed by*

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

"BLACK TERN"
[illegible]

## The Death of Judas

*Continued from page 33*

strong for you but when we kill them, they grow weak in no time. Ha, ha! He speaks a queer language."

"Give him a glass," said Barabbas to the innkeeper. "One more, one less, what difference can it make? A holiday is a holiday and Passover comes tomorrow. And perhaps the stranger will tell us what he will do with the silver."

The keeper poured a glass for Judas, who drank it down quickly.

"The silver," he said. "I will buy something."

"Here," said the soldier. "Here are some old clothes." He pushed the bundle forward. "I will sell them."

Judas was silent for a brief moment. The cloak he knew so well was before him in the bundle.

"Yes, I will buy them," he said in a whisper.

"How much will you pay?"

"A piece of silver."

"Make it two."

"I have only one."

"That is not true. You shook the bag and I heard."

"The money in the bag I cannot touch. But I have a piece of silver in my girdle, and here it is."

He drew the coin from his girdle and placed it before the soldier. "Take it," he said.

"What else have you got?"

"Nothing."

"Very well, take the clothes."

Judas took the bundle under his arm and was about to depart.

"Hold!" called the soldier. "The silver piece will buy us some wine and a glass for you."

"Certainly," said Barabbas. "If I am life and he is luck and you are death, then we should all drink together."

As soon as Judas finished the second glass he departed with the bundle under his arm. He found his way back through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, back to the Mount of Calvary. Here he saw Lazarus still standing beside his chariot.

"Do not come near me!" shouted Lazarus when he saw Judas approach.

"The garments. I have them here. I brought them back. Here, I give them to you."

He quickly placed the bundle in the chariot.

"Go away!" shouted Lazarus.

"Yes, I go. I go!" He turned into the streets of the city.

At first he walked slowly. It was as though he wanted to remain close to the hill. But inwardly he knew he had no right to join the mourners. His steps became more rapid until he found himself running. And when he ran he heard the jingle of the silver coins in his bag.

With every step the silver rang out its muffled note. It kept time with his feet. He could not escape it. Suddenly he stopped.

Then he started off again. At first slowly and soon once more he found himself running. The ring of the silver sounded louder and louder. Again he stopped.

He looked at the bag. He shook it. In his mind a thought began slowly unfolding itself and soon it seemed clear and he nodded his head and spoke out loud: "Yes! I will give it back. It is all there, every single piece."

He breathed deeply and then started along the street in the direction of the Temple.

Reaching the outer court, he paused to compose himself. He looked about. At one end of the court the vendors who sold animals for sacrifice were already clearing the stalls, earlier than usual, for the next day was Sabbath and the first day of the feast of Passover. At the other end of the court the money-changers had closed their tables and departed. He recalled how once, here, the tables had been overturned and memory gave him courage. He took a deep breath and walked boldly into the Temple.

He found the priests sitting in council in the chamber of the Sanhedrin.

"Here!" he cried, holding the bag before them. "The money. Take it back."

"What money?" asked one.

"The thirty pieces of silver. You counted them out to me last night. Oh! If only last night were now! And if yesterday could be turned into tomorrow, then this dark day would never be."

"He raves!" spoke one priest.

"The madness in him talks," said a second.

"See his wild eyes!" whispered still another.

But the chief of the rabbis rose and in a voice filled with anger cried: "You were paid. You pointed Him out. The money belongs to you."

"Yes. I have sinned. I betrayed innocent blood."

"Innocent!" cried the chief rabbi. "What is that to us? See thou to it."

"Take back the money!"

"The money is yours. Yours for all time. It is not lawful to bring it into the Temple."

"Not lawful?"

"The money is the price of blood."

"Yes, blood!" cried Judas. "Innocent blood. And the blood is upon me. He loved us and I betrayed this love. He promised us He would be king over all of us and destroy the Temple and all this evil." He looked about the room with a wild glance. "This!" he shouted. "You, you!"

"Go!" cried the chief rabbi. "Take your blood money with you."

"No. Here it is and here it will be." He opened the bag and drew out the coins. And as he spoke he dropped them one by one on the stone pavement. "Old Herod killed the innocents when the Master was born. He killed them because it was prophesied that He would be king. And years later when He came out of the wilderness, He gathered about Him the disciples and He taught them the way of life, the way of love. In a tempest He calmed the waves and He walked out upon the water. He helped the widows and fed the poor and forgave the sinners. He raised the dead and gave courage to the lonely . . ." One by one the coins dropped to the pavement. . . . "And He banished despair with hope and with love. I wanted Him to destroy you and the evil within you. I wanted Him to sit on the throne of all the world. I knew His power. And I knew that once He stood before you He had merely to hold out His arm . . . And I took the money because . . . Because I did not know that it was the kingdom of heaven in which He was destined to rule. Listen. He gave us a last commandment. 'This is my commandment,' He said, 'that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' These were His words, but I did not understand. The kingdom is in heaven and not here. So take back the money."

Two silver coins remained in his hand and these he now threw to the ground. And the bag also, he flung at their feet.

"It is unlawful, unlawful!" they shouted. "Take it away. It is money paid for blood."

"I betrayed Him. The kingdom is not here, it is there." He pointed upward, and with this last gesture, turned and departed from their presence.

Twilight had already fallen over the city of Jerusalem when he left the Temple. He wandered aimlessly through the streets. He saw the throngs of people passing to their homes to make ready for the feast of Passover. Delicious odors of cooking filled the narrow streets.

"Take home some fish," cried a fish woman. "That is all I have left. They are cheap, I must go home."

Judas paused and looked blankly at the few fish on the counter.

"Woman, your fish are dead," he said.

"They were alive this morning. Now they are dead. That is how it is with fish. But they are fresh. Take them. Cheap."

"No, no. I have no need . . ." And he hurried away.

Not many steps away he heard a pot vendor cry out: "Clean pots for the Passover. Clean pots."

"Why are they clean?" asked Judas.

"Why! They are clean because we cleaned them."

"With soap and water?"

"No, no. With hot coals. Red hot coals. I swear to you by everything, should my right arm wither, they have been properly cleaned according to the faith."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Judas and started to depart.

But the pot vendor ran after him and cried: "I swear it. And if you don't believe it, then I will put a curse upon you."

"A curse?"

"Yes, a curse!"

"Ha, ha! He will put a curse on me," laughed Judas and ran on.

"Take home a calendar for Passover," called another vendor.

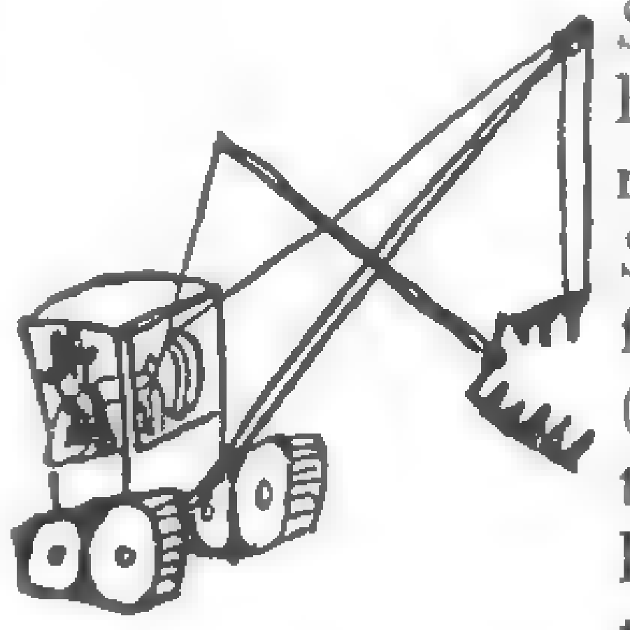
"A calendar?" asked Judas.

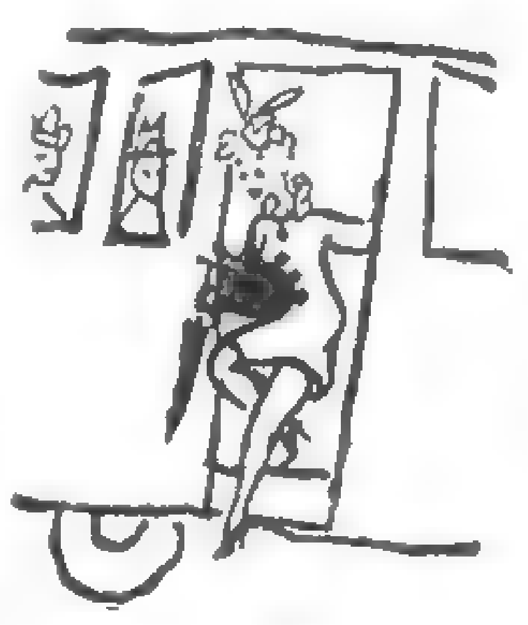
"Copied on parchment by a

*Continued at top of page 109*

## Scenes in An Ideal Show

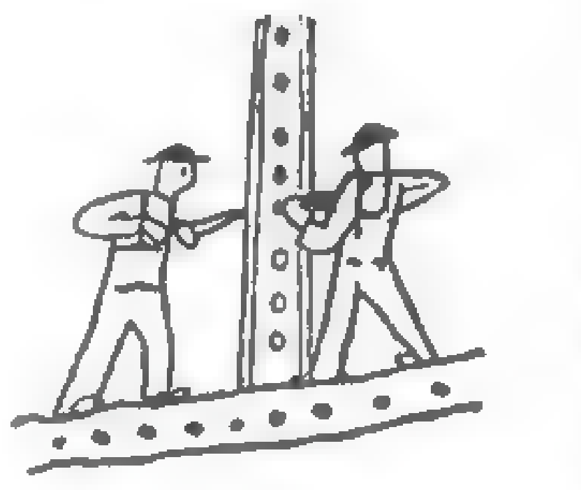
**(Judging from what draws crowds in the city)**

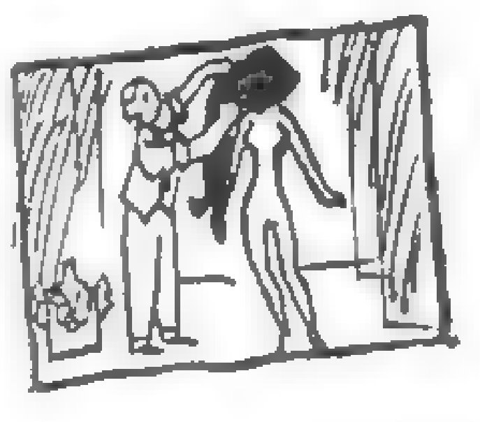




**ACT I**

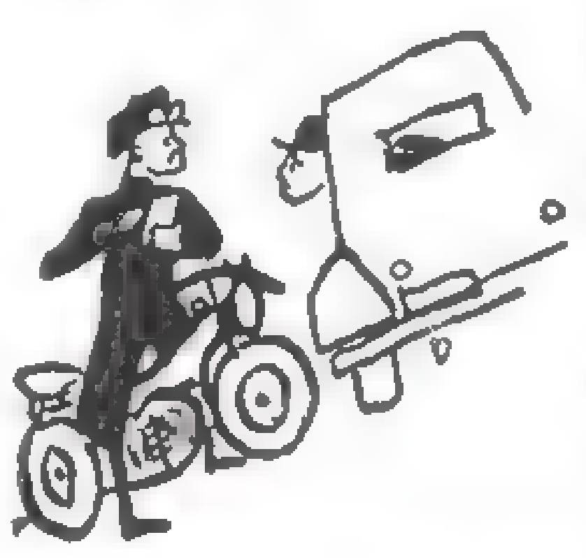
*Scene 1.* Steam shovel excavates building site. *Scene 2.* Workmen rivet girders in steel framework. *Scene 3.* Cop gives motorist a ticket for illegal parking. Calls him "& /-(%." *Scene 4.* Dogs in fight. Lady tries to break up fight with umbrella. Fireman squirts hose on them. *Scene 5.* Hawker sells neckties at six-for-quarter.

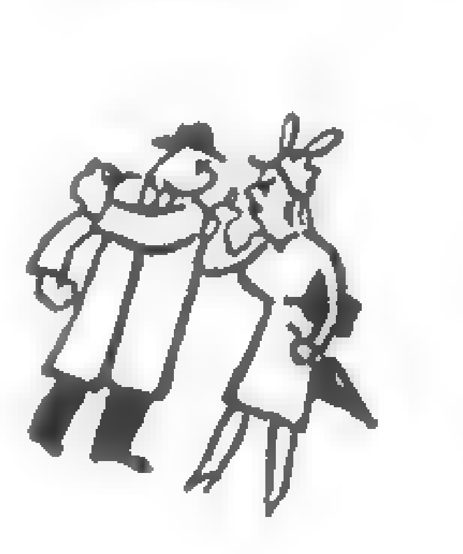


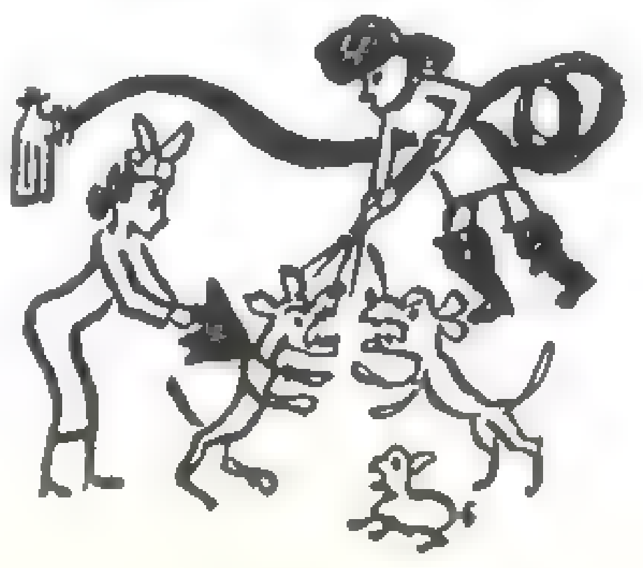


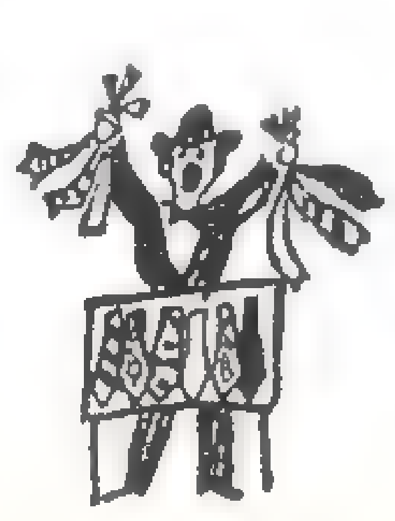
**ACT II**

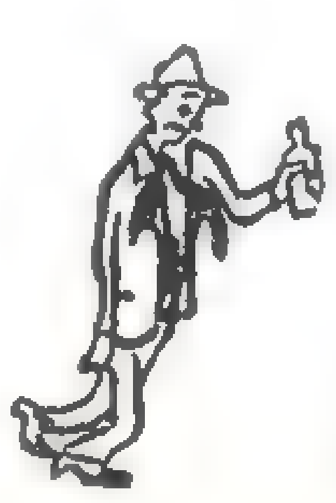
*Scene 1.* Drunk staggers on sidewalk, sings in maudlin fashion, and falls into mudpuddle. *Scene 2.* Man chases hat blown off by wind. Hat goes under truck and is crushed. *Scene 3.* Man and wife in bitter argument. *Scene 4.* Man changes clothes on dummy in store window. *Scene 5.* Blonde gets out of bus which has very high step. (We claim this show should play for at least three years to a $5.50 tops audience.)

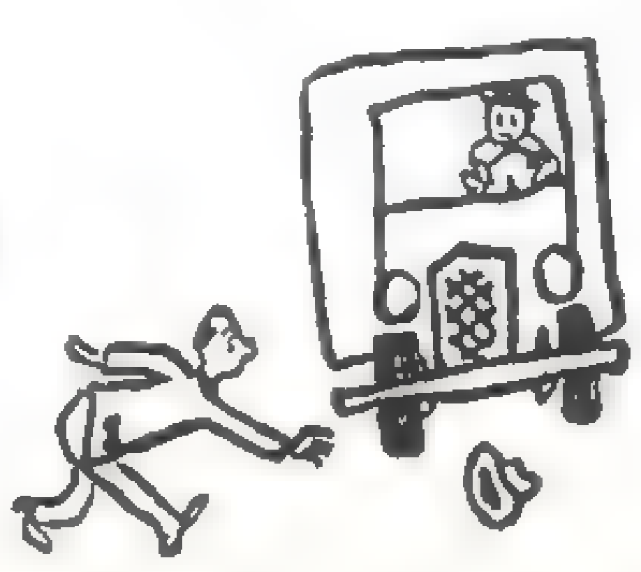


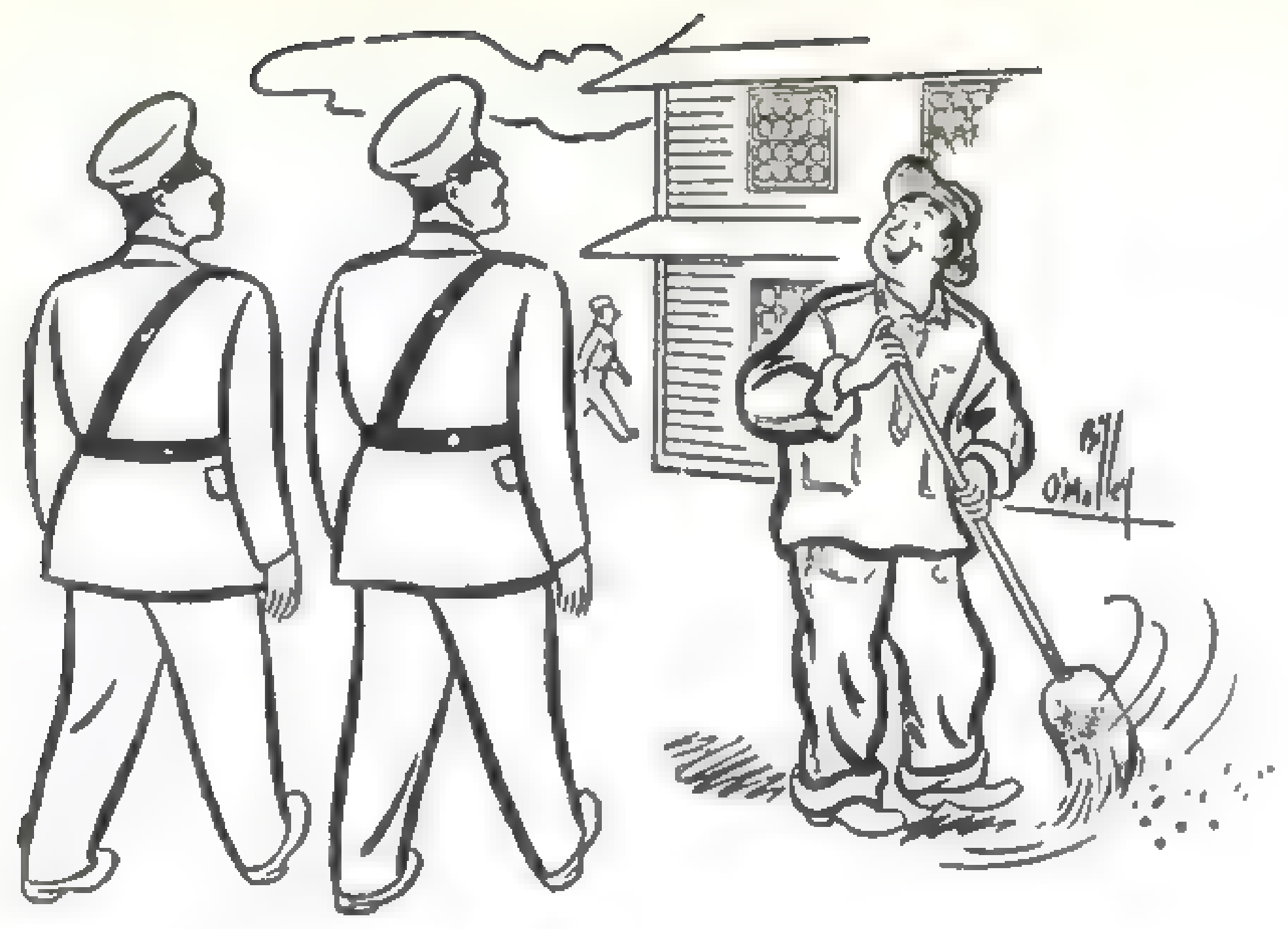






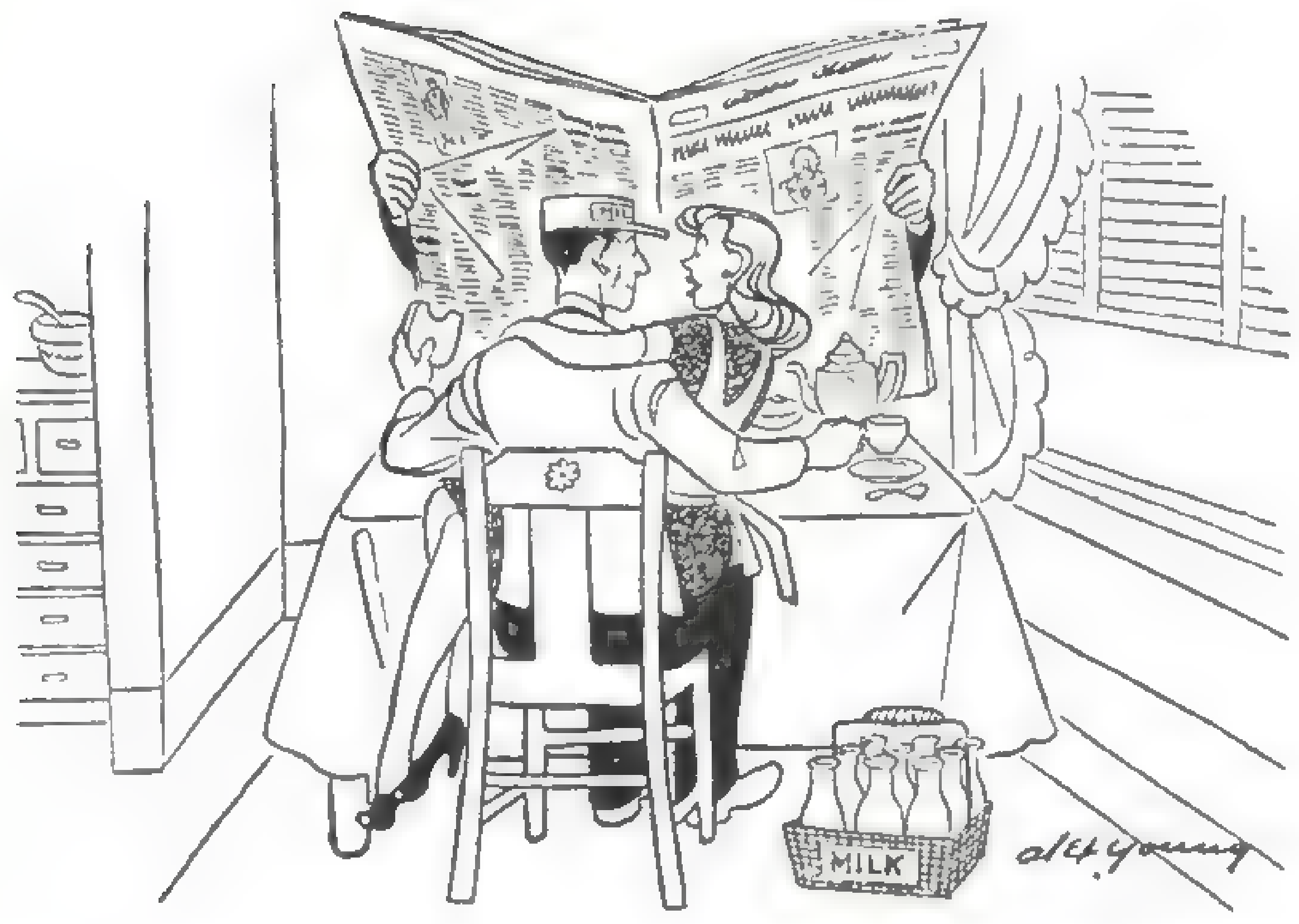




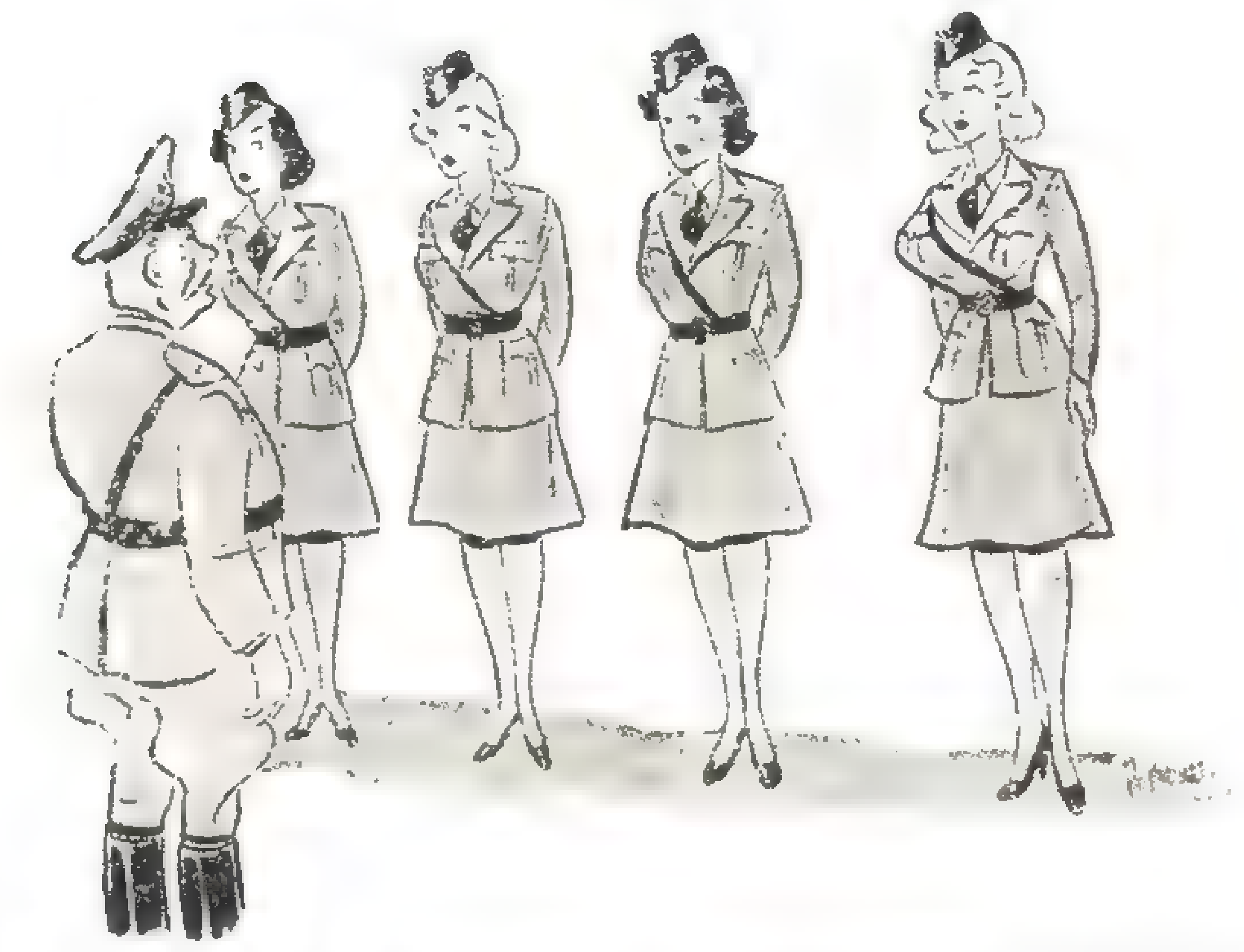


*"How's your morale, men?"*

*Our three favorite art masterpieces are The Last Supper, The Birth of Venus, and those pictures of meat, desserts, milk, fruits, salads, and vegetables in the icebox ads.*



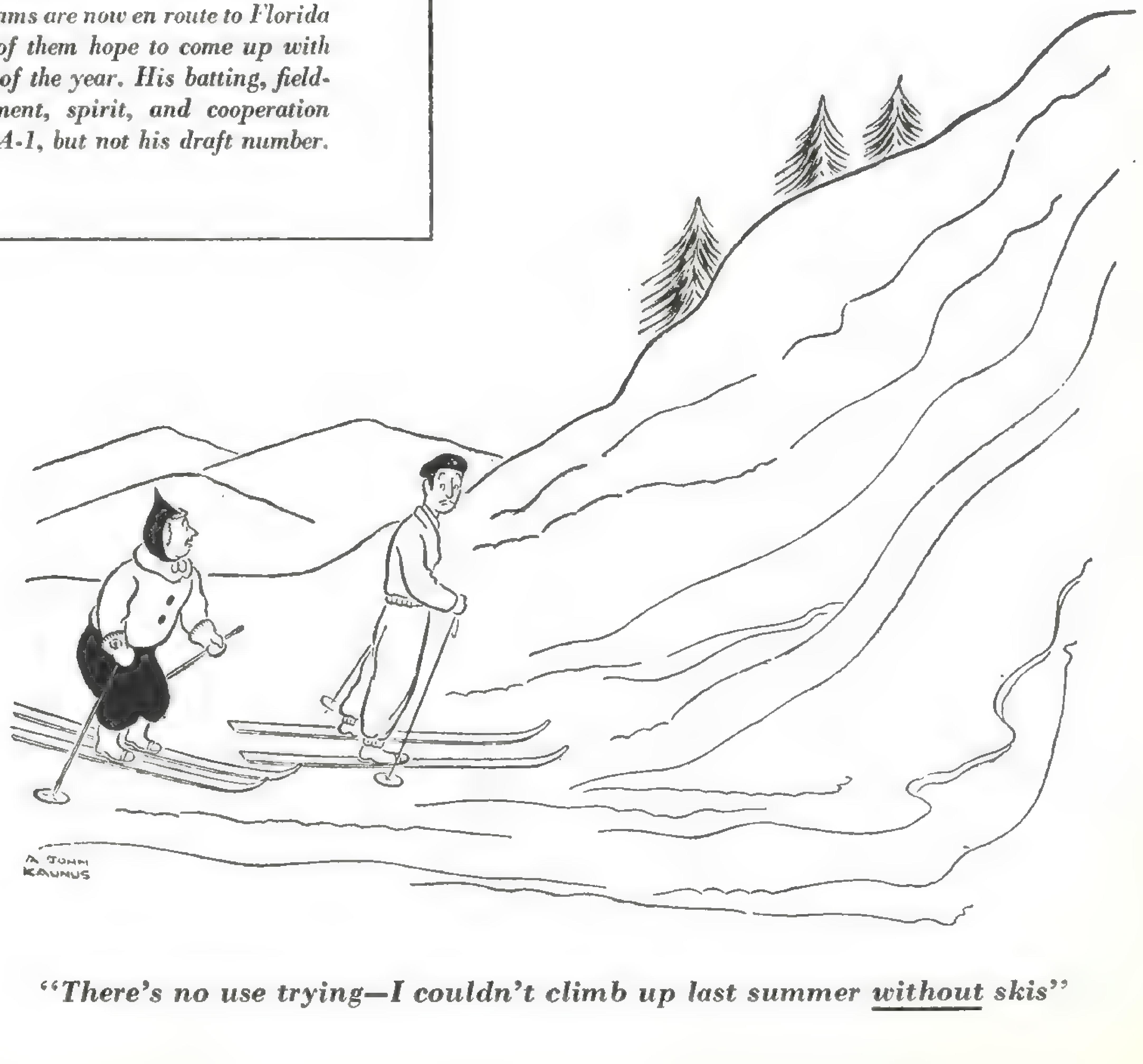
*"It's all right—he hasn't looked up for years!"*



*"Heels together, chests out—all but Miss Johnston!"*

*The ball teams are now en route to Florida where all of them hope to come up with the rookie of the year. His batting, fielding, judgment, spirit, and cooperation should be A-1, but not his draft number.*

*There are three known kinds of lies: lies, damn lies, and seed catalogue illustrations.*



*"There's no use trying—I couldn't climb up last summer without skis"*

# The Death of Judas

*Continued from pages 33-107*

Temple scribe. Every day of the year before you. Every day know where you are. And my good friend, may I ask you: Do you know what day this is?"

"No," cried Judas. "I do not know what day this is."

"Then you need a calendar. They are cheap. It tells you everything. Yesterday, today and tomorrow."

"Yesterday, today and tomorrow," repeated Judas. "Oh, what do you know about yesterday or today or tomorrow!"

"You don't have to know. The calendar tells you."

"Tells you nothing!" cried Judas and ran on.

In this manner he came into the square of the bazaar. Half of the stalls were already closed.

"Buy a lock for the door," called a merchant.

"A lock?"

"Yes. Every door needs a lock."

"And the key?"

"The key comes with the lock. Every lock has its key. The key opens the lock."

"Yes, I understand. But I don't need a lock."

"Every man needs a lock. He has treasures or even if he is poor he has things to hide away."

"To hide away?"

"Yes, everyone has such things. And you, sir, have you nothing you would . . ."

"I have, I have. But you do not make that kind of lock."

"I have all kinds."

"No!" cried Judas in his face. "Not that kind."

He ran on.

"Oil for the lamps. Fresh oil for the lamps."

"What lamps?"

"At home the lamps. Take home a little oil. They will burn brightly."

"Home? Yesterday all the world was my home but today there is no place. No place."

"The oil is good, anyway. Fresh pressed from the olives. Buy a bottle."

"No!" cried Judas and ran on.

"Buy something!" called one from a distance.

"What!" shouted Judas from the other side of the street.

"Come here, my friend. I see you are looking for something. I will sell you what you seek. Anything a person wants to buy, that I will get for him."

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything."

"I want a rope."

"A rope for a dog or a heavy rope for a bull?"

"For a bull. A mad bull. I have him by the gate but I need a rope to lead him with."

"I can get you a fine one made of strong hemp but not new."

"Where does it come from?"

"It is a good rope. It was made by fishermen for nets but then it was sold to a butcher and now it is mine. I am a merchant in all things. I have chains, I have ropes, I have stoves, chairs, mirrors . . . Let me sell you a mirror."

"No, not a mirror."

"A good mirror."

"But I don't want a mirror."

"Very well. You want a rope for your bull. Buy the rope for the bull and a mirror for yourself."

"Come, let me see the rope."

"Here, my friend, this way. Everything is in my cellar."

He followed this dealer of junk into his cellar and examined the rope.

"It is worth four coppers but you can have it for three."

"Because of my looks?"

"Yes, because the time presses. In a few minutes the feast begins and my children are ready to take their places at the table."

"I do not have the money. But I will take off my outer garment and you can have it in exchange. It is wool."

"Good. A bargain is a bargain."

He wandered through the dark deserted streets and found his way back to the Temple. Here he climbed one of the towers and entered the upper loft above the altar.

In the morning his body was discovered hanging from the topmost beam. It could be seen through the rent curtain which hung over the altar. The rope wound and unwound, coiling him slowly around and around.

# Man the Kitchenette

*Continued from page 79*

got all tangled up. The experts laughed good-naturedly. We were cruising at a slow pace toward Diamond Shoals, sometime goal of every deep sea fisherman, and a spot of the ocean no man should attempt if subject to seasickness. One by one the great fishermen reeled in the wonderfully set lines and hastily disappeared down below in the tiny cabin! I remained alone with only the guide—and we started fishing. First I caught a small fifteen pound sea bass; a little later I had an exhilarating fight with a thirty-eight pound channel bass. Then I declared an intermission, and just as Marchisio of the Marguery came up with the uncertain steps of a drunken sailor for fresh air, I bit into a huge ham and egg sandwich. Poor Marchisio turned away quickly, and so did I, but went on enjoying my food. Now the "experts" started to beg to go ashore; I said that I wanted to continue fishing. I wouldn't give in too easily. Finally I agreed that if Otto let me wear his cap, we might go back. And thus endeth the story of the amateur fisherman, who was lucky enough not to be vulnerable to seasickness, that mysterious ailment which may strike the strongest and completely pass by the weak.

There are two easy and simple ways to prepare fish, both of which are excellent. First is to take small pieces of fish, debone, season, roll, and envelop in bacon, and broil them. The second way is to make a stew, or rather a ragout, by cutting the fish into slices; place them, seasoned, in a pan with onion, carrots, peppercorn and bay leaf, and pour a generous amount of dry white wine over them. But don't throw away the head; place it in a muslin bag and put it in the stew; the head gives an incomparable flavor to the fish stew. Season to taste.

After fishing with the "experts" for a week and enjoying the real southern hospitality of Joe Massoletti, we all came back, the restaurateurs to their business and I to more culinary adventures. This time artists were involved, and the first incident took place at the unique house of Howard Baer, the Esquire cartoonist and painter of Mexico. Howard lives in New York in a sort of Venetian palazzo on a small, tucked away square near the Wall Street section. Really, the house standing near the river for the better part of a hundred and fifty years, resembles nothing more than that—the rooms are enormous, and beautiful, and one expects any minute the "Cara Picina" of the gondoliers.

There is nothing small about the Baers; their cocktail snacks consist of big hunks of some divine salami they get on Delancey Street, and the delicious and generously cut herring familiar to bar flies. I don't like refined cocktail snacks, and always pity the hostess who goes to so much trouble for such an unimportant culinary session. The example of the Baers is simple, most appealing to men who do not like chi-chi, and it is to be commended and followed. The unceremonious appetizers make you feel at home, and you do want to be at home in this palazzo.

Stanley, chef, butler, valet and nursemaid to the Baers' dogs and cats, cooked a marvelous dinner one night when I was there. It consisted of a first-rate artichoke soup, chicken with a Béchamel sauce and rice, and corn bread; also there was a chocolate layer cake which was so good that I helped myself generously and without embarrassment. When you are invited to a hospitable house you don't have to feel ashamed to eat a lot of certain dishes that you like. It is silent praise.

Another artist friend of mine, Emery Kelen, the political cartoonist and half of the team of Derso and Kelen, is one of the best amateur chefs I have the pleasure of knowing. Kelen really likes only two things in life—cooking and eating. He is married to a charming English girl, and while she is engaged in literary undertakings, he prepares all their meals. Kelen kept on urging me for a long time to get a suckling pig, or more correctly, sucking pig, for he had never cooked that yet and wanted to try his hand at it.

It is not an easy matter to get this kind of meat from an ordinary butcher, so I appealed to my friends, at the Gotham Hotel Supply Company, specialists in difficult meat questions, and they got hold of one for me. The little pig was roasted by Kelen in an upright position and basted to perfection. Since I never serve cocktails of hard liquor at my house—I like my guests to be able to appreciate every shade of flavor when sitting down to dine—I gave them champagne cocktails, made with California carbonated Moselle wine of a certain brand. It tastes exactly like French champagne, and I defy any expert to say differently. This is the way to make a good champagne cocktail, as taught to me by Frank of the Paris Ritz: take a lump of sugar, moisten it lightly with angostura bitters, place it in the bottom of a glass, and pour the wine over it. However, do not stir.

My favorite after dinner drink is kirsch. The best is Fassbinder, but I think I drank the last bottle in the country, given to me by Madame Servant, proprietress of the Swiss Restaurant in New York. However, all the kirsch made in Basle is very good, and there are some very excellent American makes.

To switch back to food once more, I saw a very ingenious machine, made by the Sjöström Machine people in Massachusetts, which makes it an easy matter for an amateur to split a lobster. There are not many kitchens or kitchenettes where they would dare to do the splitting of lobsters destined to be broiled. This new invention is a sort of a guillotine, into which the lobster fits snugly, and then a heavy hinged blade descends and cuts the lobster into perfect halves, ready to put in the oven. The knife, of course, does not cut through the lobster's bottom shell.

I have also run across three cookery books about which I think you should know. The first is Mrs. Jeanne Owen's book on Sauces (Barrows and Co.), a very excellent and much needed volume. The second is *Cooking à la Ritz* (Putnam) by Louis Diat, chef for over thirty years of the Ritz Carlton of New York, a great yet simple book. And the latest addition to the literature on wine cookery, *The Wine Cook Book*, by Ted Hatch, is really most thorough and should be read, since wine is an essential in most good cooking.

## The Swamp Angel

*Continued from page 67*

way you do, son: prayers have always filled me with the spirit . . . good, honest, strong prayers, I mean . . . But a roaring sermon of the Gospel preached by someone with a call . . . that's something. But it's then, when a man is full of Glory that Satan tries his hardest to corrupt. I'll tell you about my clash with the Devil so that you will be better able to protect yourself when the time comes."

Treat sat rubbing his hand over the fat belly of the Parrott rifle and talked as though he had repeated the story many times.

"Twenty-four years ago . . . and this will surprise you . . . I was a lad younger than you, right over there in Charleston. It was a warm summer's night like this and I had been to a revival meeting. The preacher lit into sin and the Devil on all fours and at the end of the sermon every soul in that church was crying, shouting and rolling around like you have never seen. We must have frightened every imp of Satan for miles around."

The Captain chuckled at the delicious memory as Carver listened and watched a few lights burning over in the sleeping city. Probably lights from sick rooms and sentry posts.

"Well, we all left the church full of glory and it was right then that the Devil hated us the most and tempted us the most. I was living with my mother on the edge of town and on my way home I had to pass through the Devil's own territory . . . the street of lust and carnal sin . . . Market Street.

"I had been down Market Street at night hundreds of times but never when I was so full of the Spirit, and never when Satan was so powerful there. Most of the places were closed but down at a far end of the street, about where those two lights are together over to the west, stood a young girl in a doorway. She spoke to me and her voice had a French accent. Her face was pretty . . . the Devil made it that way . . . and he was by her side; I know."

Treat talked rapidly with a rasping sort of whisper and perspiration ran over the thick protruding veins on his temples and throat. His body was tense and he hugged the cannon.

"I stood there in front of her and the hands of a hundred demons pulled and pushed at me to go in through that door. It was the most irresistible force that ever tormented a man. I tried to pray but she kept smiling at me like she knew, and the words wouldn't come. My head was roaring and my heart was up in my neck and I walked in there!"

He finished the sentence in a hoarse crescendo and then almost wilted over the barrel of the gun. His voice caught a little as he continued.

"I stumbled home with the Devil at my heels laughing and mocking me. He had bathed me in sin. I couldn't face my mother or friends in the morning so I crept up to the loft where I slept, got my things and took to the road. Yes, and I washed the dirt of Charleston from my feet in the Cooper River. I vowed that the next time I saw that city I would purge it of its wickedness and I dedicated myself to that end."

The Captain was now standing on the rampart facing the lights over the river.

"And now, through me, God will be avenged upon Charleston and the wicked shall be destroyed. I shall be like Joshua who smote all the country of the hills and of the south. He left none remaining but utterly destroyed all that breathed as the Lord God of Israel commanded. Joshua 10, verse 40."

After a few moments during which the Captain's lips worked in a silent prayer he turned to the boy, wished him a good night and told him to get back to his comrades and sleep, for the dawn would be coming soon.

*Priorities? Oh yes, that's where you stop on a dark road and tell your girl you're out of aluminum.*

Two hours later the five men were awakened by the blaring voice of Treat. "Hallelujah," he cried greeting the first faint suggestion of a glow in the east. "The day of reckoning is at hand." The outline of Charleston was barely discernible to the eye but that was enough for the Captain.

In spite of their drowsiness the men quickly caught his excitement and were soon dressed and carrying out his orders with a snap. Not only were they interested in their part of the strategy, but, as artillerymen, they were anxious to see what Treat could do with the big gun.

"Men, the dawn is here but Charleston lies to the northeast of us and is still more or less in darkness," said the Captain quite formally. "Let us, therefore, drop a few rounds of Greek fire into the midst of the city and the resulting conflagration will illuminate our target. Let us be a fire by night and a pillar by day."

Over in his headquarters at Battery Rosecrans, General Gillmore stirred slightly and pulled a blanket over his legs to warm them from the chill dampness that swept in from the ocean just before dawn. His sleep was untroubled and his dream-life had taken him to a pleasant spot where he was blowing large bubbles. Suddenly one of the bubbles burst with a tremendous roar; so loud it was that the General sprang out of his cot and stood dazedly in his long underwear. Thinking that he must be getting a trifle balmy he made for his bed when a second explosion, miles away, rumbled over the sand dunes. Looking out in the direction of Charleston he could see the glow of what was obviously Greek fire. Suddenly he remembered Treat and the Swamp Angel. "The damned fool," he thought: "His orders were to commence firing at dawn. It's not light enough yet to find the latrine."

Outside of being very pretty the Greek fire did not prove to be as effective as the avenging angel had hoped and it was decided to wait until the sun rose and every shot could be properly aimed. The men were in good humor and got the heavy balls and explosive shells ready for the bombardment while Luke, the Negro cook and handyman, got breakfast for them.

Treat ignored the food and after a few short prayers sat at his makeshift desk and carefully went over his calculations; surface tension of the gun, angle of fire, weight of powder charge against the weight of the projectile and the distance to the objectives. Everything was in order and he found no mistakes in his mathematics. He then peered over the sandbags and re-estimated the distances to his targets in the city; no mistakes there. Next he carefully checked the Swamp Angel herself and thoroughly examined the powder charges and the shells lashed to their wooden "sabots."

Corporal Carver had meanwhile finished his breakfast and had as unobstrusively as possible joined Treat in his inspections. "Brother Carver," said Treat in a low voice so the others did not hear, "there are just two of us who really understand why we are here. The others are Godless soldiers who are on our side purely as a matter of coincidence."

Carver glowed at being made a confidante in this affair of celestial retaliation. "I prayed for you last night," he said. "It was the most powerful prayer I ever made."

He could tell that his Captain and brother in the bond was pleased by this. "Prayer is good, but it is not enough. You must fast with me too." Carver became a little crestfallen; this was something he had forgotten. He would gladly have regurgitated his breakfast but silently reasoned that he had already enjoyed its taste and there could be nothing done about that. "I shall not eat again until you do," he said and Treat took his hand warmly. "It may take us three days," he said, "but we shall live on the spirit. Together we will work this miracle!"

The rest of the men had meanwhile finished their food and were lighting up their pipes and watching the pantomime between Treat and Carver. "Looks like the Captain's made a convert," said one out of the corner of his heavy beard.

"Jest as long as he don't try to convert us," replied another. "I'm fightin' the Rebels, not my old friend the Devil." The rest snickered.

In a little over an hour the early morning chill had vanished in the brassy rays of the summer sun and Charleston lay outlined in a burst of light. "Praise the Lord," shouted the Captain as his crew swabbed out the long barrel of the Angel and filled it with a heavy load of iron and powder. " 'I will destroy high places and cut down images and I will make cities waste and bring sanctuaries into desolation.' Leviticus, 26, verse 32."

Treat sighted the gun at the center of Charleston in general, as the first shot would give him a focal point for more accurate shooting. Later he would try for specific objectives. With the well-trained crew this did not take long and soon everything was set. The men, according to Treat's instructions, backed away to the edge of the gun emplacement. It was not certain how the piling would take the recoil or just what would happen, and Treat was taking no chances with anyone but himself for he sprang upon the rampart unmindful of possible sharpshooters, thrust his sword down into the sandbags and, using the hilt as a support placed his telescope through the handle and focused it upon Charleston. With a downward motion of his arm he gave signal to fire. Number one of the crew pulled the lanyard and an instant later the concussion shook the swamp for miles.

The men back of the gun watched the shrieking projectile arch high into the heavens and in a few seconds shrink until it vanished completely. Then they sprang to the top of the redoubt and observed, a few seconds later, a large column of water rise slowly in the Ashley River about fifty yards off-shore.

"A little short, sir," said Corporal Carver sympathetically, but Treat was watching some men in a boat pulling for the shore with frantic haste. "They heard the voice," he said almost to himself, "and they ran with guilty fright."

After a brief moment while the men waited awkwardly in silence, Treat jumped down and began to inspect the Swamp Angel. To the delight of all the platform had stood the shock from the recoil magnificently — a tribute to Treat's labor and thoroughness— and the crew decided privately that even though their Captain be a fool about some things, artillery was definitely not one of them. However as the gun carriage was new and had never been tested before it was discovered that some of the forgings had become strained and replacements were necessary. This would necessitate a boat trip to Rosecrans that night and a cessation of firing for the rest of the day. Treat bore the discovery philosophically to the surprise of everyone. "He wants to make his pleasure last," whispered one of the men. "I've seen 'em like that before."

That night while the others were sleeping Treat and Carver sat in a cloud of smoke to keep away the voracious mosquitoes, and communed with their God. Treat again recounted his defeat at the hands of the Devil in Charleston, and Carver, eager to bare his soul before his brother in the Gospel, told of two unprintable experiences he had never mentioned to anyone before. Treat listened with shocked delight and they both prayed and talked until just before dawn when the boat returned with the cast iron reinforcements for the gun carriage and the information that Gillmore was sore about shooting before dawn and Treat had better not try it again if he knew what was good for him.

Treat ignored the message and he and Carver immediately began work on the gun. By the time the men had gotten up and been fed it was reinforced and ready for the heaviest load that could be safely crowded down the barrel. The crew took their positions while Treat sat at his improvised desk and worked over his calculations. "Same load and shot," he finally said without bothering to raise his eyes.

When the corporal sang out "Ready," Treat rose and began to sight the big gun. He was as deliberate and careful as a Swiss watchmaker and it was fully five minutes before he was satisfied with the aim and glared again at Charleston through his telescope. The second shot roared out on its wailing path to the city and this time the delighted Treat observed the roof on a large store smash in with a dark cloud of dust and smoke.

By tilting the Swamp Angel's hot belly to its maximum angle of fire, Treat sent the next ten solid shots directly into the heart of the city. The men were stunned at such marksmanship but to their Captain the results were disappointing; the city lay unperturbed in the sunshine absorbing the solid shot like a watermelon would a buckshot.

"Change your ammunition to explosive shells with percussion fuses," he ordered and the crew adjusted a fuse on a heavy shell that would burst when it struck something solid.

These shells were lighter than the solid shot and carried further into Charleston as Treat had anticipated. Soon two buildings, only three blocks from the hated Market Street, were blazing while the Captain jumped about in exuberant religious frenzy.

Here was destruction in the form of smoke and flames; something he could see, something that approximated the sizzling Hell to which the sinners of Charleston would be ultimately consigned. "You are a witness, Brother Carver," he said excitedly. "You shall tell the world how I cleansed that city with a baptism of fire." The young corporal blushed before the curious gaze of the rest of the crew but he was caught up in the excitement of Treat and his eyes glowed. He would tell the world of this great miracle wrought in the swamp.

Treat delayed the next round until he could figure how much the charge would have to be increased to send the shells directly into the thoroughfare of his downfall. This had to be nicely calculated as a certain margin of safety was necessary to prevent the gun from blowing its breech or cracking under excessive strain. The men tamped in the extra powder load and looked at each other. They hoped and were almost sure that the load wasn't too heavy. After all these Parrott guns had a tough wrought-iron cylinder shrunk over the breech and could stand it. Watch this one go!

The tremendous explosion shook the ground even down to Battery Rosecrans where General Gillmore looked up from his maps and spoke to an aide: "Good God! That sounded like a ten-inch Columbiad or a Rodman. What can Treat be doing with the Swamp Angel?"

He decided that he would send for Treat that night and have a talk with him. Maybe send another man out to the Swamp Angel with him; somebody like Murphy who could calm the Captain down and see that he didn't try to hold a revival meeting for the muskrats and water moccasins.

In a paroxysm of delight Captain Treat watched the whining shell burst on the side of a building not more than a block from Market Street. Not more than a hundred and fifty yards! Once more he resumed his calculations; his breath short and great beads of sweat curving down the deep lines of his face. The men watched the veins of his neck stand out and enlarge with each beat of his heart and were now apprehensive about the look in his eye. It was wilder than it had ever been before.

"Eighteen and a half pounds of powder this time," said Treat breaking the appalling nervous silence.

Number two man, the man who weighted and loaded the black powder, hesitated. "That's quite a load, sir," he said a little sheepishly.

"And five and a half miles is quite a distance," barked Treat. "Obey your orders!"

The charge was made ready, driven home in the breech of the gun and the shell and sabot rammed down in front of it. Treat sighted the gun carefully while his men with the exception of Carver stood, uneasy and awkward, yet snapping to their duties like the good soldiers they were. Finally everything was set and Treat called them all to attention.

"Soldiers and men," he said removing his hat: "Together with me you have been instrumental in working out the plan of God's slow but sure purpose. I now stand on the threshold of redemption. . . . To God and me belong the vengeance."

Without a sound Carver suddenly crumpled up and slid to the ground, his cheeks a bright red but the rest of his face deathly white.

"Carry him to the shelter," said Treat, a little disappointed that his right hand man should have deserted him at such a crucial moment.

Two men carried him to the little tent back of the sandbag revetment, and placed him on a blanket.

As one poured some warm water down his throat Carver gave a short moan. "Yellow fever, I reckon," said the grizzled veteran. "Naw," replied his friend. "Plain not enough food and too much religion." They left Carver and returned to their position at the gun.

Treat's eyes were now turned upwards and his glowing face looked exactly as Savanarola, Huss and other crusaders must have looked in their hour of triumph.

From his pocket he drew a small Bible and, clasping it in his left hand placed it over his heart. With the other hand he grasped the lanyard of the waiting iron monster . . . the Swamp Angel.

"At this moment I would prefer to be alone with my Redeemer," spoke Captain Treat and the four men instantly took the hint and joined the cook on the other side of the barbette near Carver where they again resumed normal breathing.

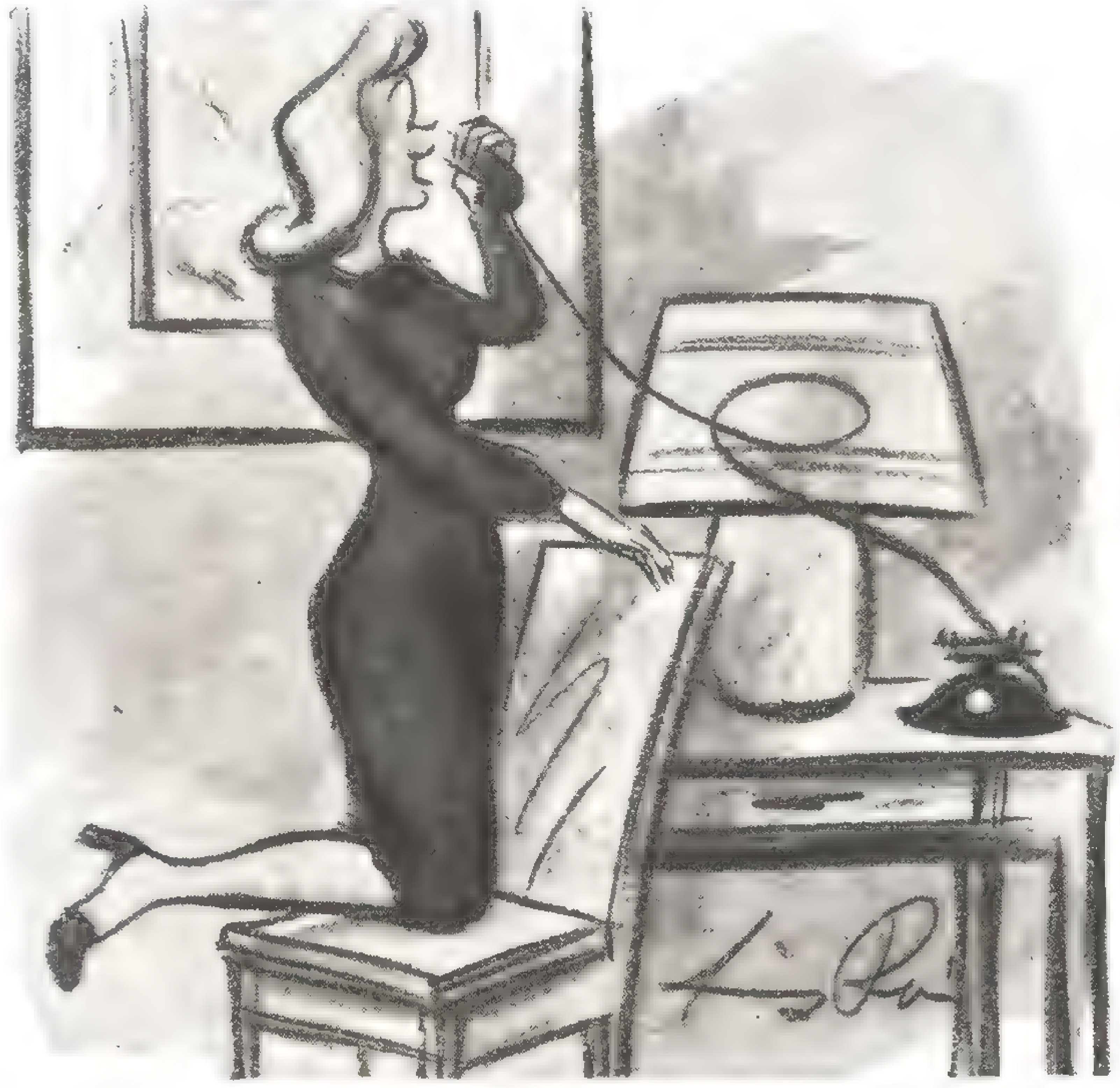
Quickly came the loud voice of their Captain: "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak. See how now the wrath of a just God is to be visited upon those who have gone a whoring after Baalim and made Baaberith their God. Now shall they reap from the poisonous vines of Sodom and the fields of Gomorrah."

Then came the click of the pulled lanyard, the hissing of the fulminate fuse and the most ear-splitting roar that ever deafened an artilleryman. Flames and acrid smoke shot over the sandbags and the ground shook so violently that the men clung to each other to keep from being flung down. Carver screamed, sat upright for a moment and promptly collapsed again.

In the deathly hush that followed the men strained to hear the whistling of the shell on its way to Market Street but nothing disturbed the hot silence but the splash of a frightened muskrat as he plopped into the water. One by one they peered carefully around the sandbags fearing what they might see.

There, on her iron side lay the Swamp Angel; bent, twisted and finally exploded from the terrible travail of the last shot. Underneath her were stretched the earthy remains of the late Captain Caleb Treat, smashed, ripped and seared beyond recognition; while over the scene descended the fluttering pages of the torn Bible like white doves of peace alighting on the earth.

At the heavy concussion General Gillmore again looked up from his maps. "That goddamed fool," he said. "He'll blow himself all to Hell if he's not careful." ###



*"So I go down to visit Bert at camp and meet the grandest Sergeant who promised to give my regards to Bert"*

# Professor Julian's Doll

*Continued from page 28*

pecting the police to come barging in demanding to know what he's up to."

"Just exactly what is your calling?" I inquired. I was beginning to feel that little thrilling sensation in the pit of my stomach the policeman first gets when he realizes he's dealing with an exceptional criminal.

"If I were a white man I'd probably call myself a psychiatrist," he shrugged. "Being a Negro I perform the simple functions of a witch doctor." The announcement was made with complete matter-of-factness. "Oh, do not worry," he added smilingly. "My medical degree is quite in order."

"You're pretty frank, I see. And self-confident."

His smile faded and his left cheek twitched nervously. "As a boy I wanted to be a medical doctor, but I saw there were a lot of things about the human mind, especially the primitive mind, which eluded the knowledge of medical pathology. I secured my degree, but I also studied the medicine of my forefathers. Now I practice it. I don't list myself in the phone book as a witch doctor, of course. But I have a splendid clientele of folk both black and white who avail themselves of my services. The police may find my activities violating some of their prejudices but not any of their laws."

I allowed my eyes to become entangled with his, and in that brief moment of communion we understood each other perfectly. "My particular curiosity has been aroused," I told him, "by the case of a Miss Edna Harrington."

"Oh, yes. I know her," he said imperturbably.

"Mainly, what I'd like to have you tell me is this. Have you, somewhere in your house, a doll costumed and designed to imitate the figure of Miss Harrington, with pins or nails driven into it?"

He reached up and began playing with the little metal disc attached to the string of teeth he was wearing. "Now that you mention it, I do possess such a doll," he said, as though telling me of a valuable piece of bric-a-brac he owned. "Down cellar. No nails or pins, though. There is a piece of scarlet thread wound around the neck of the effigy. Each morning I unwind a bit of the string."

"And when the entire thread is unwound Miss Harrington will be dead," I said.

"Precisely."

"Then you confess you intend to murder her?"

He glanced up in surprise. "My dear Lieutenant! You know as well as I do it's impossible to kill anyone through the medium of an inanimate doll. Even I, as a witch doctor, don't claim any such extraordinary ability."

"But I know as well as you do, Professor Julian, that it is possible to destroy a superstitious person by the power of suggestion. What's your object in wanting this girl out of the way?"

"It's interesting," he went on, undisturbed, "to meet someone with a knowledge of the fundamentals of my calling. I presume, before you embarked on this case, you read literature pertaining to witchcraft and the occult?"

"I did."

"You won't find all there is to know about it in books, Lieutenant. Let me illustrate. Glance down here at this metal disc. It's just tin, shiny tin. Don't pay any attention to this string of teeth. They're props, ordinary store teeth, to attract the eye. Just keep looking at the disc. It's a harmless experiment. You can do it yourself after a certain amount of practice. Just . . . keep—"

Something extraordinary was happening to me. As I stared at the professor's little metal disc I noticed that his clothes were disappearing, melting away. Suddenly he stood before me naked except for a loin cloth. The necklace of teeth remained around his neck, but upon his head two horns sprouted. He crouched in the peculiar disjointed fashion of a primitive medicine man. Then, all at once, the apparition disappeared, and there was Professor Julian, sitting across the bamboo table from me, smiling, amused.

As if he had just concluded an experiment in inorganic chemistry, he began explaining. "Such hallucinations are easily induced, Lieutenant. Obviously you'd given a great deal of study recently to witch doctors, principally the naked African variety. By fixing your attention and eliminating perception through the normal senses I was able to transfer this impression to myself. I merely assisted in translating a mental into a visual image."

"Very good," I said. And then I added, with a casualness I was far from feeling, "Now, let's put these games away and get down to business. Sometimes it happens that the police are compelled to resort to unorthodox methods in dealing with certain types of criminals. You know—a slug from a forty-five through the head some dark evening. If Miss Harrington dies I'm liable to start brooding about it, my friend."

He grinned. "Judging character is my profession," he said. "There are cops who think with their trigger fingers, but you prefer to work with your head. Whether or not I'm a criminal, is a matter of opinion. According to my lights I pursue a legal calling in a reasonably conventional way." His thick Negroid lips again curled in a pleasant smile. "I've tried to be co-operative and answer all your questions frankly. You'll also be interested to know that I keep dictaphone records of my conversations. I therefore have on permanent file your threat to put a slug in my head some dark evening. While I'm a good judge of character, I don't take chances. Now may I say good day?"

***Plaint of a Playboy***

*Life is full*
*Of strain and stress*
*Changing "no" to "maybe"*
*And "maybe" to "yes"!*

That ought to give you some idea of the fix I was in, my friend went on. A couple of centuries ago we could have hauled him up for practicing witchcraft. But, according to science, there isn't any such thing. I could hardly go before a superior court judge and demand an injunction requiring Professor Julian to cease unwinding a scarlet thread from the effigy of a young Negress dying of pernicious anemia. I couldn't go back to headquarters with a fantastic story about a girl being murdered by the occult power residing in an insignificant little Negro, a witch doctor who employed dictaphone records and photograph files. Certainly not without a mountain of corroborative testimony. And, in the language of military strategy, time was the essence of the problem. If I didn't do something pretty quickly the girl would soon be dead.

Well, I don't want to prolong the story unnecessarily by detailing all the complications I ran into during the week that followed. I did some twenty-four-hour undercover investigation on street corners, in dives and cellar restaurants frequented by colored folk. I questioned policy sellers, Negro business men, housewives. When I pieced the facts together they confirmed in no uncertain way my suspicions concerning Professor Julian. He wielded an astonishing influence over the lives and fortunes of the members of his community. With the skill of a modern psychologist he was practicing the crafts of a primitive medicine man, exploiting credulity and fear for a profit, frightening his victims into superstitious silence, yet always adroitly keeping within the letter of the law.

I knew all this, but I couldn't bring those intimidated Negroes into court to support me with testimony. The Harrington girl might supply me with a clearcut piece of evidence—she might, that is, if she lived and I could get her to testify. I didn't even know what the brilliant little witch doctor expected to obtain by her death. As far as I could learn, she hadn't any money. Her folks were not well-to-do. I might have hit on the answer sooner if Professor Julian had been the usual coarse-grained faker. As it was, his subtle and complex personality completely obscured the nature of his motive, one of the most common criminal motives in existence. I had my first big break from a colored druggist in the neighborhood. Even he was afraid to talk, but he had every reason to detest Professor Julian, his business having suffered as the result of the doctor's magical practices.

"A bad man to make an enemy out of," he declared, shrugging off my attempts to discover some concrete fact that might help me solve the case.

"What do you know about this Harrington girl?" I asked. "Does she have any valuable property? Do you know if she expects to inherit money? Has she any jewels a swindler would like to get his hands on?"

"The valuablest thing she owns is her good looks," he said.

I mightn't even then have taken the hint except for the peculiar way in which the druggist lifted his eyes and gazed intently into mine. "Just her good looks . . ." he repeated.

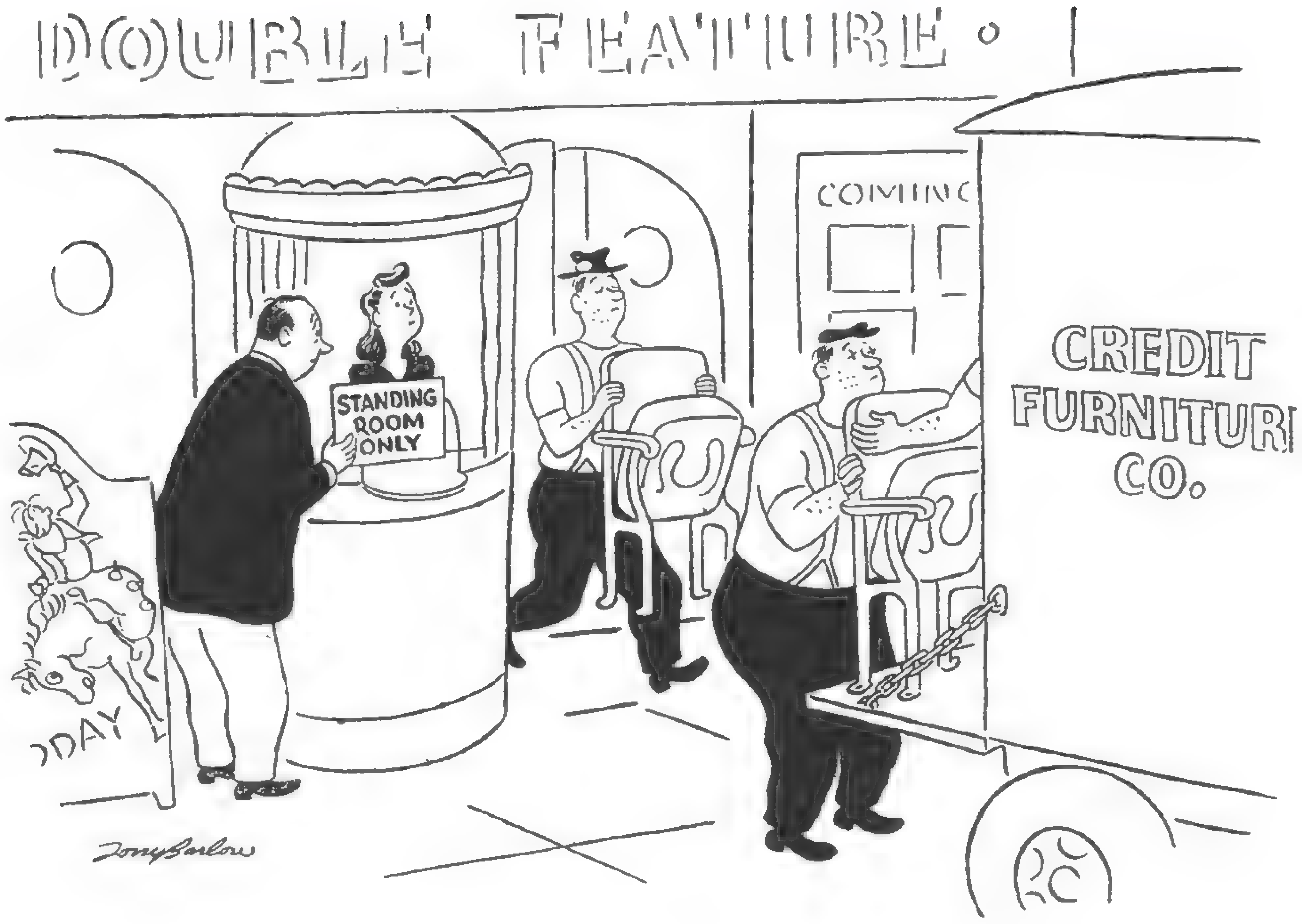
Well, there it was. Just her good looks. As simple as all that, and yet it had been the farthest thought from my mind. The oddest thing about this sort of work, I suppose, is the way in which a mere phrase, a casual statement, will clarify a complex problem. And I mean you see it clarifying and solving itself right before your eyes. How many girls had the professor persuaded by his deadly threats to go out soliciting for him? As for Miss Harrington, obviously she had refused. As a consequence he quite coolly intended to murder her. "The valuablest thing she owns is her good looks," I kept repeating to myself as I taxied to the hospital.

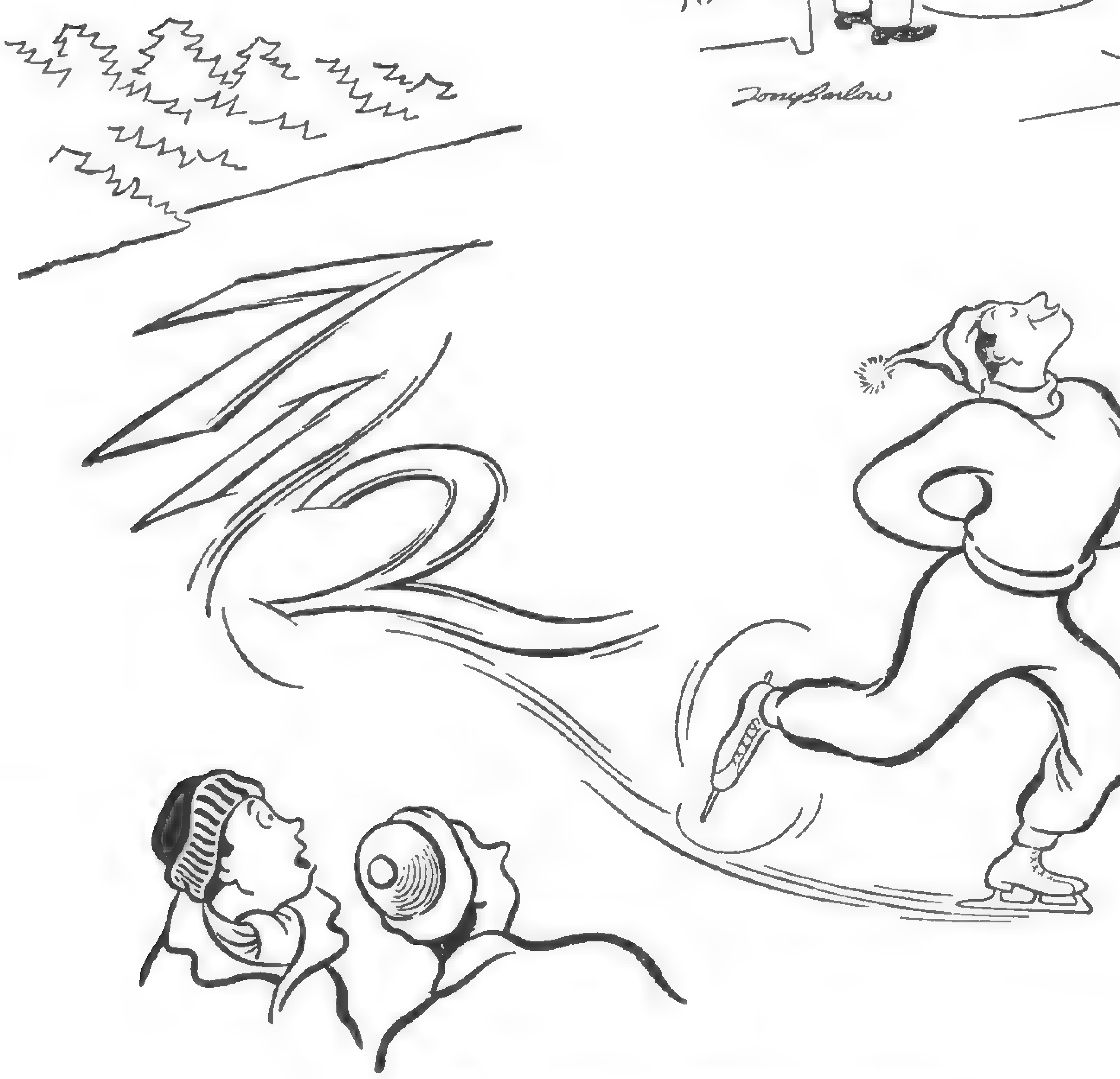
There was no time to lose. I had the handsome colored girl, by now pitifully wasted away, removed to a private room in a quiet part of the hospital. I sat and talked with her about nothing in particular while she stared vacantly at the white ceiling, apparently oblivious of her surroundings. Finally, when I observed a certain relaxation in her facial muscles, I began to speak in a casual way about hypnotism. As though awakening from a deep slumber the young girl slowly turned her head and fixed her eyes on me. A curious expression froze on her features. Only her eyes seemed alive.

"You know," I said in a conversational tone of voice, "I've been making a study of this witch-doctor hocus-pocus about dolls and effigies and scarlet threads and all the fol-de-rol that goes with it. A clever criminal with a knowledge of hypnosis can use the power of suggestion to fix the imagination on some inanimate object, such as a doll. They say it's actually possible to frighten someone to death if he can be made to believe implicitly in the

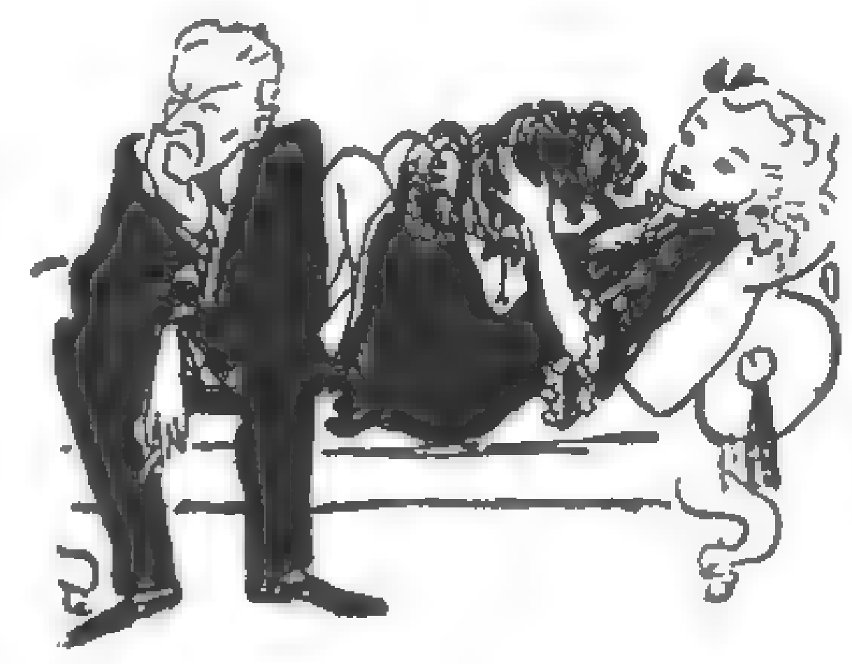
*Continued at top of page 114*

*A defeatist is one who won't bid if he holds thirteen spades because he lacks strength in outside suits.*


DOUBLE FEATURE
COMING
STANDING ROOM ONLY
CREDIT FURNITURE CO.
DAY
Tony Barlow

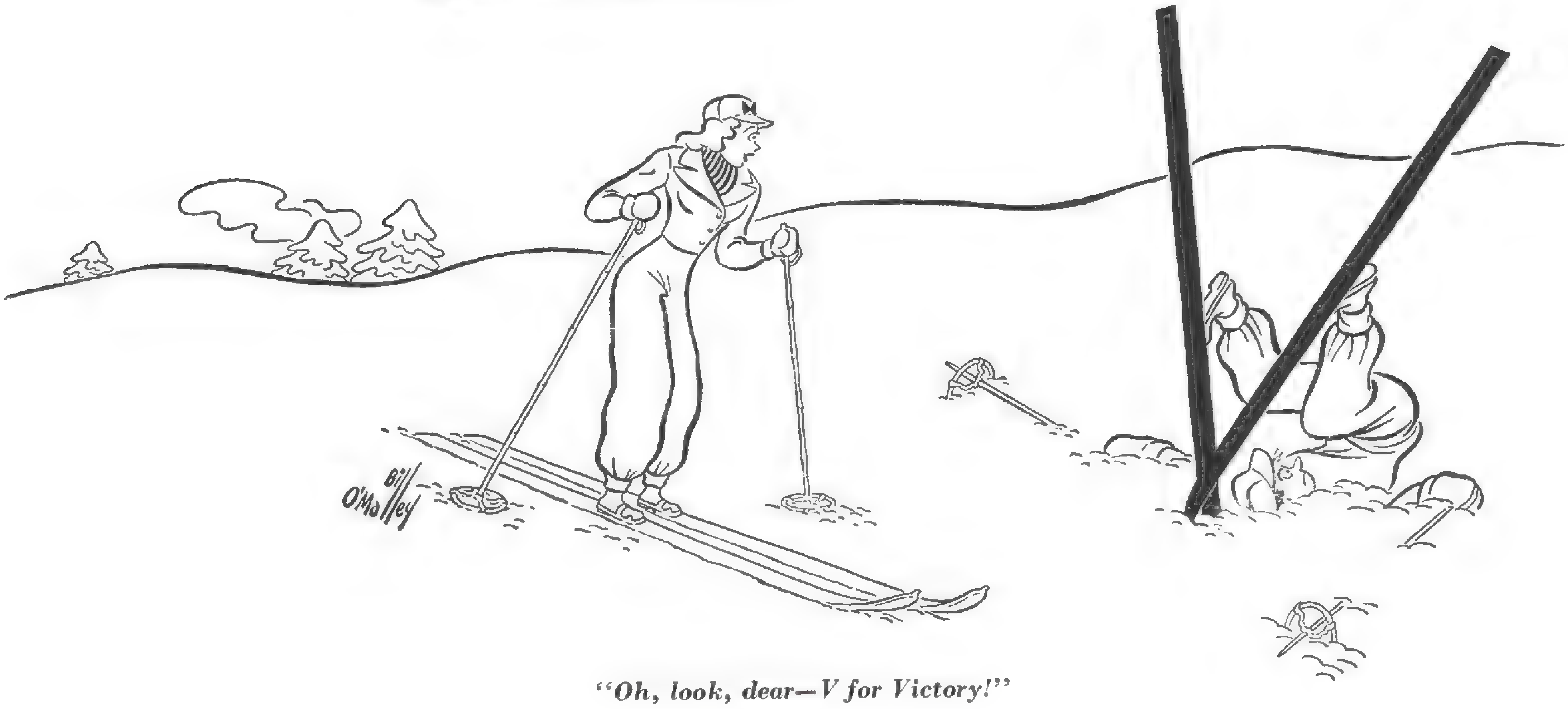


*"He gets everything wholesale"*



**Ain't It So, Brother?**

*Nothing makes a fellow blister*
*Like the Gal who wants to be*
*his Sister!*


Bill O'Malley

*"Oh, look, dear—V for Victory!"*

## Professor Julian's Doll

*Continued from pages 28-112*

magic power of the doll. Just the same, it's a scientific fact that a hypnotized person can't be made to do anything against his desire or belief. It's impossible hypnotically to direct the human will. I went into this technical stuff pretty deeply, Miss Harrington, as the result of my investigation of Professor Julian's criminal activities. You see, I found out he's been trying to scare you to death."

When I mentioned the professor's name the girl's body trembled visibly.

"I know all about how he tried to make you go out on the streets," I went on. "When you refused, he showed you a doll and told you he'd kill you. Every day he found some means of letting you know he was unwinding a scarlet thread from around the neck of the doll. You couldn't think of anything else. You started to lose weight. You–"

She began to whimper hysterically and I knew I was getting it right. "Well, we're not going to let any harm come to you. He pretends to kill people by occult means as a method of frightening them to death. Professor Julian's an accomplished murderer who sets out to destroy anyone who refuses to give him what he wants. His methods so far have kept him from legal prosecution. But now he's going to jail, and you've nothing more to worry about."

She seemed at last thoroughly awake. "But he can kill me," she said. "I know he can."

"And I know he can't, my dear girl," I said. "I want you to eat something and then have a good night's sleep, and I'll bring the proof back with me so you'll believe what I'm telling you."

I went the second time to see Professor Julian. I was going to arrest him without evidence, and I was going to search his house without a warrant. I had the peculiar confidence that comes to a policeman when he sees his whole problem in the round. From then on a tough case seems to go ahead of its own accord and solve itself.

"I see you reconsidered your impulse to shoot me," the professor said with his usual smiling self-confidence. "You know, I think you're upsetting yourself unnecessarily about me. I understand you've been making all sorts of inquiries about my activities—"

"Naturally," I said. "You're a criminal, and I'm a policeman."

He got up and stood beneath one of his shining African symbols, still smiling disarmingly, but something warned me and I kept my eyes roving over the green draperies. "I don't know how thoroughly your investigation has gone, Lieutenant," he said slowly, his purple eyes riveted on me, "but you're beginning to annoy me. I think perhaps I'll ask the District Attorney for a definition of the law which permits a peaceful citizen to enjoy his privacy."

I take out a gun pretty fast. His smile faded as he looked into the barrel of my automatic. "Put out your hands." I jammed the cuffs tight—these fellows sometimes sit up nights practicing with handcuffs.

"Lieutenant, you're really stupider than I thought," he said.

"Now we'll go down and get that doll," I said.

His lips began to curl into a sneer. "Let me see your search—"

So I spun him around and caught his head in the crook of my sleeved arm. It's a sordid little detail, but I can break a man's neck this way without leaving a mark on his throat. A little sample of it persuaded him to show me where he kept the thing I was looking for.

"You're making a spectacle of yourself," he said when he could breathe properly again. "There's not a shred of legal evidence in that silly doll to hold me on."

"It'll hang you, my friend," I said when I meant I hoped it would. It all depended on Miss Harrington. I took the professor to the nearest precinct station house and had him booked on the old white slave charge—although "black slave" might seem more apt. The longest we could keep him against a habeas corpus proceeding was overnight. As soon as he was committed, I rushed over to the hospital.

"There it is," I said, casually tossing the doll on the bed.

Apparently she recognized the thing. Horror, excitement, fear all fought for possession of her features.

"Your precious Professor Julian is in jail, just as I told you he'd be. Here's the receipt for his commitment, if you doubt my word. And there's your foolish, harmless doll."

"I'm afraid of it," she said, drawing away from the ragged effigy.

Then I went over and sat on the edge of the bed. I took up the doll and tore off the remainder of the scarlet thread. "We'll burn this ridiculous thing. And now that you see the faker who made it is just a plain criminal who's locked up safely in jail and has no power to do you or anyone else any harm, I want you to tell me everything."

"What?"

"How he threatened you and preyed on your people. All the names and all the circumstances."

She watched me, fascinated, as I made a little bonfire of the doll on the linoleum floor, said my detective friend. Her deposition got us our indictment. At the trial we had half a hundred girls, victims of the professor who flocked to testify when they saw he possessed no magic strong enough to get himself out of jail. The Commissioner wanted to know what I meant by going around trying to set fire to hospitals, but I'd made good my promise to Miss Harrington. The little professor went up for life. ⧺

## Hollywood Goldfish Bowl

*Continued from page 58*

up stars by giving them a sense of importance; and a little more profit was made, a little more stability got into the industry; so that presently stars took a little risk and began to learn how to act for the camera; and the producers brought in good men who soon learned how to direct. Again and again the moving picture, after its first boom, was on the verge of starting downhill; and the fans rallied around in time.

The fan is still a trial and a menace. He intimidates the foolish star. "We don't want to see Olivia de Havilland playing a murderess," they may say; and as they have formed clubs all over the country to devote themselves to Olivia, they scare the producers; they may even scare Olivia de Havilland. (Wouldn't you be a little scared if your admirers banded together, in order to protect your career, to make life wonderful for you; and then told you what they expected of you? I would. I know it won't happen, but I'm rather glad of it.) The fans cannot distinguish between the player (a private human being, a taxpayer, a person who eats bread and cheese) and the part played (a murderer, a courtesan, a good woman). The woman who played a part in which she had to be mean to Shirley Temple received violent and threatening letters, verging on the obscene, for having been cruel to such a darling; and you've got to have the stamina of a Robert Montgomery, or of Bette Davis, to insist on being a player, not a person, on the screen. You get (or at least you deserve) Academy Awards; but you don't have most of the fans forming clubs for you.

I do not know whether radio networks, sponsors, or stars are trying to work up a parallel interest; I know it hasn't worked so far. There are outstanding personalities, many of whom have been connected with the movies at one time or another; in the great upswing of a Vallee or a Crosby or Amos and Andy, you'll find an avalanche of personal publicity. But the long steady flow of fact about everybody whose head rises above the audition level doesn't exist. Why? Radio is numerically more popular than the movies; and as the lover of a program does not see the admired one, one would think that more facts would be wanted. But no radio-fan-magazine comparable in circulation and influence to the movie magazines has yet appeared.

The more you think of this movie phenomenon, the more baffling it becomes. All the psychological catchwords begin to sound odd after you have heard them enough times; maybe the movies aren't so much an escape mechanism; maybe they do not compensate for ugly and thwarted lives, bringing romance. The most devoted movie-goers are young people, people falling in love, maybe for the first time; the world has glamor for them—and they go to see Dorothy Lamour! It's all wrong. The movies are, to be sure, magic; they fulfill a need, a want. But they do this by creating an illusion. What is our almost morbid compulsion to demand the facts, the reality about the people who are making magic before us? Little children do not act that way about magicians. They want to see the rabbit, not the man who pulls out the rabbit.

People stand in line for almost everything; in Philadelphia they used to stand for hours to see a parade in the dead of winter; in every American city people swelter and suffer to see a convention of something or other parade in July. People will stand outside a theatre during three acts to see the same people going out whom they have seen going in. And children fight for autographs. All these things have occurred since the democratic process began to swing into action; the populace watched the guillotine too. But without any real respect for privacy—which the American has never had—the public has been indifferent to many things about the heroes it loved. In the movies, it is indifferent about nothing. The press agent feeds scraps to the magazines; and presently the public is gorged. Soon the appetite would be sated. Never believe it. For the public—after it knows what Miss Lilyea Skulk does with used dental floss—will want to know her philosophy of life, and her recipes for cauliflower. Advertisements will tell what cigarette she uses; but her opinion on sex versus pure love is still to be heard.

It is, as I said, bewildering. An industry thrives on this raging appetite for useless and impertinent information. A corps of correspondents works as hard in Hollywood as reporters work under fire in a pitched battle. It is a battle there, too. The capture of a "scoop" is now achieved by a combination of blackmail, bootlicking, and luck; its consequences aren't world-shaking to us; but we are an unimportant part of the world. I mean the few of us who for a brief moment think that John Ford is more important than the size of Gene Autry's hat and that the only love affairs in Hollywood worth hearing about are those of Donald Duck. ⧺

# "SET 'EM UP"—FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON

## AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO

**Whether you're in there bowling yourself—or just watching—nothing hits the spot like a cool, flavorful Camel**

TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him—"Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion of champions in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters of the way down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—

IT'S STRICTLY CAMELS WITH ME. EXTRA MILD WITH A FLAVOR THAT ALWAYS HITS THE SPOT

C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are free from excess heat, milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette ...smokers like Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...smokers who want more out of a cigarette than something to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.

TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson (*above*) has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine (*see below, left*). Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

# 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — less than any of them — according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them — Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to

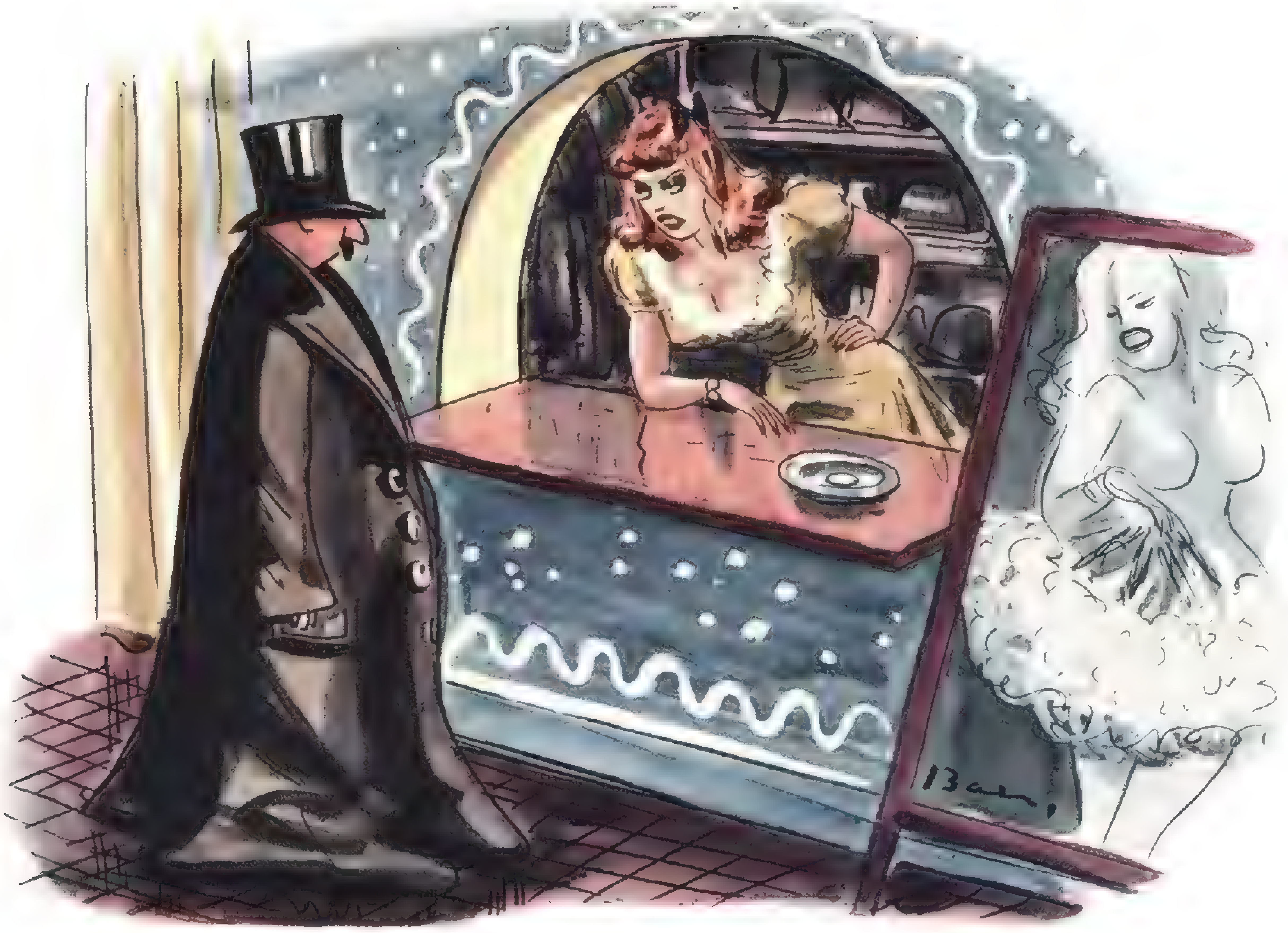
**5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

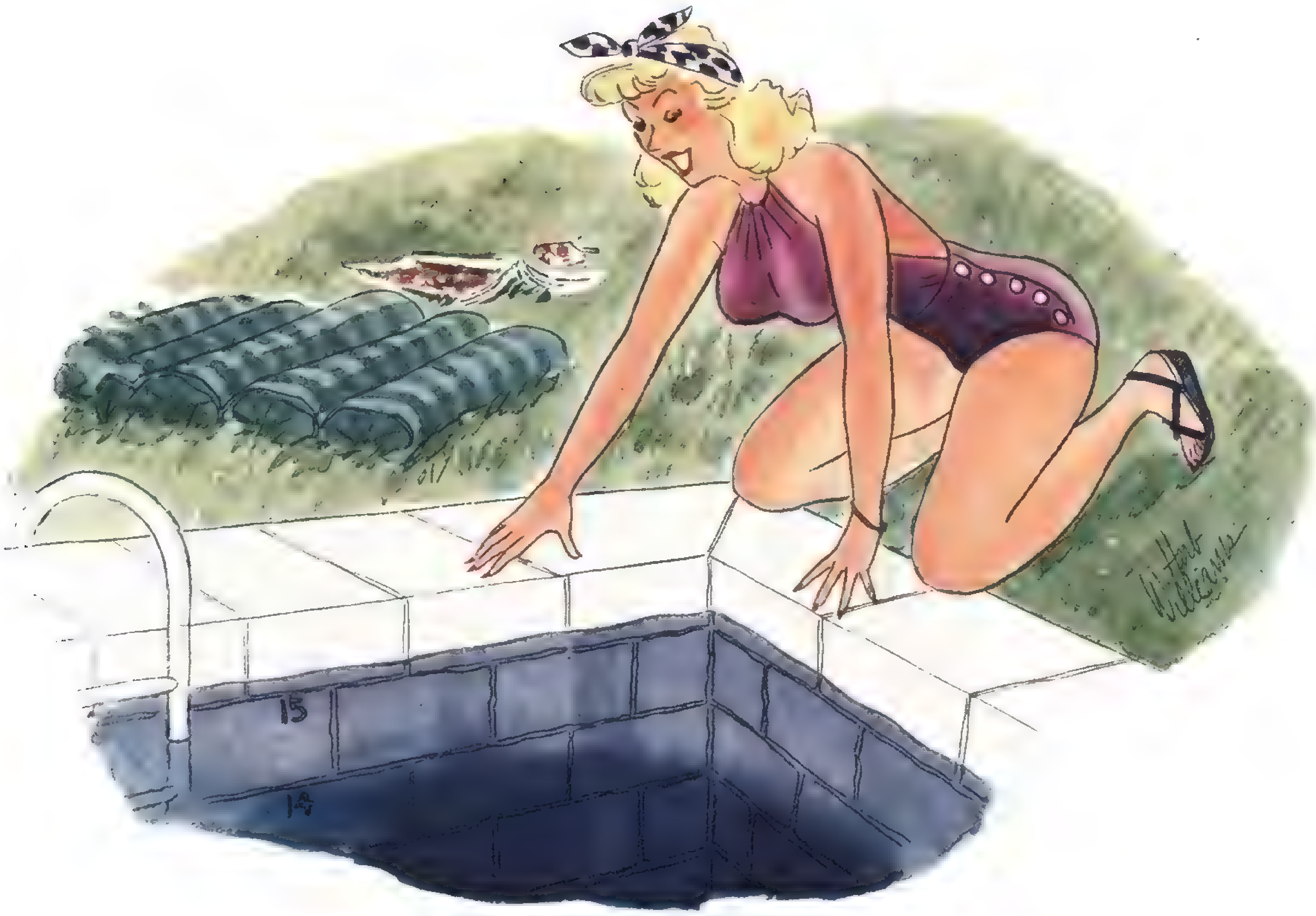
# Camel

—the Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

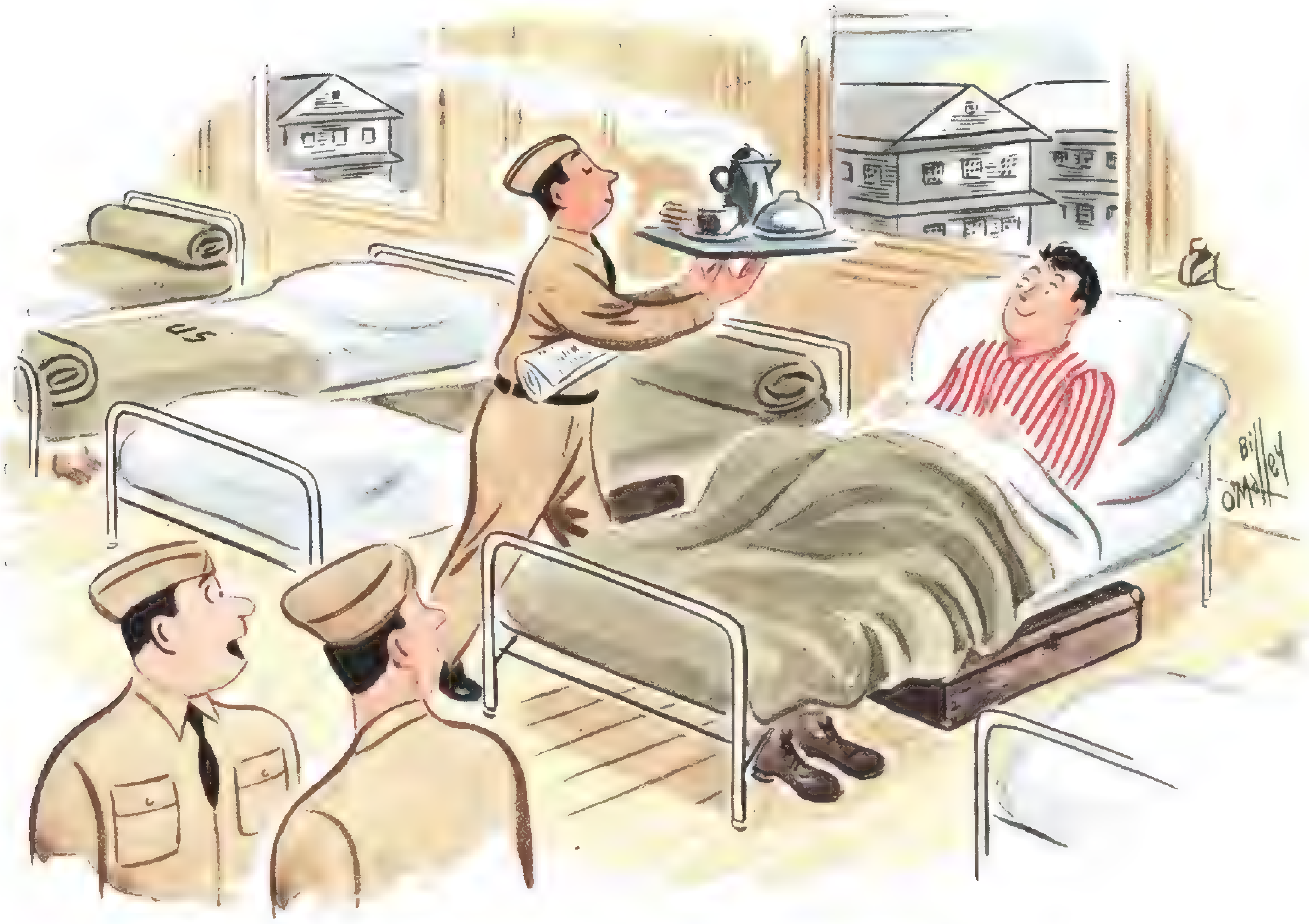
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



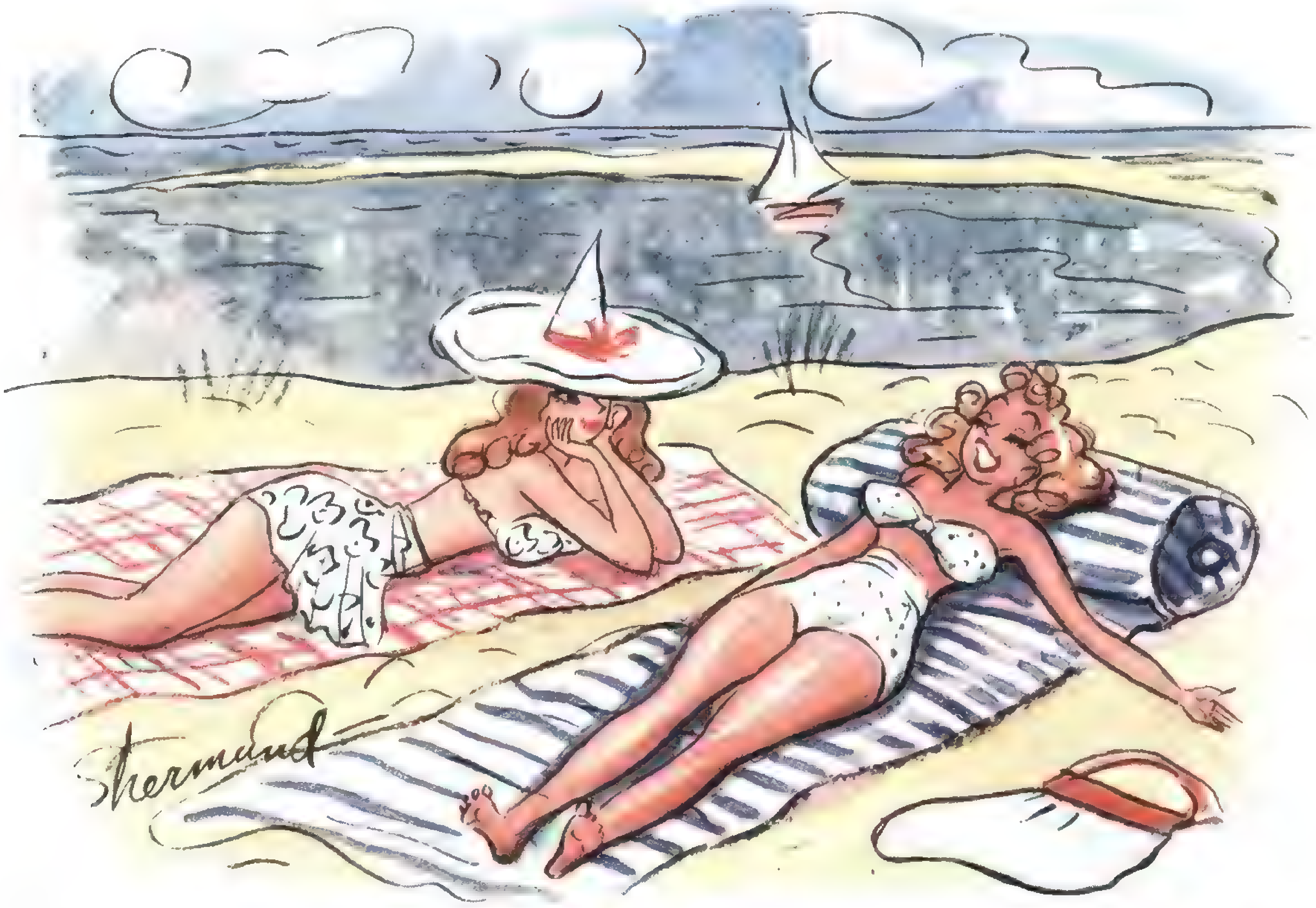
*"What makes you think I gave you the wrong hat and coat?"*



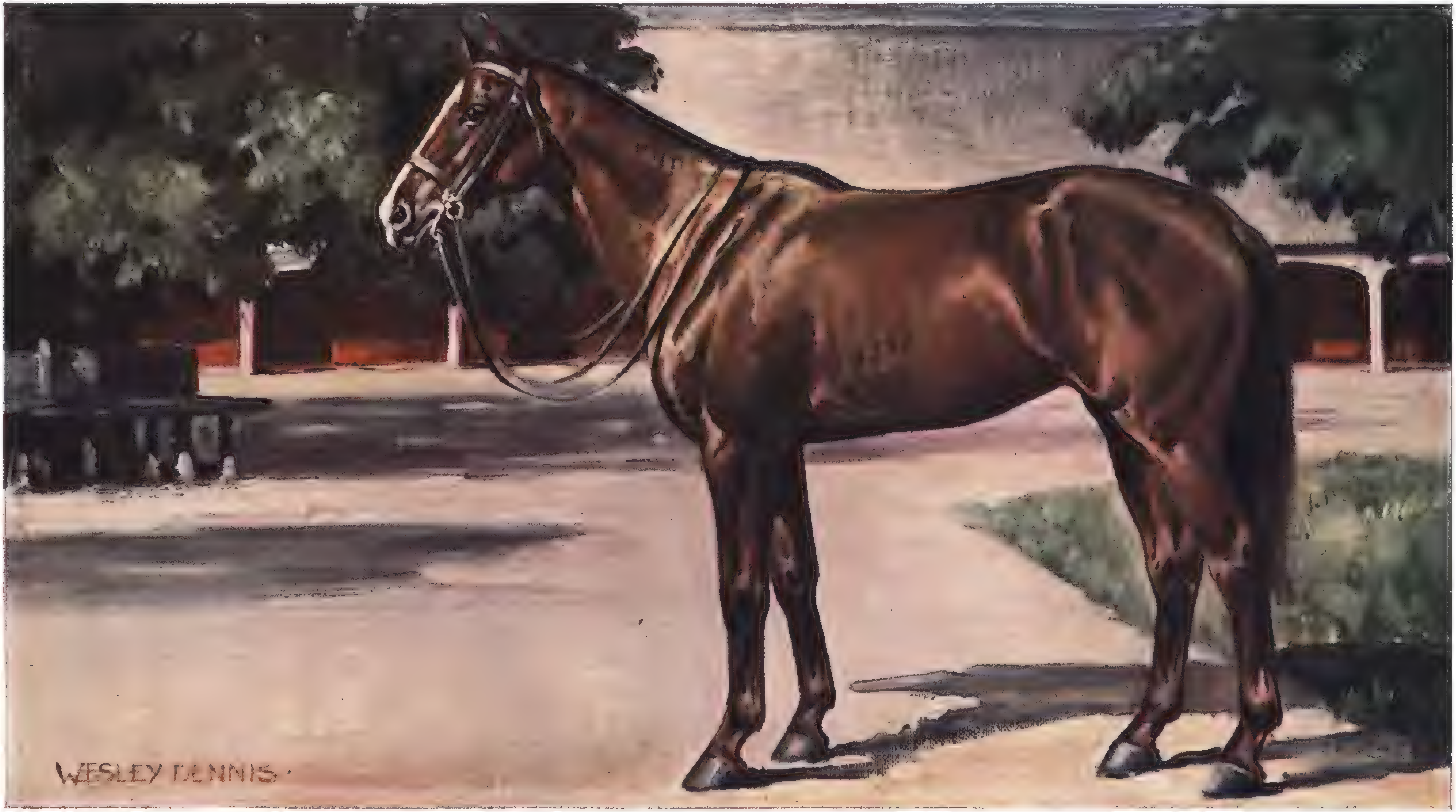
*"All right, stubborn, don't make any more bubbles—I know you're still there!"*


US
Bill O'Malley

*"It's the only way we can keep his morale up"*



*"I summer at Southampton and winter in Florida—between seasons I turn white"*



# Toy Moon

A truly sensational performer in her own right, Toy Moon has been officially elected the best playing pony in the country during the past two years. She (an exceptional polo pony is quite as likely to be a mare as not) can turn sharper corners at greater speed than probably any other horse and stop with aplomb on the edge of a dime.

Her conformation is as remarkable as her agility. Long a favorite at Meadowbrook, Toy Moon has her own enthusiastic gallery. This hardy ten-year-old, by Moonraker out of Betty Lou, was bred by the Dillingham family in Hawaii. Appropriately enough, she is owned by one of the nation's top poloists, E. T. Gerry, who is rated at nine goals.

NO. 11 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

## Iceland of the Pacific

*Continued from page 27*

for hemisphere defense in the Pacific.

On the way out to Attu you passed Dutch Harbor, the Iceland of the West. Between Seattle and the western terminal of the long Aleutian chain you passed other places that are festering thorns in the flesh of Tokyo's strategists.

We bought Alaska from the Czar of Russia two years after the end of the Civil War. We paid $7,200,000, and the people of 1867 thought it was a lousy real estate deal, as every school kid knows. They nick-named our new subdivision Seward's Folly, and a lot of hellions proceeded to reach it ahead of sheriff or court or any other machinery of law, and give it the kind of reputation most Americans back home believed it deserved. Just incidentally, the government got its money back in twenty years, from royalties on Pribilof seal skins alone.

Now the United States is engaged in spending $400,000,000, or some such paltry figure, to turn Seward's Folly into a barbwire fence around the Green Pastures of America. And nobody back home who has spent ten minutes poring over a globe thinks it's a bad deal at all.

The Mikado's slant-eyed military chiefs will be forced to recognize, one of these days, that the whale road to San Francisco and Portland and Seattle by way of Manila and Pearl Harbor is blocked definitely and for all time. When that day arrives there's a pretty fair chance they'll turn north and try their hand at coming along the Aleutian land bridge and down the Alaskan coast.

There'll be nothing fantastic about that strategy, either. As a matter of fact, from several angles it's more logical than any other plan the Japanese navy might cook up.

Turn back to your globe for a minute. Lay aside the dividers. You'll need a piece of string this time. Lay one end on Seattle and the other on Tokyo. The string will take, of its own accord, the shortest course between the two cities. The path navigators know as the Great Circle route, anywhere over the earth's face. Enemy naval forces and enemy air forces would naturally come along the same path, all other considerations being equal. Follow your string across.

Yeah, that's right. Your eyes do not deceive you. Those are the Aleutian Islands the string touches, roughly midway between Seattle and Tokyo. That's the Alaskan coast it follows for more than a thousand miles.

Try it now from Tokyo to San Francisco. You're due to be surprised again. Your string will pass this time within two hundred miles of those same Aleutians. That's all they lack of being on the direct course a Jap long-range bomber would take on a mission involving the Golden Gate — or the course an American bomber would take going the other way on the same kind of an errand.

Now, if you want a real eye opener in geography, Alaskan and otherwise, as a bomber pilot studies it, put one end of your string on the jugular vein of America's defense system, Panama, and the other on Vladivostok, the Russian port that is a mighty convenient base for somebody's bombing operations in the Far East.

Your string passes over the Gulf of Mexico, bisects the western United States from Texas to Montana, crosses Alaska between Seward and the mouth of the Yukon, takes it way across Bering Sea and the Kamchatka Peninsula and runs down to Vladivostok from the northeast. You can see it isn't far out of anybody's way to cross the Pacific, or try to cross it, by way of the Aleutian Islands.

This is written only a few days after the Japs blasted us at Pearl Harbor that peaceful Sunday morning. It's too early yet to make forecasts. Between now and the time the tide of victory finally turns in our direction, anything can happen. The Alaskan bases may be blown literally off the map before you read this, although it isn't likely. But whatever happens, unless we knock the Mikado's navy out a lot sooner than we have a right to expect at this minute, it's a good bet that Alaska will figure in the fracas sooner or later.

Practical for country wear in the early spring is the sheepskin or pile-lined coat.

If the Japs should try to come by way of the Aleutians, or if we decide to use those same sea-girt mountaintops as a springboard when we start battering Hirohito in his own front yard, it won't be the first time that chain of bleak islands has served as a land bridge in military operations. The early Russian fur hunters and their Cossack guards came that same way when they occupied Alaska, following its discovery by Bering in 1741.

No civilian in the United States today knows much about the details of the Alaskan defense program. Many months before the war began the Navy and Army built a ballpark fence around their blueprints for Alaska, and left no knotholes! A newspaper inquiry at the War Department in Washington last August brought the reply: "That is a closed book. We do not disclose any information whatever about it."

More than one correspondent has visited Alaska in the last six months on an "inspection trip" of the defense bases. Some of 'em have come away intimating they knew a great deal. The fact is, they knew exactly as much as the Navy and Army wanted them to know, which wasn't such a hell of a lot. Some things, of course, they saw for themselves. More things they didn't see.

This much, however, is common knowledge: Uncle Sam has been building fences in Alaska the last two years, and he hasn't fooled away much daylight.

Bulldozers have lunged through the tangles of devil's club, rolling up spruce stumps like tenpins. Steam shovels have snorted and chewed at the green, alder-covered hillsides. Caterpillar tractors have clanked over half-thawed muskeg, concrete mixers have grumbled and clattered. Dynamite blasts have rolled and echoed across the valleys. Roads have been clawed out of the shoulders of mountains, long rows of barracks have gone up like mushrooms. Gun emplacements have been dug in the hills, bombers and pursuit ships have roared above foggy Alaskan islands whose natives had never seen a plane before. Details of infantry under full battle pack have slogged across the treeless meadows from dusk to dawn, on night maneuvers.

Construction crews have battled winds that blew a hundred miles an hour in the Aleutians, rain that seemed never to end, winter cold of 60 below. They fought bedrock and muskeg, snow and fog, frozen muck and the scoria of dead volcanoes. Plank roads have been laid on piling to keep them out of the bottomless muck. Other roads have been drilled and blasted out of solid rock. The hammers have rung and clattered, the steamfitters and plumbers have sawed and sweated,

*Continued on page 120*

## Iceland of the Pacific

*Continued from pages 27-119*

electricians have strung their lines. Laundry and telephone switchboard, photographic darkroom and radio shack, dock and warehouse, officers' quarters and makeshift barbershop—whatever was required was built, on the ground and in the order of the most urgent need.

The chain of steel that rings the Alaskan coast is a triangle. It is anchored in the south on Annette Island, near Ketchikan where the army has been rushing work on an air base, and at Sitka where a big navy base is ready to serve as a reception committee for any enemy who wants to find out how strong it is.

The anchor in the north is the Army air base at Anchorage and the "cold weather base" at Fairbanks. The Anchorage base is one of the major defense layouts of the entire Pacific coast area, and the cold weather base is well named.

The western anchor is Dutch Harbor, Iceland of the Pacific, air station and surface base for the Navy. Along the base of the triangle lies the big Kodiak station. Navy men have referred to it as the Pearl Harbor of the north. And bolstering the triangle are secondary bases in strategic spots.

I was in Alaska through June, July and August. I saw all of the coast from Ketchikan through the Aleutians. Nobody who traveled in Alaska in the last ten months has failed to understand that something big was going on.

Nobody was kidding Alaskans last August. They knew it was coming. They didn't know when. But what happened at Pearl Harbor in December didn't surprise anybody in the Alaskan base towns. Nobody there expected any warning. They were on a 24-hour alert. They were ready to evacuate their women and children out of the hot spots and take whatever might come along.

Army and navy transports and naval gunboats were shuttling quietly in and out of the mountain-locked harbors. Smaller naval craft and the cutters of the Coast Guard were patrolling the coastal waters. They carried businesslike racks and Y-guns with depth charges ready. Grim rifle snouts jutted fore and aft from their decks.

The commanding officer of a cutter told me in the Aleutians in July that he had an eye on three or four floating canneries in Bering Sea. Jap ships, carrying five or six hundred people, those floating canneries. They've played merry hell with Alaskan salmon in the past. Everybody in Alaska hates 'em.

"We've got 'em spotted," the skipper told me. "We'll lower the boom on 'em the minute the break comes!" He sounded sort of wistful and eager. "They'll never get out of American waters if we get a crack at 'em." The break came too late. The cannery season was long past on December 7, the Jap ships safely home.

Commercial sailing schedules were all but disrupted in Alaska by the end of the summer. Sailings out of Seattle were canceled outright when ships fell an entire trip behind the time-tables. Passage home was hard to get.

And all down the coast the summer's harvest of canned salmon, the territory's foremost product, had right of way. The government's orders were out to the steamship companies: "Load to the Plimsoll mark!" Canned salmon is an important item of food. The year's pack in Alaskan waters was seven million cases, 178,000 tons, the heaviest in recent years. Washington wanted that food reserve safely down in the States before the shooting began.

*What we want to see is a movie in which the bed throws itself on the heroine when the hero walks out on her.*

I came home from Kodiak Island on the *Yukon*, second rater of the Alaska Steamship Company. We loafed down the coast for five days, stopping at cannery after cannery to take on cargo. The steam winches whistled and creaked, and canned salmon went through the hatches by the sling-load. Passengers stewed and fumed but got not as much as an explanation from close-lipped ship's officers. We docked in Seattle with 66,000 cases, more than three million tins, of salmon below our decks. That's enough fish to feed a division of shock troops quite a few meals.

But the real way to find out that the United States was standing tiptoe on the edge of war and that plenty of extraordinary things were happening in Alaska last summer, was to travel the coast country with a camera. On commercial ships every camera aboard was sealed in the purser's office when the ship came within twenty miles of a sea defense area. Every camera stayed sealed until the ship was twenty miles away at sea.

And the military was impartial in enforcing its camera ban. A brigadier general of Marines visiting the bases in late summer on an annual inspection trip, asked permission to photograph barracks at a certain base. He got turned down, courteously but flatly.

My mission in Alaska was wildlife photography. I carried six cameras but I obeyed orders and got along as well as could be expected. MP's arrested me one morning in the village cemetery at Unalaska when a local minister reported me to the Dutch Harbor base as a potential foreign agent. It gives you a funny feeling to watch an armed gig roaring in to the beach and know your own Navy is tracking you down.

In a coast town a bullying, blustering United States marshal threatened me with arrest if I took any pictures in the village, miles from the base, that showed men in uniform. He overlooked the fact that soldiers and sailors were taking their girls' pictures and each other's pictures and any other pictures they happened to want. His argument was that Japan didn't know there was a base in that section of Alaska. Pictures, he contended, might reveal military information to the enemy. He seemed to forget that Jap training ships had lain in more than one Alaskan harbor in recent years and the cadets had roamed the towns and the hills with cameras and steel tapes. It's a pretty safe bet that any information Japan needs for a campaign in Alaskan waters is reposing today in her navy's secret files including charts of the safe waters and foul grounds of the Aleutians.

The first result of the defense program was a boom, the biggest since Skagway and the Klondike and the roaring days of '98.

Nobody knows how many people are living in Alaska today, for the simple reason that nobody knows how many sailors, soldiers and marines have gone to man the defense bases. But there's no harm in guessing, and those in the best position to guess say the figure can't be below 100,000. It may be a lot higher and it's climbing steadily as reinforcements pour in.

Of course there's a possibility the population may be reduced. The Japs are a great little people at increasing their own and decreasing everybody else's. But that triangle of barbwire running out from Sitka to Dutch Harbor, up to Fairbanks and back to Sitka makes it unlikely they'll do very much toward cutting down the population of Alaska.

And for the moment, at least, Seward's Folly is like the old woman in the shoe. It has so many people it's a trifle confused.

I sat in Tony's saloon on the sidewalkless main street of Kodiak one night last June with Jack Allman, oldtime Alaskan writer who edited and published the mimeographed sheet that was the first newspaper in Matanuska Valley. He told me about Kodiak.

"When I came here—and it wasn't many years ago—this was a hell of a good town," Jack related. "Had two bathtubs. Lived on a PAF basis. Pay after fishing. Charged everything for eleven months, fished salmon for one, paid up its debts and started over again.

"Eight white women here when I blew in. We had a dance one night and the first thing they told me was that it was all right for me to dance with the Indian girls as long as all the white women had partners. But it was a social error for a man to dance with a klootch if one of the white gals was playin' wallflower at the time."

Jack grinned dryly, signaled Tony for another Tom Collins.

"Know what I did? I picked me the best looking klootch in the place and danced every damned set with her the rest of the night." He let his eyes run along the bar. It was jammed with construction men, marines, soldiers, sailors. Two MP's stood in the door. Two more lounged against the wall at the far end of the room. A construction man at a table was turning noisy and sullen over his whiskey. He bawled a criticism at a bartender. His girl friend tried to shut him up. He bawled louder. The two MP's quit lounging. They strolled casually over to his table, ranged themselves on either side of him. He quit talking, bolted his whiskey, shoved his chair back and went out as meek as a shorn lamb. The girl friend trailed along.

Allman shrugged his shoulders eloquently. "Look at Kodiak now," he said, dismissing the subject.

It was quite a sight. Not disorderly as boom towns go, but lusty as hell. The MP's and the United States deputy marshal keep things running pretty smooth. It has its quota of saloons and liquor stores, and a short row of honkytonks at the lower end of main street. It has plenty of drunks, and street fights aren't exactly infrequent, but they don't last long. A gambling raid was staged early in the summer and gambling devices were as rare as molars in a mallard when I was there. A soldier got messed up considerable in a brawl in August, and some plain words were spoken by the commanding officer at the base. The liquor places toned down pronto. All in all the wild impulses of Kodiak are pretty well curbed.

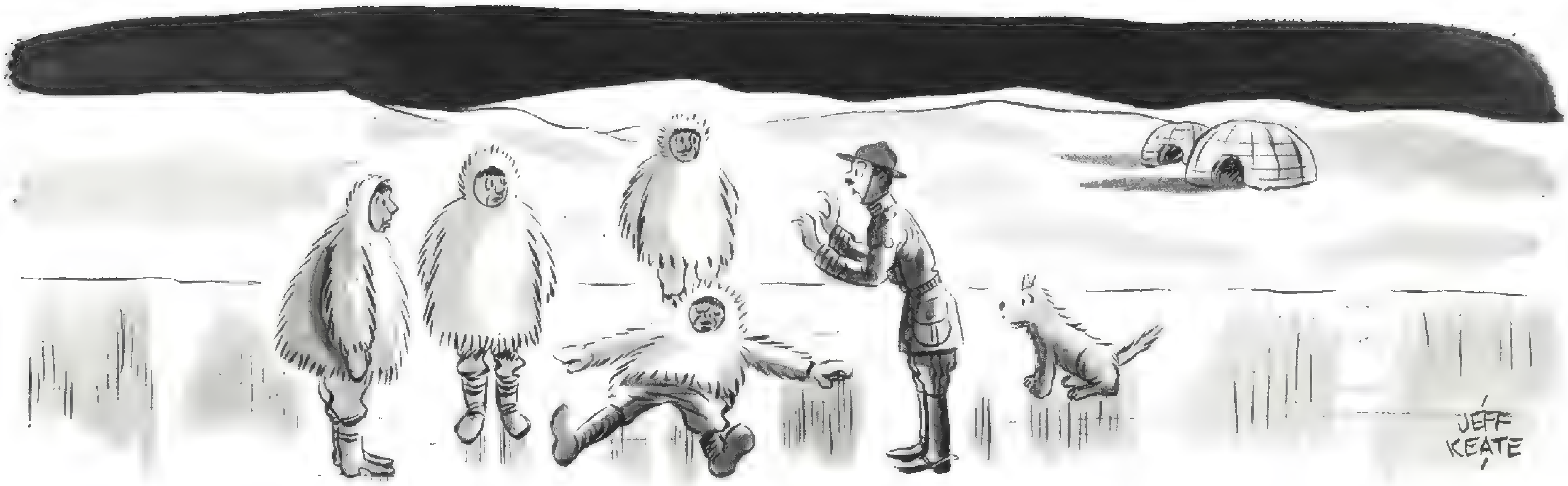
But it's a boom town and it howls and it's worth a visit.

The little bank of Kodiak affords the best yardstick I found for measuring the effects of the defense boom. Organized early in 1940, the bank had 220,000 dollars on deposit on June 12 of that year. On June 12 of 1941 the deposits rocketed over the $1,000,000 mark. In August they hit 1,500,000 dollars and the bank was rushing work on an addition. "We'll be well over 2,000,000 dollars by Christmas," President O. A. Torgerson assured me, shouting to get his voice above the noise of the hammers that clattered steadily on through banking hours.

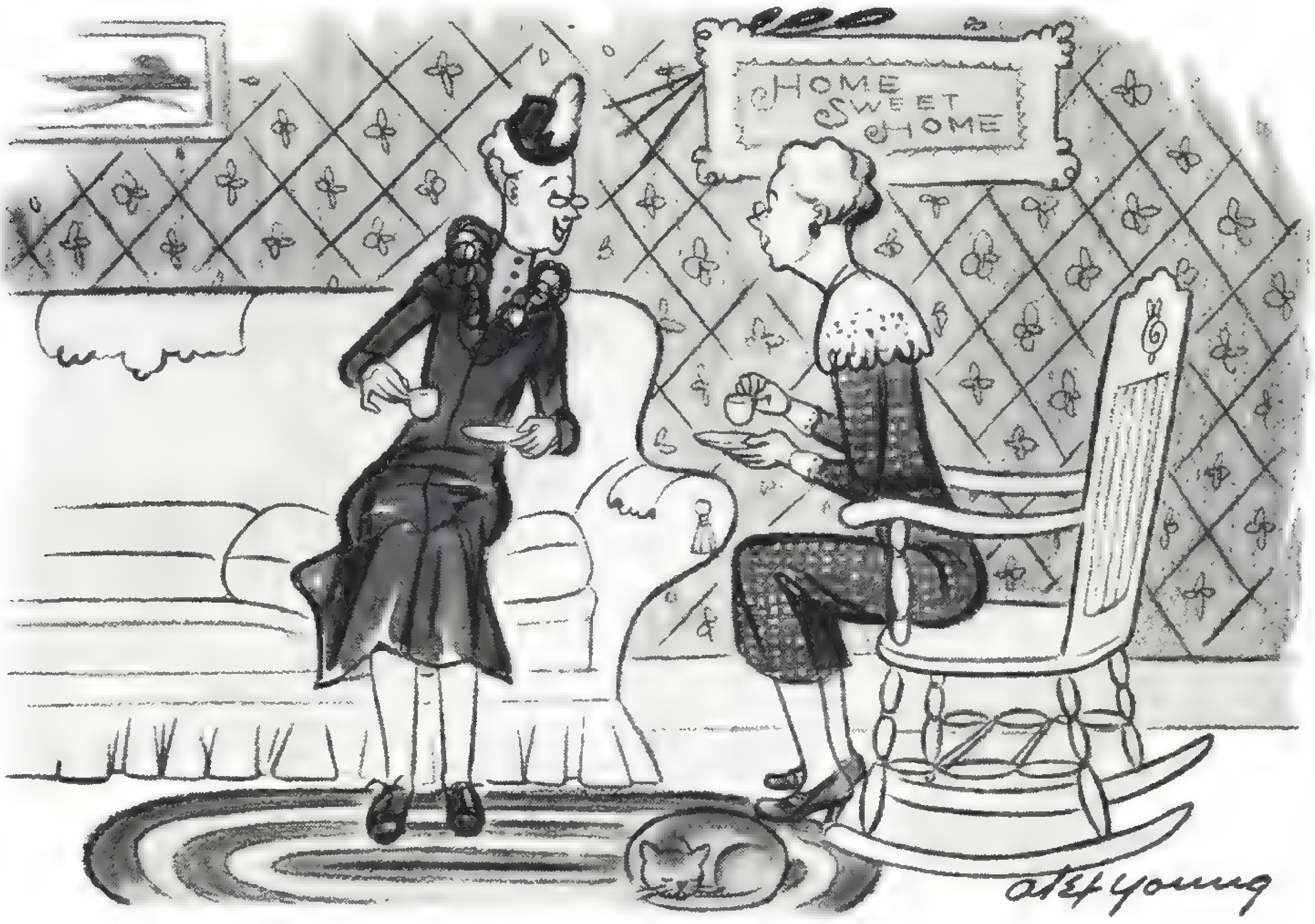
You can rent a house in Kodiak, if you're willing to pay the shot and have a lot of luck. A one-room, tar paper shack, unfurnished, will set you back 40 dollars a month. Four rooms, same construction, 125 dollars. A taxi out to the base, seven miles, costs seven bucks.

Wages balance the high rents and other costs. Truck drivers draw 90 to 135 dollars a week;

*Continued on page 123*

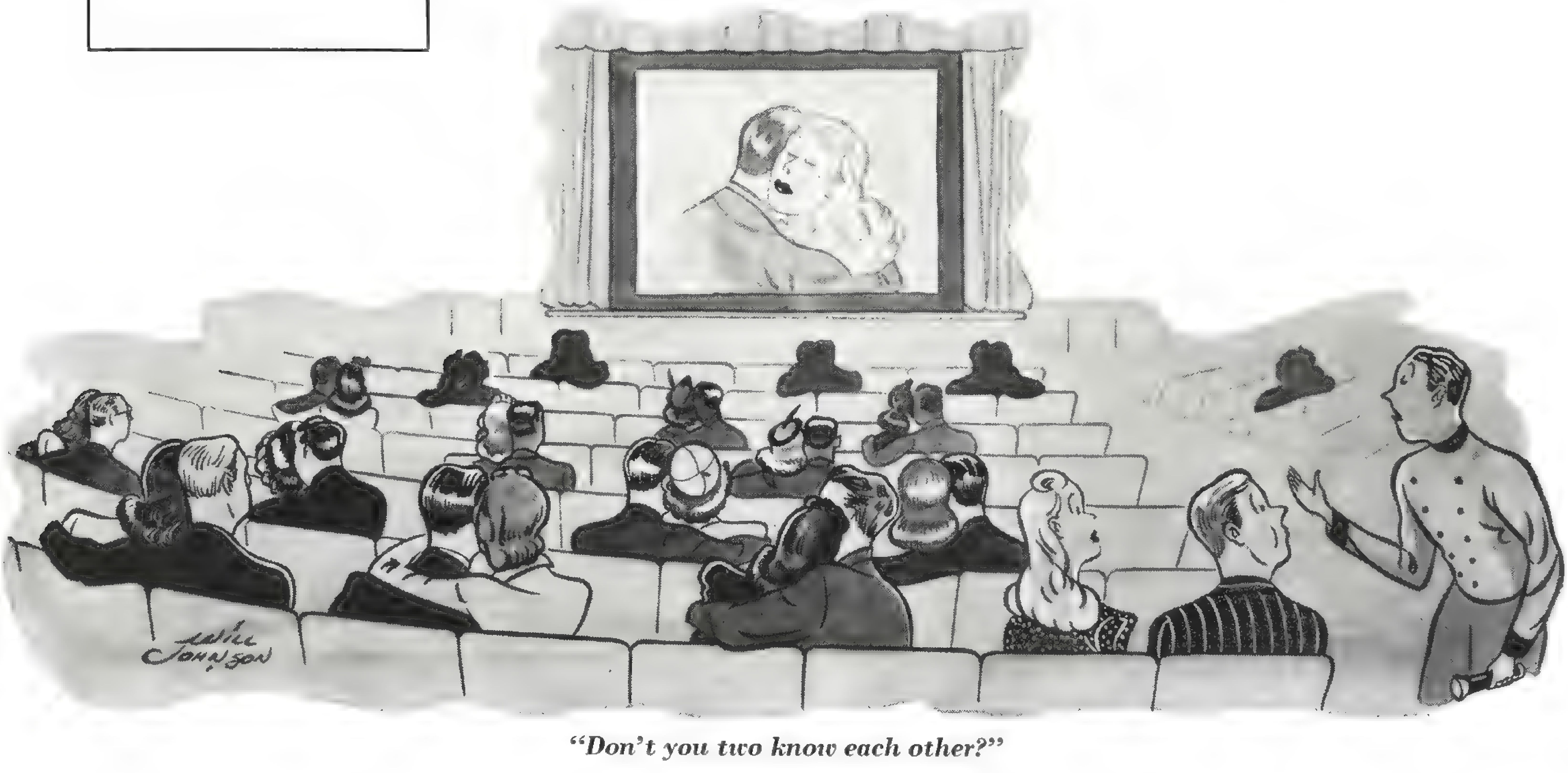


*"Stand back folks . . . give him air!"*

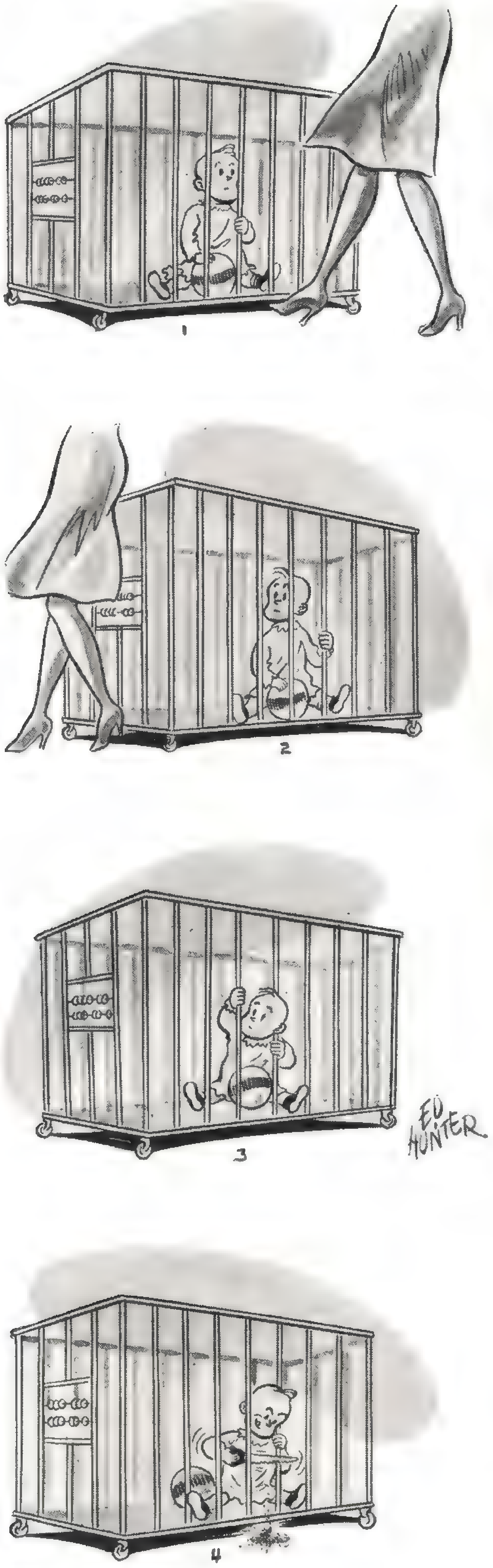

HOME SWEET HOME
Alex Young

*"I don't know that I ever really wanted to sin—but I'd have liked the opportunity to refuse!"*

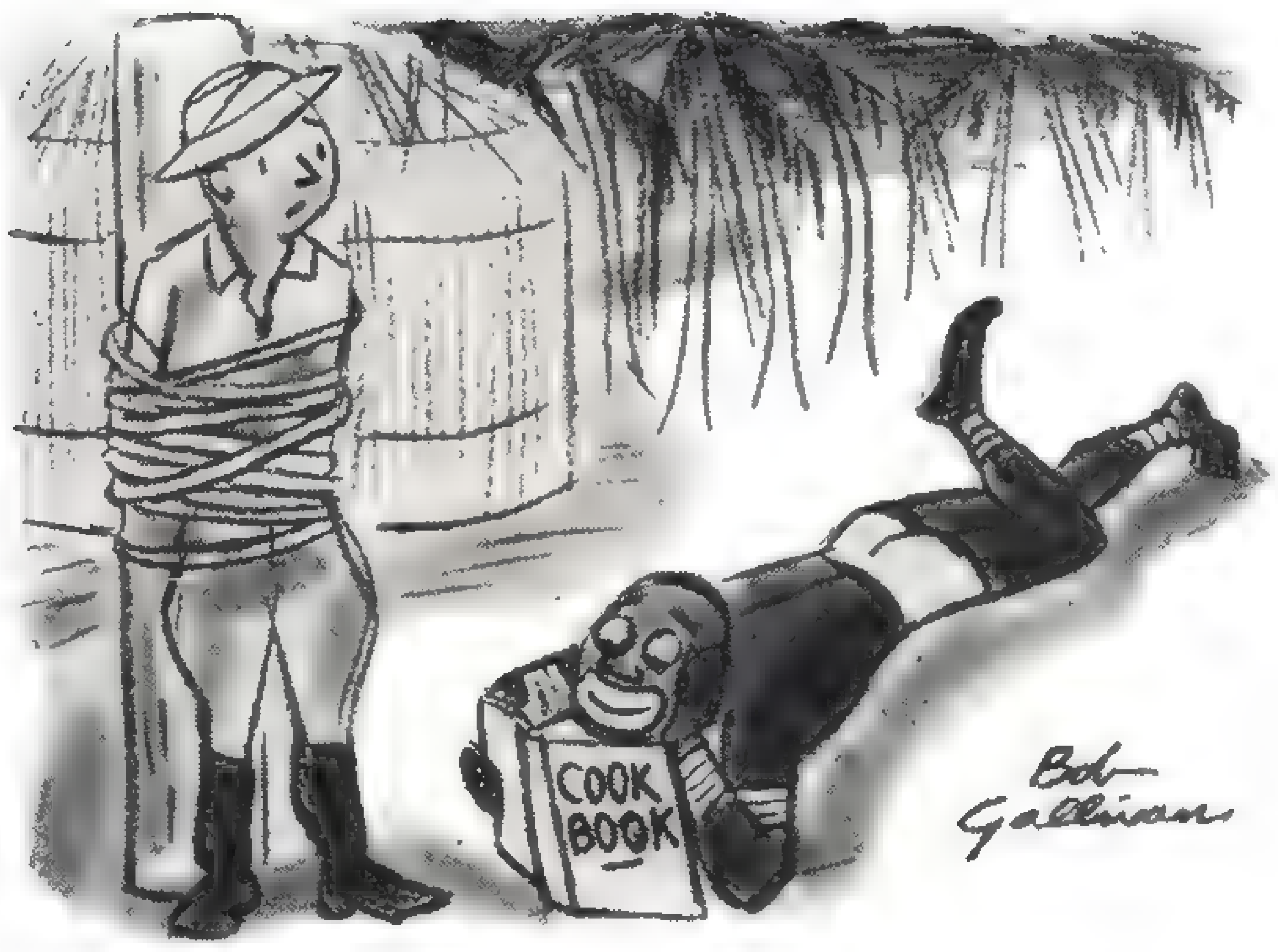
*Virginia ham, which is served in all drug store sandwiches, is a ham that was raised in Virginia, a fair-sized state bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the East, Mexico and the Gulf of ditto on the South, the Pacific Ocean on the West, and the Arctic Circle on the North.*

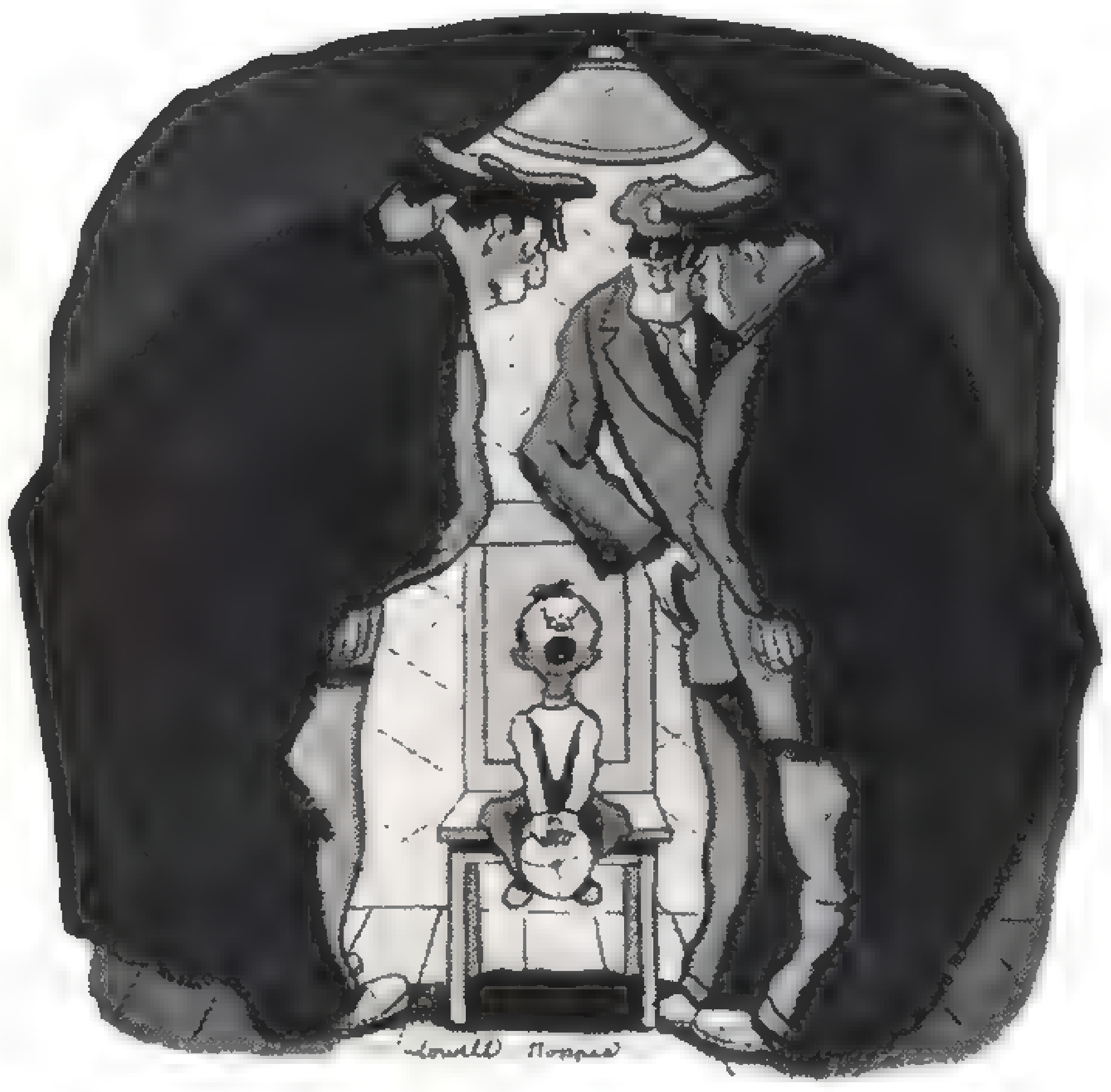

Will Johnson

*"Don't you two know each other?"*



*Our idea of an ideal feminine skiing companion is a girl whose legs look nifty even in a plaster cast.*



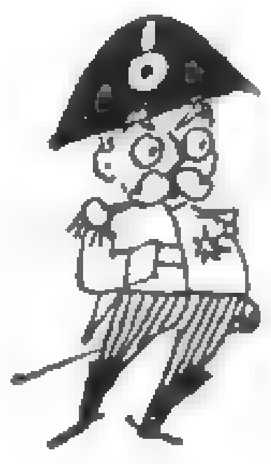


"I did not break Officer Flannagan's window!"

### How to Win a Gal

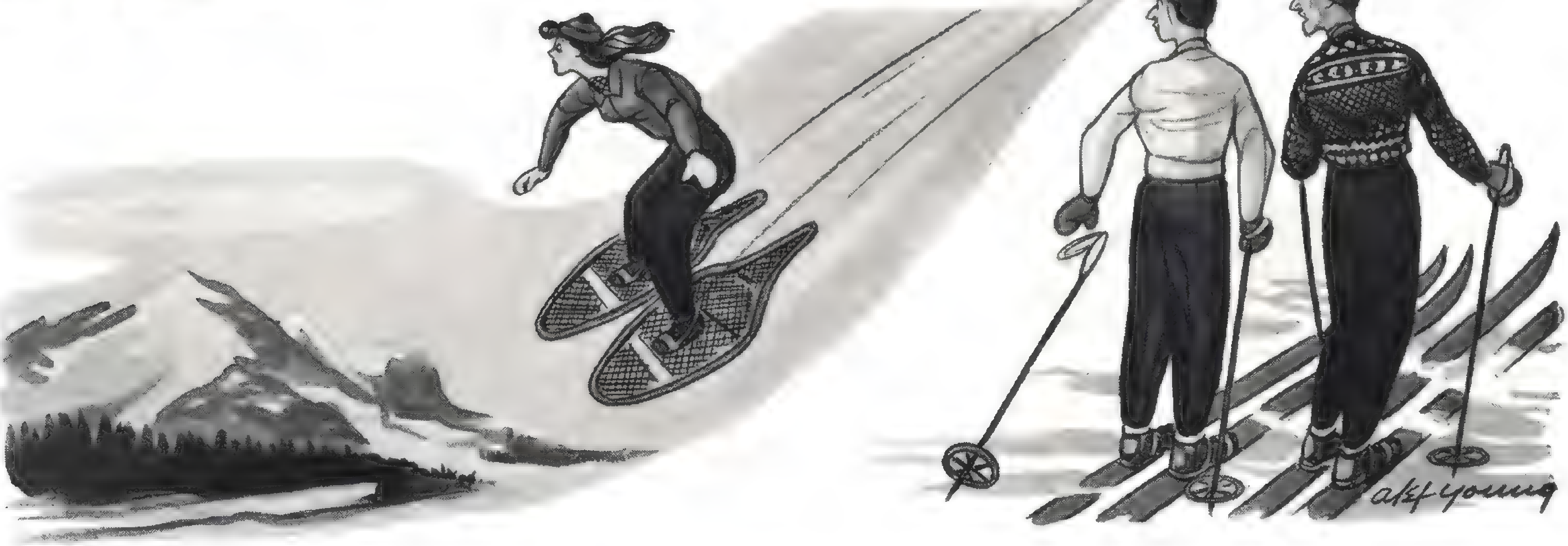
*(According to 2,385 movies we've seen)*

*Meet her on Sunday*  
*Make fun of her on Monday*  
*Slap her on Tuesday*  
*Insult her family on Wednesday*  
*Laugh at her on Thursday*  
*Spank her, deride her, sock her,*  
*criticise her, sue her, accuse her,*  
*punch her—on Friday*  
*Marry her on Saturday.*



### Unfinished Rhyme

*Let Hitler rant and Goebbels*  
*wildly rave;*  
*The paths of glory lead—*



"She's doing so well I hate to tell her!"

# Iceland of the Pacific

*Continued from pages 27-119-120*

common labor is up around the 100 dollar mark. Shovel runners knock down as high as 175 dollars. Carpenters and plumbers fare accordingly. I talked with a twenty-year-old kid who had been in Kodiak six months and laid up a stake of 1,800 dollars. There was gold in the Alaskan hills last summer and you didn't have to be a prospector to strike it. Unless you were in uniform, that is. The lads in uniform drove trucks and shoveled gravel and mixed concrete right alongside the 100-dollar-a-week civilians, and made only soldiers' pay—and did damned little beefing about it, all things considered.

Even the high wages can't hold the construction crews in Alaska for long. Men poured north on every commercial ship all last summer. First-class and steerage accommodations alike were jammed on every southbound ship with workers who had had enough of the soggy weather and the isolation and loneliness of the Alaskan camps, and were going back outside. Once the married men come to the conclusion there is little chance of bringing their families up—and that doesn't take long—the bulk of 'em begin to think about pulling stakes.

The contractors and the military have done their best to provide comfortable quarters for the men who have built the bases. To solve the bunkhouse problem at Kodiak a scabby old steamship, the *Yale*, was brought up and anchored at the base. She has housed from four hundred to six hundred men decently well.

At Dutch Harbor another ancient tub is serving as a bunkhouse on the waterfront. She is the old *Northwestern*, once the proud queen of the Pacific passenger fleet. A hundred-mile gale roared in from Bering Sea last winter and the *Northwestern* really kicked up her heels. She ripped her mooring lines out and carried away from the dock and raised merry hell. When the storm was over they laid her on the beach, built a ramp to her rusty deck, drove gravel trucks aboard and dumped her cargo hold full of crushed rock. Her boilers are fired and she pumps steam and electric current to the construction camp ashore. Four hundred men live aboard—with more rats than any man can count!

And across the bay Unalaska thumps and roars with thousands of newcomers. It's quite a place this winter, that Iceland of the Pacific!

Before we decided that the Aleutians might be a good ace to have up our sleeve, Unalaska was a herring fishing village of three hundred souls, mostly Aleut Indians. The nearest "big town" was Kodiak with eight hundred people, six hundred miles away. You set a construction camp of a thousand to fifteen hundred men down alongside a town that size, plus an army and navy base manned by several thousand men (exact number a secret) and you're bound to get some interesting results.

I talked with workers bound for the outside at the end of a stint at Dutch Harbor last summer, men who had roamed the world on construction jobs, and they allowed Unalaska was the toughest town they had ever been in.

Personally, I couldn't quite see it. Unalaska was wild, yes. It roared on Saturday nights and pay nights. It smelled and sounded like the frontier. But I was in Hurley, Wisconsin, in the Volstead days, and it was tougher!

Matter of fact, I'd be inclined to set Unalaska down as amazingly law abiding, everything taken into account. As at Kodiak, the credit goes to the MP's and the United States deputy marshal.

There are half a dozen liquor stores but only one saloon. That's Blackie Floyd's Unalaska Cocktail Bar. There are liquor joints within a block of my office that aren't as orderly as Blackie's. It's a busy place, with six bartenders on the floor on rush evenings. But the MP's outnumber the bartenders, and nobody gets tough twice with Blackie.

There was one brothel at Unalaska last summer, located on a grassgrown rock in the bay, midway between the village and the base, and known appropriately as Treasure Island. Those in the know reported three girls taking in an average of $900 a week. The fee was $5, ferry service $1 each way. The same reliable sources said there was only one honky-tonk for the reason that local politicians who held control wouldn't allow competition to open up.

In spite of Treasure Island and Blackie's bar and the liquor stores life gets pretty dull for a lot of the lads who man the guns at Dutch Harbor. And the troops at Kodiak and Anchorage and Sitka aren't much better off. There are plenty of men in the United States Army and Navy today who find neither entertainment nor satisfaction in bars or brothels. For them—and they are greatly in the majority, the officers agree—there is little to do at the Alaskan bases in off-duty time. It takes a bit of effort for a town of three hundred or even eight hundred to provide amusement for a first-line, war-time defense base.

Athletic programs have been set up and there are movies and some fishing and hunting available at the bases. There the list ends.

What the boys in Alaska really wanted for Christmas last season was girls! Decent, respectable girls. The kind they knew back home. Girls to take to the movies, girls to date for dances at the bases.

There was a general in Alaska last summer who had seen a lot of the situation and believed he had a solution. "But don't quote me," he warned. "I'd be hung if I made this suggestion in public!"

He'd like to see the American Army organize companies of girls on a volunteer basis and assign 'em to duty at outlying stations. There are plenty of useful things they could do, he insists. They could serve as stenographers, file clerks, telephone operators, drivers. Mostly, they'd be on hand when the men were off duty and wanted dates.

"That was the main function of the British Auxiliary as I saw it in France in World War I," the general explained. "And it worked. It didn't create a moral problem. It helped to solve one. As a matter of fact, I'll stack the moral standards of young men and women in such a setup alongside those of a like group in civilian life any day.

"Women's clubs are forever begging for something useful to do in time of war," the general exploded. "Why the hell don't they put their hands to something like this? The boys will do the fighting all right. But they would appreciate a chance to live normal lives when they're off duty. It's pretty hard to do that without women!"

While the general and I were talking, I put another question to him. How soon will these defenses be invulnerable?"

He didn't like the word. "There's always the chance an enemy force may make a surprise sortie and establish a beachhead," he pointed out. "But his next job is to hang on. Our objective is to have enough men and equipment in this area to deal with any situation that may arise. You can see for yourself how fast we're moving. I believe the objective will be gained before winter."

That was in August. Winter set in in Alaska several months ago. If the general's judgment was sound, Alaska was ready before the war began.

Long before you read this the baptism of bombs and blood at Dutch Harbor or Kodiak may be an accomplished fact. Such a development will surprise no one, least of all the civilians and military of Alaska. The manpower and equipment is there and they expect to use it. And probably not solely for defense, either. The chances are we'll be sending the Mikado a surprise package out of that area one of these mornings.

Meanwhile, if before this sees the printed page it should transpire that Japan has struck and gained the foothold the general talked about, count it one round and no more than that. All that matters in war is the last round. There is not an American alive today who harbors the thinnest fiber of doubt as to who will win the last round this time.

And when that round has been fought, and Japan is ready to fall face down upon her own sword, don't be surprised if the hilt is braced square and solid against the land bridge of the Aleutians. You can bet that the Iceland of the Pacific and all the rest of those far off Alaskan bases are due to go down in the history of World War II as having played a big role and played it damned well! ###

## ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

### *Bandleaders' Choice*

**CHARLIE BARNET**
**(Bluebird)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Murder at Payton Hall | 11292 |
| Blues in the Night | 11327 |
| Harlem Speaks | 11281 |
| Spanish Kick | 11265 |
| Cherokee | 10373 |

**BOB CHESTER**
**(Bluebird)**

| | |
|---|---|
| B-I Bi | 11304 |
| Clap Your Hands on the After Beat | 11172 |
| The Magic of Magnolias | 11313 |
| You're a Natural | 11244 |
| I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me | 11332 |

**XAVIER CUGAT**
**(Columbia)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Piano Concerto | 36436 |
| Rhumba Rhapsody | 36230 |
| Time Was | 36392 |
| Misirlou | 36360 |
| Babalu | 36068 |

**CLAUDE THORNHILL**
**(Okeh)**

| | |
|---|---|
| Sleepy Serenade | 6178 |
| Autumn Nocturne | 36435 |
| Hungarian Dance | 6168 |
| Snowfall | 6234 |
| Moonlite Masquerade | 36391 |
| Traumerei | 6124 |

**TOMMY TUCKER**
**(Okeh)**

| | |
|---|---|
| The Man that Comes Around | 5199 |
| I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire | 6320 |
| Kiss the Boys Goodbye | 6268 |
| Jim | 6353 |
| Sugar Daddy | 6429 |
| That Old Sweetheart of Mine | 6023 |

**RED NORVO**
**(Columbia-Brunswick)**

| | |
|---|---|
| I Surrender Dear | 35688 |
| Blues in E-Flat | 36158 |
| Remember | 7896 |
| You Leave Me Breathless | 8135 |
| Tears in My Heart | 7970 |
| Dance of the Octopus | 6906 |

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## The Journey of Two-ton Tu

*Continued from page 77*

the bottom being weighted so that they can't be knocked over but always rock back into an upright position. But they usually grin, those toys. Tu did not grin. In fact he looked like a pretty tough customer. For all his rub-a-dub shape, he was something you couldn't stand and look at very long without feeling little fingertips slide along your spine. Tu seemed to be telling us to mind our own business.

The thing was about seven feet high, maybe four feet across at the widest point and three feet at the head. It was made of a porous gray stone I'd never seen before.

"I spit on it sometimes," cried the little priest. "I try show them it is no good. *Regardez.*"

He spat on it. The natives moved forward a little, muttering. That little priest had plenty of guts. Faced by sixty or seventy savages, any one of whom could have picked him up and broken his back, he spoke in Tuamotuan and again spat on the tiki.

"They do not like it," he explained.

"Yeah, I got that impression."

We had brought ropes and rollers, block and tackle, crowbars. Tu was a hard guy to move. We strained and sweated, all three of us, the priest throwing himself into the work; but Tu budged very slowly. The Aoraians all stood around and watched.

Getting it down to the beach was hard enough, but getting it onto the *Outer Darkness* was worse, especially since we were soppy with sweat and more or less wounded. George had had a crowbar slap on his left foot and was afraid it had broken his toe, while I'd slipped and fallen to hands and knees, an accident which can be pretty bad on jagged coral.

By dawn we had managed to get the tiki into the cockpit, which it practically filled, leaving just enough room for us to squeeze past on the right as you face the front of the boat. It was upright against the cabin door, so we'd have to wriggle down through the transom to get in, and in back it was jammed against the brass stand that holds the compass.

We loaded up with fresh coconuts, Father Paul did the same in his skiff, and we were all set.

The natives had never got more than a few yards from us. Every now and then there would be a sort of stirring. In the chill gray dawn a few began to pick up stones. They began to wail, too. It was an eerie sound.

"I wish I could stay among them," said Father Paul. "They need me maybe, now. But I mus' go. I am already tardy."

He shook hands with us. He held up both arms and called a blessing to the natives, who didn't answer, never ceasing to glare at us. He climbed into his skiff, upped his tiny anchor, hoisted sail, and started for the pass.

"We'll be right after you," we called. Well, we weren't. Because we were aground.

We had been in shallow water, and the extra weight of Tu had pushed our keel right down upon the bottom. No harm done—except that we couldn't move.

Into the water we both went and pushed. A rock flew past.

"How many years did he say since these boys had long pig?"

"Eight."

Another rock flew past, and this one started a volley.

I got hit a couple of times, nothing serious. George had his right cheek scratched. But at last we got the *Outer Darkness* afloat.

The sound of wailing followed us out through the pass, a low ominous haunted-housy sound.

The *Outer Darkness* headed southwest and we kept her on that course, the direction of Tahiti. I held the wheel; and it was kind of silly, steering a boat and not being able to see ahead of you—for naturally I couldn't see around Tu.

The sun came out full and strong. On the way to Aorai we had rigged an awning over the cockpit; but there simply wasn't room for an awning *and* Tu; so we broiled.

My hands got worse; it was a cinch they were infected. They began to swell. George's foot was giving him trouble, too.

"Do you suppose there really is anything to that ancient religion of theirs?" I asked once.

"Shut up," said George.

That day and night nothing much happened, except that I caught a nasty cold and George, who'd never had them before, broke out with a couple of boils.

Next morning the air was hardly moving. Our mainsail flopped feebly as if it couldn't make up its mind which side of the boom it preferred to go. But more important was the terrific sunshine and a sort of *steeliness*. The sky was perfectly blue.

Then a small white cloud began to make up at an angle of about thirty degrees to the horizon. George didn't like this.

"Better reef," he said, his boils and his broken toe making it hard for him to get around.

It made me out of breath, that work. There was not any breeze at all left now, and the air was close and curiously light.

George looked at the barometer and went pale as death.

"Trouble?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"I think we're going to catch a white squall."

The cloud kept getting larger, its center advancing faster than its rim until it looked like the spout of a gigantic funnel pointed toward us. Then it broke. The boat seemed to whirl around and around, so that I was slammed first against Tu, then against the mast. I heard rigging twang like overstrained piano wires. A flying end of rope caught me in the side of the head and almost knocked me out. Water came aboard—sea water. Waves crashed across us, lathering in a furious foam upon Tu, ripping the shirt off my body, all but tearing George away from the wheel. Fish dropped on the deck, their stomachs burst open. There was nothing in sight but water—and it was like a wall close around us, but a wall changing all the time, and steaming and hissing along its top.

All of a sudden it was over. The *Outer Darkness*, groggy, reeled like a Saturday night souse. Water cascaded out of everywhere. A gray column that twisted up into that retreating white cloud was scurrying away, and though there remained in the air a far high humming, immediately around us all was still.

*Washington freed the country, and Lincoln freed the slaves, but we wonder, after viewing their tribulations in numerous Hollywood films on the medical profession, who is going to free the interne.*

Tu rocked gently back and forth, his unseeing eyes staring out across the Pacific.

"Was that," I croaked, "a white squall?"

"It was. *With* a waterspout."

"I think I'll get some coffee."

It turned out that the coffee can had been broken open and salt water had got in. Anyway the primus had been smashed. We weren't going to have anything hot to eat or drink until we got back. The flour was ruined, and the sugar. There was plenty of canned food left, though the labels had been washed off.

When I went back up on deck I learned that our coconuts had been washed overside. Now coconuts are important on a trip like this, being both food and water. They'll take any amount of knocking around, any amount of sun. Men have lived for months on them. With the nuts gone we had to start worrying about water. We had some, of course, but not much.

The weather settled down to be calm—so goddam calm that it almost drove us gaa-gaa. My cuts got worse, my cold got worse, George suffered agonies with his boils and his toe. There wasn't a breath of air. For three days and two nights the Pacific was a looking-glass; the sun was terrific.

What made this thirst situation worse was the fact that we ate so much corned beef. Since the labels had been washed off we had no way of knowing whether a given can held peaches, asparagus soup, or beans. And once a can was opened you did not dare let it stand around, in that climate! Peaches or pineapples were fine, because of the juice; but two out of three times it was corned beef.

Now and then George would curse Tu, sometimes shaking his fists, and once he even got so wild that he punched Tu in that roly-poly tummy, thereby badly skinning his knuckles.

My eyes hurt me. The glare was blinding. By night time my eyes would be throbbing with pain, and with my cold, and splitting headaches, I slept little.

It did not do me good either to hear George retching and vomiting. For George was sick. It could not have been seasickness, because the sea was so still. He himself was convinced that he had been poisoned by some canned food, and he thought he was going to die.

When it started to rain, it got chilly. There was no real breeze, nothing to take you anywhere, but the wind was jerky and undependable, seeming to come from all directions at once.

The rain kept up four or five days. Sometimes it would be swept here and there in gusts, sometimes it would just come straight down. The water—there were still no seas—was cluttered with tiny bright spearheads that came and went so fast that it was like the twinkling of a billion stars.

Remember that all this time we had no coffee, no hot food, and of course after the first day no dry clothes. George got a chill, and his boils were worse. He was afraid now that his whole foot would have to be amputated when we got back—if we ever did.

It is true that the rain relieved our thirst. But only for a little while. With a spare sail we rigged a sort of bath tub for catching rainwater on the roof of the cabin, and by the end of the four days this was overflowing. But we had no place to put it. And then along came a flock of those puffy treacherous little breezes from every direction at once, and the seas began to make up, and the *Outer Darkness* began to roll.

Coming from Tahiti to Aorai the cutter had pitched a bit, being a small boat; but then it had not rolled badly. Now it did. Tu made all the difference. In seas that would not have inconvenienced an eggshell we were practically always on our beam-ends. Back and forth, back and forth! *We* didn't go far in any direction, but the top of our mast must have traveled thousands of miles. There were times when we were on the point of capsizing. Once Tu broke loose from his lashings and started to slam back and forth, and we spent a sweet half-hour making him fast again.

Of course the rainwater was lost.

After that we had calm again. Three days of it. A scorching sun that was an agony to our eyeballs.

Then the storm.

Well, I won't go into details, because I don't like to remember

*Continued on page 126*

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

## The Journey of Two-ton Tu

*Continued from pages 77-125*

those next five days. At last, at least, we were getting somewhere. The wind kept changing its direction, but it did blow. How we ever lived through it, in the condition we were in, I don't know.

The wind was blowing from one side, and then gradually it moved around behind us, and after a while it blew from the other side, and then it shifted around in front. We kept our course, due southwest, but naturally we had to be fixing sails all the time. *I* had to do most of this work, George not being able to get around, I with my hands swollen to twice their normal size.

Worst of all was when the wind slipped around behind us and started blowing from the other side, and because Tu stood so high in the cockpit we had to lift the boom over him. It was a killing job in that wind. Twice the thing broke away, almost throwing us off the boat. George got a finger badly squeezed in a wooden ring, and the boom itself gave me a crack over the left temple that certainly didn't do my headache any good.

It was cloudy most of the time, though there was no more rain, but occasionally the sun would come through and then George would get busy with his sextant. He announced that we ought to raise Anaa soon, this being an atoll about one-third of the way back to Tahiti. He was very confident that if we kept this course we couldn't miss it.

One thing we both knew, without talking about it, and that was that if and when we did raise an island we were not only going to stop for coconuts but we were also going to unload Tu. It didn't need any veteran mariner to tell us that to try to keep on to Tahiti with that image would be sheer suicide.

After all, we could leave Tu and come back for him later in a bigger boat.

I'll never forget the thrill I got when we sighted the atoll.

"Now maybe you'll admit I know something about navigation!"

"George," I said, "you're a wonder."

We saw no huts, no smoke. There was an outer reef, a small lagoon, and the pass was clear. We should have gone ahead in the dinghy to take soundings, but we were too eager to dump our load. We didn't even rest when we'd dropped the hook. With tackle and crowbars we shoved Tu upon a shelf of half-submerged coral, where he should be safe, being much too heavy to be washed away by anything short of hurricane seas.

After a long while George got up. His toe felt better already, he said, and even his boils didn't bother him now. He wasn't sick, either. He suggested we go ashore and look for coconuts.

I said "swell," and stood up and happened to glance at the chart. Then I took a better look at that chart.

"Say, listen," I said. "This shows Anaa to be an island with a fringing reef right up along the shore, no outside lagoon."

"Chart must be wrong then," George said. "This has *got* to be Anaa. We kept her on that southwest course, didn't we?"

Yes, I could see that. But when I lifted my head I could also see something else. I could see the natives wading out into the lagoon, sixty or seventy of them. There was an odd thing about these natives: They had very sharp noses, and their eyebrows jutted at an angle that suggested a touch of Portuguese blood.

George saw them too.

"It *can't* be! We *couldn't* have gone around in a circle and come onto Aorai again from the northeast!"

"Well," I said, "maybe there's something wrong with the compass."

"If the compass had been wrong it wouldn't have taken us straight from Tahiti to Aorai in the first place!"

"Well anyway," I said, for I had definitely recognized some of the natives by this time, "here we are."

They paid no attention to us, not a smile, not a word. They went direct to the tiki as if they'd been expecting to see it come home. They surrounded it, ten or twelve of the huskiest, and literally lifted it from the bottom and carried it ashore.

They were very solemn about the business, and afterward they stood around the tiki for a long while singing some slow ancient chant.

Eventually they recognized our existence. They were no longer sore. They gave us all the coconuts we wanted. One of them fixed our primus. One even went so far as to offer us a gift of something much treasured in those parts—a can of corned beef. We didn't dare refuse. But nothing was said or sign-languaged about giving Tu back to us.

"I think we'd better get going," said George Kett.

We made Tahiti in four days, with the *Outer Darkness* behaving like a dream, the weather perfect. We both were feeling better. George did a lot of figuring on that trip, and it wasn't all connected with our course. By the time the barstool sailors had assembled in special session at the Cercle de la Concorde he had an explanation.

"It must have been iron ore. Don't ask me how iron ore ever got out to that part of the world, but I'll bet anything that if a geologist examined that tiki he'd find it. See—it was lashed right up against the binnacle a little on the port side so's to allow footroom on the starboard. Well, a mass of iron ore like that would deflect the compass, naturally. It's the only way it could have happened. When we didn't have the tiki aboard the compass behaved perfectly. The strangest part of it is that we were lucky enough to complete a perfect circle without any drift, instead of sailing around and around, always thinking that we were going southwest, until we died of thirst or hunger. That was extraordinary."

The others didn't think so. It seemed entirely natural to them. The tiki had wanted to go back, that's all.

Well, there are the two schools of thought, and you can take your pick. I wouldn't know. I'm just a businessman and I don't understand those things.

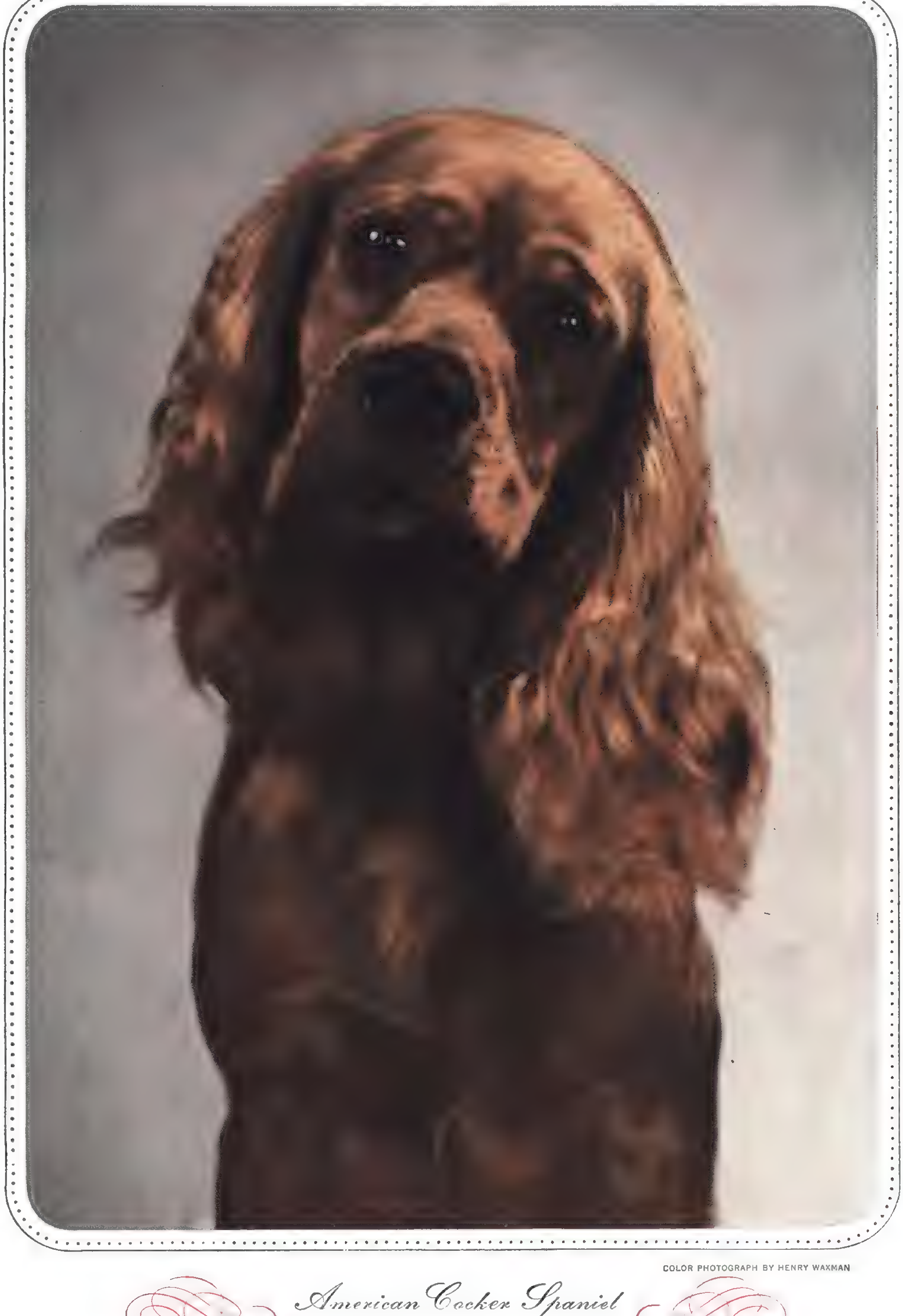
All I do know is that Tetuanuireiateraiatea, or Tu, is still on Tama Desmoulins' property in the center of Aorai, his great blank eyes staring at nothing, his great stone hands clasped across his tummy. I hope he's happy. The bum. ⌗

## LYRIC TO A ROSE

### *by* MAXWELL BODENHEIM

DRAWING BY TONY PALAZZO

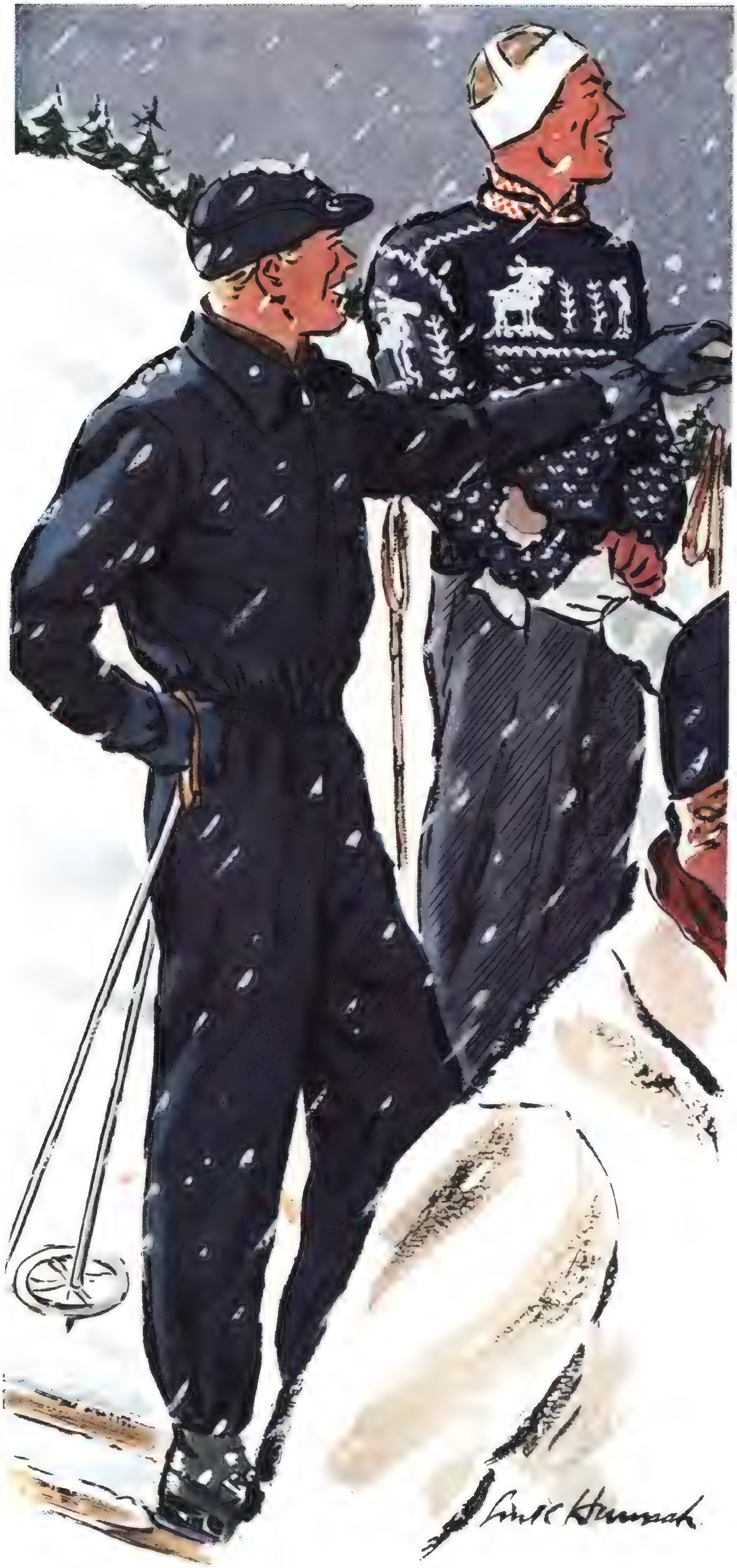
*Full-blown and delicate red rose,*
*Your perfume scattered history.*
*Your falling petals marked the close*
*Of empires and the cruelty*
*In lords and driven concubines.*
*The peasant made your bloom increase*
*His hour of rest beneath your vines—*
*The imprint of a flitting peace.*
*Now on this street a shop girl stands*
*Before a window, eyeing you,*
*Aching to fasten you on strands*
*Of youth and love forever new.*
*Let hard men throw their favorite word—*
*Mawkish—at yearnings soft yet real.*
*The shop girl buys you, subtly stirred,*
*And goes without her noonday meal.*
*And in this room, dusty rosettes,*
*Your paper imitations spread*
*Upon the mantel near the jets*
*Of gas, the still form on the bed.*
*Again you slip down and adorn—*
*Below stale sheets of ugliness—*
*The empty bottle and the worn*
*Ten-dollar bill, the wrinkled dress.*
*Or on a night-club floor an old*
*Scrubwoman lifts you—stamped by heels—*
*And pins you to her breast, to scold*
*The barren cracks her face reveals.*
*Stronger than walled and locked-in gain,*
*Than screams, swords of quick victory*
*Your whisper stays through endless pain,*
*Tells reborn hearts—men must be free.*



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

## American Cocker Spaniel

**Walida Red Brucie**, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Waters F. Davis, Jr. The Spaniel family is large and ancient. Way back in 1386 there is mention of the Spanyell. And from that date on this sporting breed has been regrouped and reclassified until now under the heading of Spaniel are some eight types. The smallest and, according to the American Kennel Club's registration figures, the favorite is the American Cocker. All Spaniels, including the Cocker, were bred to feel perfectly at home in the field. So, with little effort it's possible to turn out a steady little chap who quarters the ground ahead of the gun, covering all territory within range in an eager but controlled manner. It's a delight to see him flush his game, drop on his haunches, wait with tense excitement for the order to retrieve and then bound after the bird no matter how hard the going and bring it back in his "soft" mouth with head held high. A true Cocker should be quick in motion—merry in mind and valiant in heart.—Chase Herendeen



# two and one-third faces east

The time, aside from being the present, seems to be the year of the Big Blow. Not that it bothers our Rover Boys any. After all, they're dressed in the height of fashion.

The highest height, the man with the knitted white wool headband, is wearing a knitted white wool headband (sounds to us as if some redundancy sneaked in here), a heavy yarn sweater patterned in typical Norse style, pale-toned cotton mittens with leather palms and gauntlets, pulled in at the wrist by an elastic cord, and grey-blue worsted gabardine trousers. The man who is giving us the cold shoulder we may dismiss with a shrug. Of him, all that can be said with any degree of certainty is that he is wearing an ivory-colored cotton jacket, blue cotton cap and dark-red scarf.

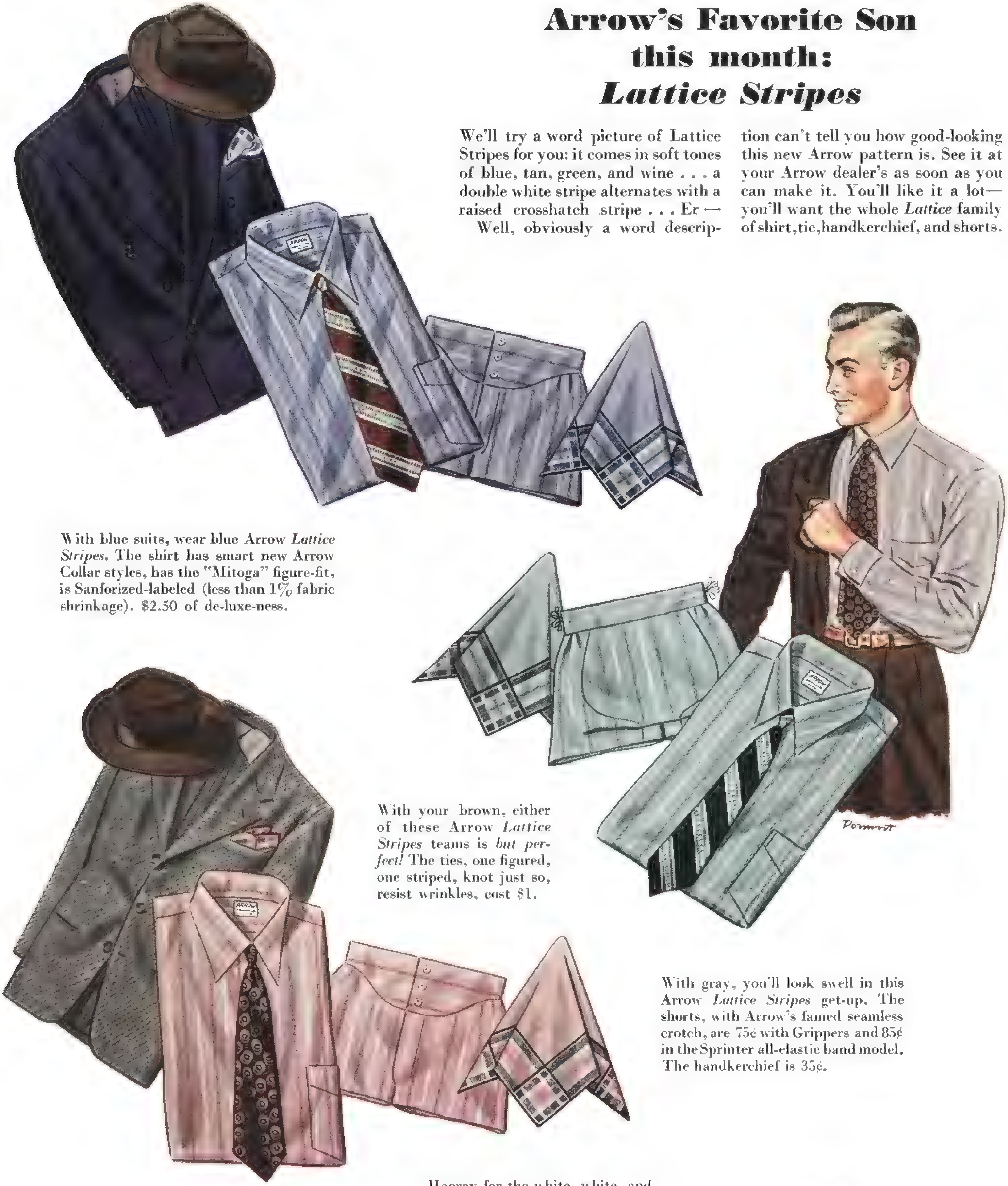
The third man is something to conjure with, and we've purposely saved all the rest of the space for him. We hope it comes out even—that is, the space and the different things we have to say—but of course it always does. The jacket, of worsted gabardine, has a slide-fastener closure and elastic gathers at the waist to provide a snug fit. The matching cap hugs the head. A lightweight printed wool scarf peeps out above the collar, concealing a Tartan flannel sport shirt. The downhill ski trousers, also of dark-blue worsted gabardine, are tucked inside the boots and held down with elastic bands under the feet. Grey mixture heavy wool socks cushion and insulate the feet. They are pulled up under the trousers, not cuffed over the boot tops as was the fashion a few seasons ago. Some men go this skier one better by putting on two pairs of wool socks, one a lightweight pair and the other heavy. The mittens of dark-blue cotton, blending with the rest of the outfit, are reinforced at the palms with horsehide to stand the wear of holding ski poles and tow lines. The heels of the boots with rubber bottoms have their grooves on a sloping line so that the harness of the skis fits properly. As long as we've gone this far in describing the outfit, we may as well go the whole route. What kind of underwear do you think he's wearing? The Fashion Staff assures us it's a two-piece suit of knitted wool and cotton in a vivid scarlet shade.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# Arrow's Favorite Son this month: *Lattice Stripes*

We'll try a word picture of Lattice Stripes for you: it comes in soft tones of blue, tan, green, and wine . . . a double white stripe alternates with a raised crosshatch stripe . . . Er —

Well, obviously a word description can't tell you how good-looking this new Arrow pattern is. See it at your Arrow dealer's as soon as you can make it. You'll like it a lot—you'll want the whole *Lattice* family of shirt, tie, handkerchief, and shorts.



With blue suits, wear blue Arrow *Lattice Stripes.* The shirt has smart new Arrow Collar styles, has the "Mitoga" figure-fit, is Sanforized-labeled (less than 1% fabric shrinkage). $2.50 of de-luxe-ness.

With your brown, either of these Arrow *Lattice Stripes* teams is *but perfect!* The ties, one figured, one striped, knot just so, resist wrinkles, cost $1.

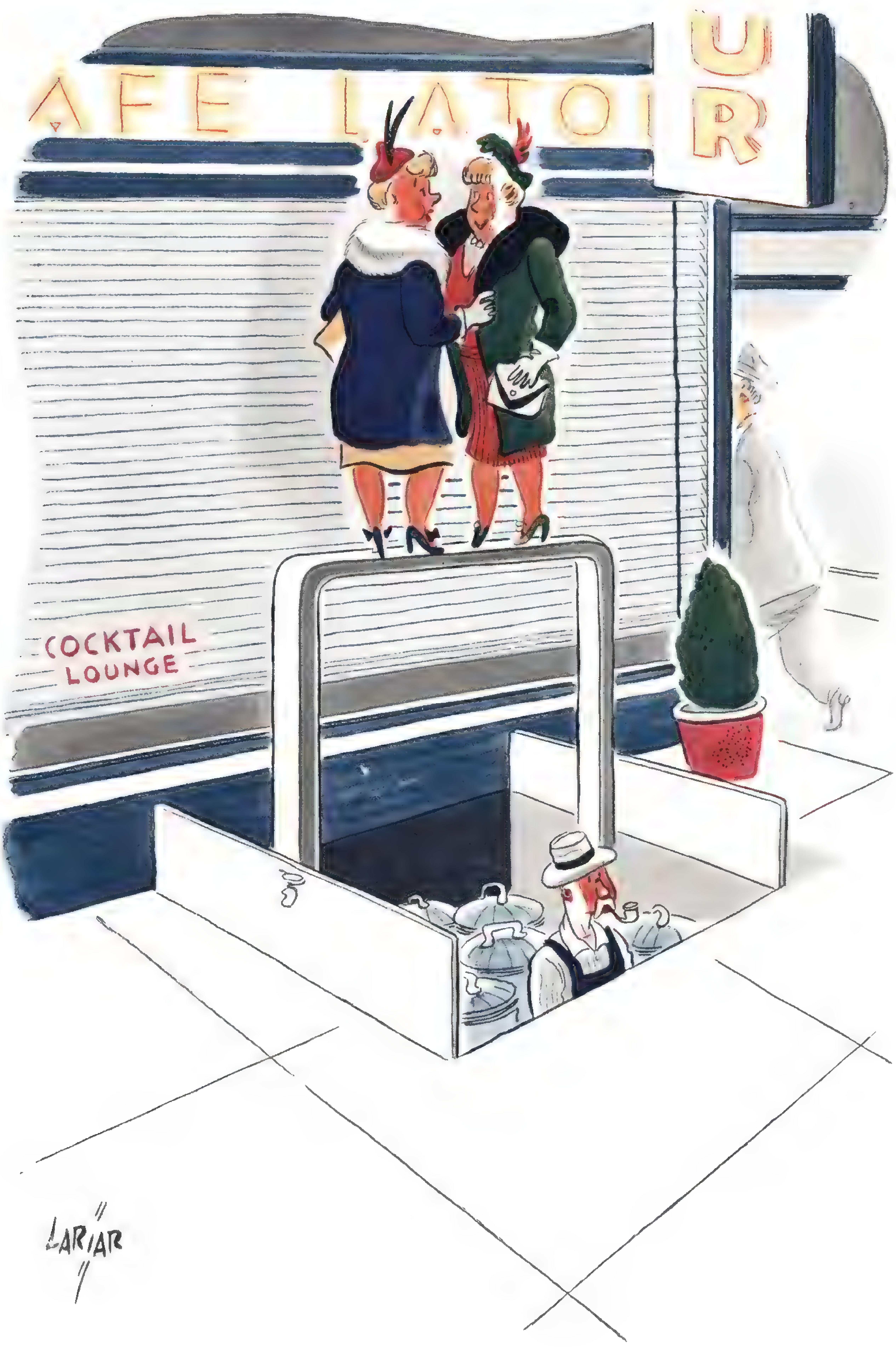
With gray, you'll look swell in this Arrow *Lattice Stripes* get-up. The shorts, with Arrow's famed seamless crotch, are 75¢ with Grippers and 85¢ in the Sprinter all-elastic band model. The handkerchief is 35¢.

Hooray for the white, white, and white! Keep balance in your shirt wardrobe with some of these fine Arrow White *Hitt* Shirts. Non-wilt collar, fine broadcloth.

ARROW

*Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sport Shirts*

★ BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS ★


AFE LATOUR
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
LARIAR

*"That third cocktail, Emma—did you think it was particularly strong?"*

# The Esquire Sports Poll

*Continued from page 89*

from the rich headlands of genuine wrestling, perhaps summed it up reasonably on his "yes" ballot by saying:

> People enjoy acting whether it's on the stage, screen or in the ring—and sometimes the latter is the most talented!

### QUESTION V

***Do you believe that the possibilities of sinus infection, etc., virtually offset the physical benefits of swimming?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **No 70.48%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **No 86.66%** |
| **Sports editors** | **No 81.35%** |

The lad or lassie who complains that swimming is no fun because of head miseries that follow immersion generally hasn't a valid rap against the sport. The complainant either needs a doctor or should go swimming in a place more vigilantly supervised by inspectors delegated by state health authorities. So decides the poll's majority.

Pros and cons:

**Christopher Morley,** the novelist, voted "no" with most everybody else, insisting, however, that it was:

> Impossible to answer intelligibly because it all depends where you swim. Of course most public pools and metropolitan beaches are deplorable.

**Ted Webster,** Syracuse, charged that:

> Sinus trouble is the most over-done fallacy as far as swimming is concerned. Fifteen years ago we heard nothing about it. Today every head cold is sinus. A lot of doctors are getting rich on it. It's a big joke. How do I know? I saw competition for eleven years, have coached swimming for thirteen years, and have been in the water daily for twenty-five years; plus observation of others.

**Albert W. Dowden,** California, said:

> Sinus is caused by clowning around in the water, not by swimming. Divers, formerly very susceptible to sinus, now get protection by wearing nose clips.

**John A. Torney, Jr.,** Washington, stated:

> Swimming is not the cause of sinus. It is: (1) Poor physical condition—colds, lack of sleep, lowered resistance; plus (2) Poor sanitation. A good pool has less bacteria than drinking water.

**Al Snyder,** Jermyn, Pennsylvania, pointed to the pound of prevention when he wrote:

> Sinus infection due to swimming can be averted by proper breathing, or wearing nose plugs. As swimming coach at the University of Scranton it has been my privilege to observe many college swimmers who were ordered to quit swimming because of sinus conditions, and who overcame this difficulty by using nose plugs. Nose plugs can be purchased or home made by covering some kind of elastic metal to clip over the nose.

**Carl White,** Santa Monica, California, *Outlook*, pointed to another danger:

> Everyone should know how to swim. But the biggest danger is deafness—Gertrude Ederle. Many star swimmers and especially divers have ear trouble.

**Ed McGillivray,** Chicago, former Olympic swimming star, said:

> If a person is a good swimmer, or knows enough about swimming to breathe properly, the chances of sinus infection are very remote. Most sinus infection is caused by dust. Water will, quite often, flush the passages. However, if the passages are smaller than normal, extra care should be taken and an effort made to drain them soon by hot applications or warm shower.

**D. A. Armbruster,** Iowa, stated:

> Anyone having a chronic sinus infection should not go into water.

**John Hussey,** Franklin and Marshall, contended:

> Sinus infection is scarehead advertising. Should we stop walking because we stepped on a nail? Stop using a car because of carbon monoxide?

### QUESTION VI

***Do you believe that the pugilistic game will be benefited eventually by the crop of boxers now being developed in the military camps?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **Yes 79.78%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **Yes 78.81%** |
| **Sports editors** | **Yes 83.05%** |

Training in adept handling of the mitts and development of confidence in man-to-man competition is expected, by a majority, to elevate boxing's standard far above the current palooka level.

Typical comment from various classes of voters:

**Lieutenant W. C. Whorley,** Kelly Field, Texas, wrote:

> The Army is attempting to make men out of everyone in the service and is doing a fine job. There will be a lot of good boys take to pro fighting after their service is over.

**Alan Rose,** Brantford, Ontario, *Expositor*, reminded that:

> Canadian military camps make boys ring conscious.

**Richard Durling,** Somerset, Pennsylvania, *American*, wrote:

> Military training camps tend to bring out a form of talent which was not brought into the limelight heretofore. A crop of youngsters, with favorable talent, is to be expected from these trainees. The outstanding abilities shown by the amateur pugs may bring them into the professional limelight later. Many times persons deserving of recognition never get an opportunity to partake of the riches of this recognition due to the fact that they have not had opportunities to be brought into the limelight.

**J. L. Rosenberg,** *Inglewood News*, Inglewood, Cal., stated:

> After fifteen years of covering amateur and professional boxing, I have come to the conclusion that where one man makes himself secure, one thousand are forever ruined; that it is a brutal form of combat without justification except to satisfy human greed. I have seen 19 to 21-year-old boys talking thick, back on their heels and rumdum from the effects of unwise amateur boxing.

**Floyd Sherrod,** Little Rock, Arkansas, observed:

> You have something there. This might be just what is needed to pick boxing out of the purple doldrums that it has dropped into.

### QUESTION VII

***Do you believe that U. S. O. recreational activities should be directed by big name athletes in preference to men trained in the administration of physical education?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **No 85.08%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **No 92.37%** |
| **Sports editors** | **No 88.92%** |

It's the consensus that a brisk workout with another guy's press clippings won't train warriors. The entertainment angle of seeing a Famous Athlete close-up is something else again to a bunch of kids who never were able to buy ringside seats. Probably the ideal combination of Big Name and physical culture for soldier, sailor and marine would be Lana Turner demonstrating deep-breathing exercises.

**Jack Marks,** Timmons, Ontario, *Press*, wrote:

> Big Name athletes can be a source of great aid to sports. Although we in Canada have no direct contact with such a unit as the U.S.O., I think we can point to one famous athlete in Canada who is serving well in such a capacity as you consider. He is Lionel Conacher, probably the greatest all-round athlete in American sport history. Of course, Canadians will be outvoted by 130,000,000 Americans who remember Jim Thorpe, but that isn't the point. Conacher retired from professional sport to handle his duties as chairman of the Ontario Athletic Commission. He has cleaned up boxing, controlled wrestling farces and created a respected body to control sport in Ontario. I think that Big Name athletes command more respect among the sporting public and among young athletes and eventually among the people who donate to the U.S.O. than any unknown whose claim to fame is the ability to handle, or rather juggle, figures.

**C. B. Juedes,** Wisconsin State Teachers College, River Falls, Wisconsin, complained:

> My biggest gripe is regarding U.S.O. directors. I don't see what Big Names have to do with the great job of national defense. It requires a specialist's attention, and this man or group of men must be specialists in the field of physical education. What does a Big Name in *only* the boxing or *only* the football phase of recreation know about the administration of an education recreation program where the aim is to supply and satisfy the individual needs and enjoyment? Rather, this so-called Big Name is striving for champions only, which itself defeats the underlying purpose of Educational Recreation. Are we aiming to build or develop champions in the major sports, or are we aiming to better equip our men, each and every one of them, with a strong, healthy and highly co-ordinated set of muscles and a similar mind which synchronizes efficiently with this muscular system!

**George E. Hutchison,** Hamilton, Ohio, *Journal-News*, argued that:

> Though thoroughly beneficial, recreational activities directed by trained physical directors are drab affairs to men of service age. They had all that in their Y.M.C.A. and high school days. Big Name athletes are heroes to America's young men. They are an added incentive for attendance and interest.

**Ray Barth,** Monroe, Wisconsin, *Times*, had a different idea about that when he wrote:

> The participant feels like a dub and becomes self-conscious if his athletics are directed by a big-name Adonis.

**W. S. Persons,** Duke University swim mentor, judiciously commented:

> Both men should be used. In spite of what one may hear or read, the Big Name athlete is usually pretty well grounded in P. Ed.

**F. W. Fish,** Abbeville, Alabama, wrote:

> My idea is that these workers in the U.S.O. should not be so much on the muscle alone, as on the leadership. Soldiers get enough directing by the make-believe officers they have to put up with. Let the workers work with the soldiers and then let the soldiers have something to say as to what they want. Of course endeavor to get them to want the best things.

### QUESTION VIII

***Do you believe that the American League Most Valuable Player Award was justifiably given to Joe DiMaggio over Ted Williams?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **Yes 68.83%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **Yes 76.10%** |
| **Sports editors** | **Yes 74.66%** |

According to this vote the baseball writers' selection was O.K. with the majority, although if Williams wants to argue for salary approaching Joe's 1942 draw he can cite some whose testimony follows.

**Marvin Gay,** Corbin, Kentucky, *Tribune*, insisted:

> Ted Williams was robbed! What do you have to do to get that award? Live in New York. All Ted did was hit .406, lead in homers with 37 and drive in 120 runs. Those New York scribes must have ganged up on Ted. Only thing I can figure down here in the mountains.

**Bill Gaynon,** Niagara Falls, Ontario, *Review*, also supported the loser:

> I think the Williams feat of batting .406, something not accomplished since 1923 in the American League, along with his home run leadership and his winning homer in the All-Star game, was sufficient to entitle him to the circuit's valuable player prize. True, the DiMaggio consecutive hitting streak was remarkable, but everything considered, Williams' feat appears greater.

**Jack Thisler,** Abilene, Kansas, *Daily Reflector*, also backed Williams, declaring:

> Why Joe DiMaggio was voted the most valuable player in the American League is another mystery. His hitting streak was a big factor in his winning the award, no doubt. The fact that Ted Williams had a higher batting average for the season despite DiMag's streak should mean something. If it hadn't been for Ted Williams' hitting the Red Sox probably would have been asking what league they were in as their pitching was terrible.

Voting "yes" were: **M. W. Dunnell,** Stratford, Ontario, *Beacon-Herald;* **H. L. Crawford,** Brandon, Manitoba, Sun; **Ed Larracey,** Moncton, New Brunswick, *Times;* **Alex Runciman,** Brockville, Ontario, *Recorder & Times;* **W. H. Rhodes,** London, Ontario, *Free Press,* **Zipp Newman,** *Birmingham News;* **John A. Brennan,** *Yonkers Daily Record;* **Vic Rensberger,** *Indianapolis News;* **A. Paul Menton,** *Baltimore Evening Sun;* **Leo Kautz,** *Davenport Times;* **Dale Stafford,** *Detroit Free Press;* **Dick Cullum,** *Minneapolis Times;* and

*Continued on page 132*

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## The Esquire Sports Poll

*Continued from pages 89-131*

**H. J. Osborne,** Saint John, New Brunswick, of the *Telegraph-Journal.*

Among those voting "no" were: **George R. Edmond,** St. Paul *Pioneer Press;* **Drew Shankle,** Columbus, Mississippi, *Dispatch;* **Joseque Lesperance,** Montreal *La Patrie;* **Jack Kelly,** Edmonton, Alberta, *Bulletin;* **George Mackintosh,** Edmonton, Alberta, *Journal;* **W. F. Foster,** Southern Methodist; and **Bob Johnson,** Spokane *Chronicle.*

### QUESTION IX

***Do you believe that a college football game should be played on a field of mud, in a cold downpour of rain, which precludes skillful play and additionally jeopardizes the safety of the players?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **No 77.09%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **No 61.06%** |
| **Sports editors** | **No 67.22%** |

Even if the public, the swimming coaches and the sports editors have a majority who want the "No Game—Wet Grounds" sign hung out, an old-fashioned idea still calls for the kids going to classes on school days. **Harry E. Kidd,** Sterling, Illinois, *Gazette,* took the heroic point of view when he wrote:

> Football is a developer of men. There is no game like it unless you compare it to life. Conditions should be accepted as they have been in the past. Let's not get too soft.

**W. D. McMillan,** Savannah, Georgia, *News,* voting "no," argued:

> As to the age-old foolishness about playing a football game in spite of hell and high water, it strikes me as one of the major absurdities in sports. Might as well expect two crack basketball teams to give a good exhibition on a greased floor as look to a couple of football teams to do anything noteworthy on a muddy field. Any coach worth his salt advises keeping the ball on the ground, taking no chances and hoping the other team will fumble or miss a punt. Result: Lousy stuff for the public to look at.

**Ferd John Lipovetz,** State Teachers College, La Crosse, Wisconsin, recalled that:

> Teddy Roosevelt once said: "Progress is made only when obstacles are overcome." The mud, etc., are comparable to hazards on a golf course. Uncertainties help to prevent life from becoming stagnant in interest and enthusiasm.

**Sam Livingston,** Paducah, Kentucky, *Sun-Democrat,* advocated:

> I have always believed that a game should be postponed because of bad weather. However, I doubt if colleges could postpone their games because of the many out-of-town fans who gather. But high schools scheduled for Friday night games certainly could put them off until the next afternoon or night.

**Walter S. Farquhar,** Pottsville, Pennsylvania, *Journal,* maintained:

> Football cannot be played every day; it must be once a week—hence the show must go on. The safety of the players is not jeopardized. All talk about "health" and "safety" is part of a definite program of underemphasis intended to drive the game out of the colleges gradually.

### QUESTION X

***Do you believe that the major leagues should automatically make a veteran ball player a free agent after he has served ten years on one club?***

| | |
|---|---|
| **The public** | **Yes 65.09%** |
| **Swimming coaches** | **Yes 57.14%** |
| **Sports editors** | **Yes 50.17%** |

Well, what of it? It took *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and a Civil War to free the black slaves, and a library full of law books to give the white slaves a break; so what chance has an aging hunk of baseball flesh got to sing "Sweet Land of Liberty" just because Esquire runs a sports poll?

**Roscoe D. Bennett,** Grand Rapids *Press,* voting "no," said:

> Ten-year men on one club are generally just pensioners, anyway. It would be cruel to turn 'em out!

On the other hand, **Jack K. Overmyer,** Rochester, Indiana, *News-Sentinel,* thought:

> After ten years of faithful and conscientious service to one club, it seems no more than right that a player should have the right to place himself in a more secure position, knowing that his playing value to his present club will decline considerably after the ten-year mark.

**Clayton Browne,** *St. Catherine's,* Ontario, *Daily Standard,* voted:

> Yes, as it would enable him to become manager, coach or part-owner of some minor league club on the merit of his record.

**Erskine Caldwell,** who wrote so sympathetically of the folks of *Tobacco Road,* was not so sympathetic toward the well-paid old ball players, and voted "no." The Honorable **James A. Farley,** however, greatly favored the idea.

Among those voting "yes" were: **A. S. Huffman,** Northeast Louisiana State; **Richard Boyce,** Brooklyn College; **H. B. Goodell,** South Dakota School of Mines; **Captain T. G. Sexton,** Oklahoma A. & M.; **James R. Rapport,** Alabama Poly; **Clarence W. Jones,** Georgia; **Godfrey Novotny,** Tennessee; **Fred F. Thevenin,** Eureka, California, *Humboldt Standard;* **Jack M. Young,** Helena, Arkansas, *World;* **Paul Leonard,** Elko, Nevada, *Free Press;* **Bob Busby,** Lawrence, Kansas, *Journal-World;* **Ken Colling,** Belleville, Ontario, *Ontario-Intelligencer;* and **Pete Sallaway,** Victoria, British Columbia, *Times.*

Voting "no" were: **John B. Van Why,** Wittenberg; **A. L. Davis,** Hyannis, Massachusetts, *Standard-Times;* **R. W. Fisher,** Walla Walla, *Union-Bulletin;* **Wake Bridges,** Hickory, North Carolina, *Record;* **Wendell A. Foltz,** Battle Creek, *Enquirer-News;* **Charles V. Stanton,** Roseburg, Oregon, *News-Review;* **Forrest Edwards,** Mandan, North Dakota, *Pioneer;* **Bernard Peters,** Bay City, Texas, *Tribune;* **H. L. Weeks,** Boone, Iowa, *News-Republican* and **W. J. Foley,** Halifax, Nova Scotia, *Chronicle.* ⌗

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 74

one. Twenty or thirty years ago, you could find it in stage operation at least once a month, with its small Miss Busybody, despite her worthy intentions, balling up the family's affairs no end but eventually, through an accident of circumstances, setting matters surprisingly aright. We now again sniff the old hoke in full blast, and the public, to say nothing of most of the critics, seems to love it. Probably another sure box-office and critic bet would be to dig out the other old plot about the little heroine who doesn't know who her parents were—she was one o' thet party what the Injuns massacreed some fifteen years ago, jes' outside o' Deadwood—and who in the last act discovers that she is not, after all, the daughter of the rascally Rupert Germaine, as she has been led to believe, but—by the picture in the locket and by God—the daughter of kindly old Uncle Hugh who all these years has been a daddy to her. In other words, none other than Miss Brenda Van Courtlandt, heiress to the Van Courtlandt millions, in whose cradle another bairn had been placed when she was kidnapped at the age of four months by a scheming nurse in the hire of the aforementioned Germaine. All you'd have to do to enrapture the critics and make a mint, judging from the stage success of the Benson and certain other stories from the estimable *New Yorker* magazine, would be to combine the plot with the characters in still other *New Yorker* stories by Nancy Hale, Sylvia Townsend Warner or Hildegarde Dolson.

There are grantedly some amusing bits in *Junior Miss* and some capital kid acting performances, notably that of a fat youngster named Peardon, but in the aggregate it is machine-made theatrical entertainment and, when it comes to genuine kidology, something that would make Booth Tarkington turn over in his bed and Mark Twain and even Archibald Clavering Gunter turn over somewhat more violently in their graves.

**Drama Section**

*There, budding playwright,*
*Don't you cry!*
*Nathan will wither you*
*By and by!*

7. *Walk into My Parlor*, by Alexander Greendale. Young Greendale, in this picture of an impoverished Italian family, betrays by imitation his excessive admiration of Odets. Nevertheless, although the reviewers for the most part contemptuously dismissed him, he periodically indicates a talent in his own right, should take independent hold on himself, and not be too discouraged. Imitation or no imitation, his play however and notwithstanding was often a lot better than most of the non-imitative plays disclosed in the New York theatre up to the day of its production. And several of the actors, none of whom anyone had ever heard of before, were also a lot better than many of the more established ones seen in the same span of time.

8. *The Seventh Trumpet*, by Charles Rann Kennedy.—It will not surprise students of Pastor Kennedy's dramaturgy to learn that this latest gift from the Pastor is unadulterated smallpox. As a playwright, the Pastor is just about as bad as one with the most puissant imagination can dream up. A two and a quarter hour dissertation on war and religious faith, with religious faith theoretically winning by fifty-two touchdowns and some several thousand of the most pompous and dullest words heard from a stage in seasons, the play, to misuse the term, starts nowhere, gets nowhere, and in the meantime says nothing, very elaborately, that has not been said with considerably more force and eloquence in the least Southern colored Baptist church. It has been written by some of my critical confrères that Kennedy is high-minded. He isn't, for mind plays no visible part in his performances. He may be high-principled, but that is another matter. And when it comes to dramatic emotional equipment, the celebrated cucumber is a red-hot coal compared with him. It has also been written that he mistakes the stage for a pulpit. If so, I wonder what the particular pulpit he mistakes it for can be, since I have yet to sit before one that hasn't said its say with infinitely more dramatic vitality than the whole canon of the Kennedy drama. The Dean of St. Mary's College in California has endorsed *The Seventh Trumpet* as being "as real a plea for peace as *The Trojan Women*, as real a plea for honor as *The Cid*, and as divine a comedy as *Cyrano*." Dean, papa spank!

9. *Sons o' Fun*, by Olsen and Johnson and two or three dozen other fellows from Buffalo.—Originally called *Crazy House*, it's a super-paraphrase of the famous *Crazy Gang* shows of London's Palladium. *Hellzapoppin* takes some of the edge off it, but it's still rambunctiously amusing enough to satisfy that inner belly craving. And Carmen Miranda is swell.

10. *Hope for a Harvest*, by Sophie Treadwell.—The adventure of

Continued at top of page 134

Town or Country

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from pages 74-133*

your correspondent's soul in the case of this masterpiece was haplessly disturbed by a periodic tendency to go to sleep on the part of its earthy possessor. An excessively windy and defectively dramatized essay on Western agriculture, the exhibit sank the aforesaid soul so deep in its boss' theatre seat that it gave him a rather violent critical stomachache. Nor did the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March do much to alleviate matters.

11. *Golden Wings*, by William Jay and Guy Bolton.—The authors have seen too many aviation movies, and apparently admired them. Their play, dealing with the R.A.F. and the usual heroic screen flight lieutenant whose libido is torn between the usual good and bad woman and who has a fellow flyer who is the usual screen interloper, might be film material if the films had not already worked the theme to death. It has, however, small place in the reputable dramatic theatre.

12. *Sunny River*, by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg.—An old-fashioned musical comedy of the Southland. Some pretty pictures and some pleasant, familiar melodies helped to brighten up an otherwise supine evening that could have profited by some humor.

13. *Twelfth Night*, by William Shakespeare.—An amateur arty production by the Chekhov Theatre Studio. *Twelfth Night* is hard to take even when done by professionals; when done by amateurs—you write the rest of the sentence.

14. *Angel Street*, by Patrick Hamilton.—The author's *Rope*, or *Rope's End* as it was called in the American presentation, was a good thriller. This effort, known as *Gaslight* in London, is an inferior job, but nonetheless much better than most. The presentation is tip-top. ⧻

## Aces in the Hole

*Continued from page 39*

construction company.

One of these is the General Engineering and Service Corporation at 112 North Main Street, Los Angeles. Mr. George I. Fosdyke, the expert on air raid shelters there, says that one of the talking points these air raid shelter salesmen use is that seventy-four downtown buildings in Los Angeles are now having changes made in their basements to turn them into bomb repellers. Mr. Fosdyke also tells me that a Mr. Beck, of the U. S. Housing Authority out here, is thinking of a huge community shelter in connection with the slum clearance project at Boyle Heights. Mr. Fosdyke's attitude is strictly a businesslike one. When I asked him to commit himself as to whether or not he really thought his customers actually needed these shelters he pointed out that bombs or no bombs, war has become distinctly psychological. The "War of Nerves," he feels, can best be met by people who know they have a retreat in which to snuggle, in case. . . . With this attitude Hollywood wholly agrees, but it is still afraid to signify its interest in such shelters publicly for fear the customers will misunderstand and get the notion that the film empire's heroes are not capable of catching demolition bombs in their teeth and spitting them back up to wreck the plane that dropped them.

The least time in which a really cozy catacomb can be built is thirty days. One buried Biltmore suite is costing a producer eighty grand and is to take six months in the building. The shelters must be sunk at least twenty feet below the surface of the earth if the layers of soft earth, concrete, sand, rubble and what-not above them are to provide absolute protection. Some of the local gentlemen of high tone are having them installed in the sides of hills, where that is possible. The lowest current quotations on deluxe inverted ivory towers that I could get (from one of the three men I mentioned previously) are as follows:

> 15 x 30 feet, $5,940; 20 x 30 feet, $7,940; 30 x 40 feet, $15,840; 40 x 50 feet, $26,400.

The *Los Angeles Examiner* recently provided some emphasis to the high pressure selling of the super shelter salesmen through an illustrated article showing where the proposed upside down health resorts for the hoi polloi will be located in Los Angeles. Some of these would be in the city's storm drains. It was not indicated what would happen if some of California's High Fog or Galloping Dew came down during an air raid. This variously named moisture has been known to sweep along not only houses and automobiles, but to rip out storm drains as though the cement were icing on a corrupt contractor's cake. Nobody, in all this, has been meany enough to mention the little matter of earthquakes and their relation to air raid shelters, private and public.

Further to cheer up Angelenos the Major Disaster Emergency Council through its spokesman Basil E. Rich says: "If war comes to Los Angeles, the city can't be evacuated. Everyone will have to dig in and stay home."

The Army informs the Major Disaster Emergency Council that there are eleven zones of military targets in Los Angeles and Hollywood. The physical aspects of this defense against air raids are being worked out right now in the office of Los Angeles City Engineer Lloyd Aldrich.

The local newspapers are taking the air raid shelter matter more seriously than in any other part of the country. Any new angle is quickly taken up by the papers and much space given. There is every indication that the thing will found a thriving new industry locally; since, certainly, Los Angeles is the most beautiful natural air target for an aircraft carrier that could be imagined; not only that but it is a natural for attack down from the North, or up from the South. An attack which would accomplish nothing militarily, but much psychologically.

The de luxe air raid shelter engineers, architects and construction companies by no means have cornered the Hollywood market. A rising Ford of air raid shelter manufacturing is locally represented in full force, with a shelter constructed of heavily reinforced concrete containing some volcanic substance worked into the concrete under a patent process that makes for greater strength for air raid shelter purposes. It is not generally known that enormous quantities of volcanic rock are obtainable a short distance from the California border, in Arizona, where volcanic slag from forgotten volcanoes lies all over the place.

In the case of these "flivver" shelters, an excavation is made: the shelter is driven up in an especial truck, with a crane designed for the purpose, and lowered into the excavation, a place left for entry, and then the rest covered over.

The cheapest of these shelters is one hundred dollars, INCLUDING DELIVERY—EXCAVATION AND ALL!

They can be made in larger sizes but come considerably cheaper than the de luxe shelters installed by the stars and Hollywood executives. They are constructed by pouring flat forms which are later assembled on the job and permanently set together by fresh applications of the lava impregnated cement. This shelter lends itself to mass production. Forty-eight hours after the forms are poured the structure may be used. If it became evident that Hollywood were to be bombed, this quickly fabricated shelter could be provided in huge quantities, since all that is needed is the forms, which are quickly prepared, and space to pour them in.

These little nifties are manufactured by the Thermocrete Company, and are a patented product. Mr. O. E. Goodwin in charge of this section of the company's business, in North Hollywood, recently demonstrated these small, inexpensive shelters before Max Dunning, of the Public Building Administration, of the U. S. Defense Administration. This department of the government regularly specifies air raid shelters, either communal or individual, for all housing for workers in connection with, and near, the airplane manufacturing plants in Hollywood, Los Angeles, Culver City, and elsewhere close by.

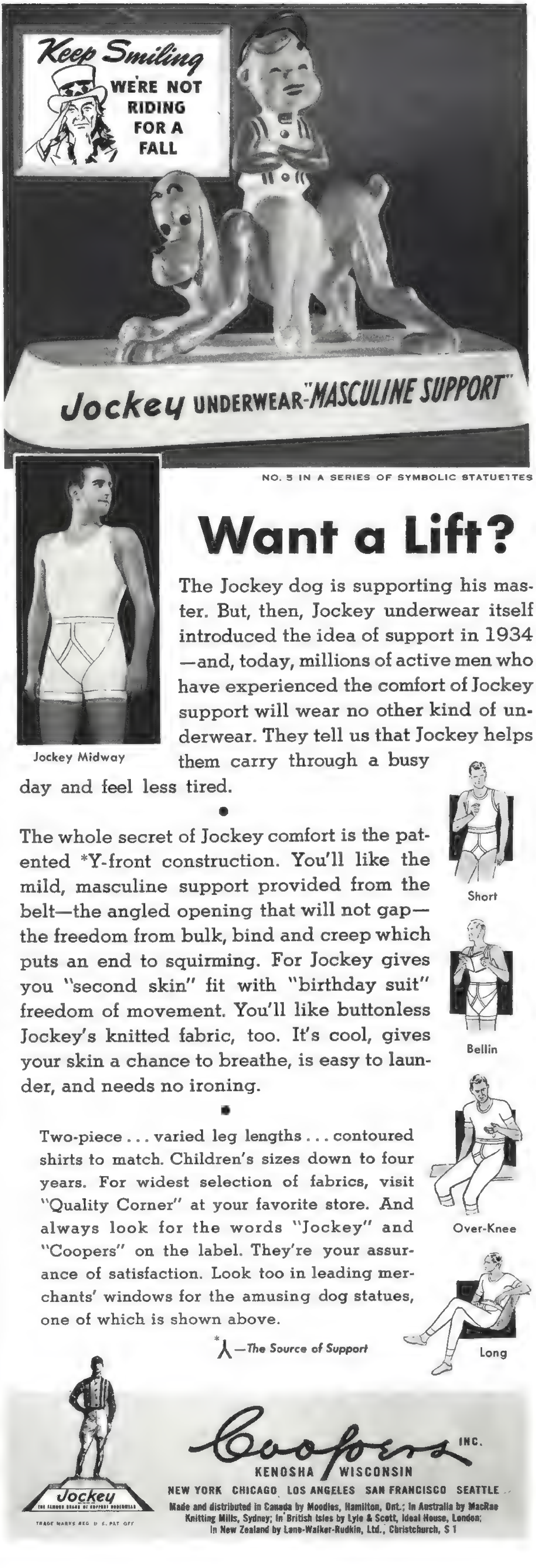
Mr. Goodwin says that although comparatively few of these shelters are being sold today—as compared with the larger, more expensive shelters being built for the Hollywood stars, his company is prepared to deliver them at the rate of one thousand per day at any time, and so advised Max Dunning of the Public Building Administration.

Quite aside from these shelters designed and constructed by those who know what they are about, hundreds of amateur shelters are being built all over Hollywood. Some of these look very dangerous, considering that this is earthquake and flood country.

In many instances while investigating shelters I found that specifications for houses being built had been lately changed, sometimes in the middle of their construction, to call for an enormously thick steel reinforced ground floor, allowing for the possibility of the basement being used as an air raid shelter. I called twenty-four contractors largely engaged in building construction to check up on this. All of them told me that some of the houses they were presently working on had those specifications, and that it was becoming increasingly prevalent.

The attitude toward shelters locally, however, seems to be on the whole one of amazing insouciance. If Hollywood is bombed it will beyond a question carry on, as does the motion picture industry in England. And such an exigency will not find Hollywood unprepared. Anyone looking into the situation around town is persuaded that Hollywood is probably now the best prepared town in the country to withstand air attack. There are probably more shelters already finished here than in any other community in the United States. #

*Clouds stumbled and tripped across the gray wintry sky, and in the distance a train gave startled yelps at a grade-crossing. A covey of ducks wedged its way across the sky, and as the woman entered, the door lost its balance and fell backwards. She was a well-balanced woman . . . broad-hipped and narrow-minded. In the kitchen a fly hedged-hopped from the butter to the cake, the curtains by the window whispered to one another, and—well, do I make Picturesque Speech and Patter in the Reader's Digest next month, or don't I?*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## Pins and Needlers

*Continued from page 57*

not know it that the course of the ball through the pins on a square 1-3 pocket hit is the same regardless of what kind of ball is delivered. It follows a zig-zag path from the 1 to 3 to 5 to 9.

The "roundhouse" is more of a curve ball than a hook. A very effective pin spiller when under proper control. The ball is delivered somewhere near the center of the alley and thrown out almost to the gutter from where it breaks into the head pin at a considerable angle. Able exponents of this type of delivery are such champions as Frank Kartheiser, Charles Daw and Joe Miller. Curve balls are usually rolled slower than hooks and considerable finger lift is required to make the ball turn up. Joe Miller half palms the ball, bringing his fingers up from well underneath. It takes a strong wrist to do this. Constant practice must be maintained to master and control the roundhouse. When out of control the easiest of spares can be missed by wide margins. The curve bowler seems to be at his greatest disadvantage on slow (running) alleys where his ball continually comes up high or crosses over to the Brooklyn side. A wise beginner will shy clear of the curve ball.

An effective hook ball can be delivered in several ways. In practically all instances the thumb is released first and the fingers last, the fingers imparting the lift or turn. Some bowlers produce hooks by spinning the ball on the thumb, but this system develops some nice sore thumbs at times. Turn of the ball can be procured by either bringing the fingers straight up from the bottom right side with thumb forward or by lifting the fingers up the side from a hand-shaking position with thumb to the left. Varied action can be had by using either stiff or loose wrist. "School Master" Bill Wernecke says the million dollar secret in hook bowling is to make sure that the delivery causes the middle finger to snap against the thumb upon release of the ball. This puts plenty of stuff on the sphere.

The beginner often wonders at the many styles of approaches and foul-line finishes of the big-time hook bowlers. Wilman, Kartheiser, Day and many other stars rotate the ball through a complete figure-eight turn on the back wing before delivering the ball. They start the ball going back by turning the ball to the left so that the back of the hand faces forward; then at the top of the back swing the ball is turning to the right; and when the ball is delivered we find it is again being turned to the left. I've tried to ascertain the value of this maneuver, but the bowlers themselves don't seem to know why they do it. They all admit that all this fancy twisting and turning in the backswing does not put one iota of stuff on the ball. Stuff can only be put on the ball at the last moment of release. Certainly there is no anatomical reason to turn the arm around in the back swing; in fact this twisting has the faculty of producing a crooked elbow and this may be the reason one sees so many bent-elbow bowlers cursed with inaccuracy. Straight back and up and straight down and ahead is the simplest, easiest and most natural form.

Watch Ned Day at the foul line and you will see him finish with his right foot flung far to the left behind him with his right hand and finishing palm down across his left chest. Wilman finishes with his left toe pointing straight ahead, his right dragging in line directly behind him and his right hand straight out ahead in a hand-shaking position. Both roll extremely effective hooks. Why the difference in delivery? From my observation, Day begins his finger lift farther down on the ball in order to put on a full turn. His full follow-through compels the hand to turn over, with the right leg swinging around as a counter balance. Because of this full action, Day's ball bows out to the right a bit more than Wilman's, yet I can't see that it is any more effective than Joe's. The best hook ball is the one that starts to roll early and at the same time keeps turning over. A rolling hook keeps boring in and is not easily deflected. It will literally "knock down trees" as the saying goes.

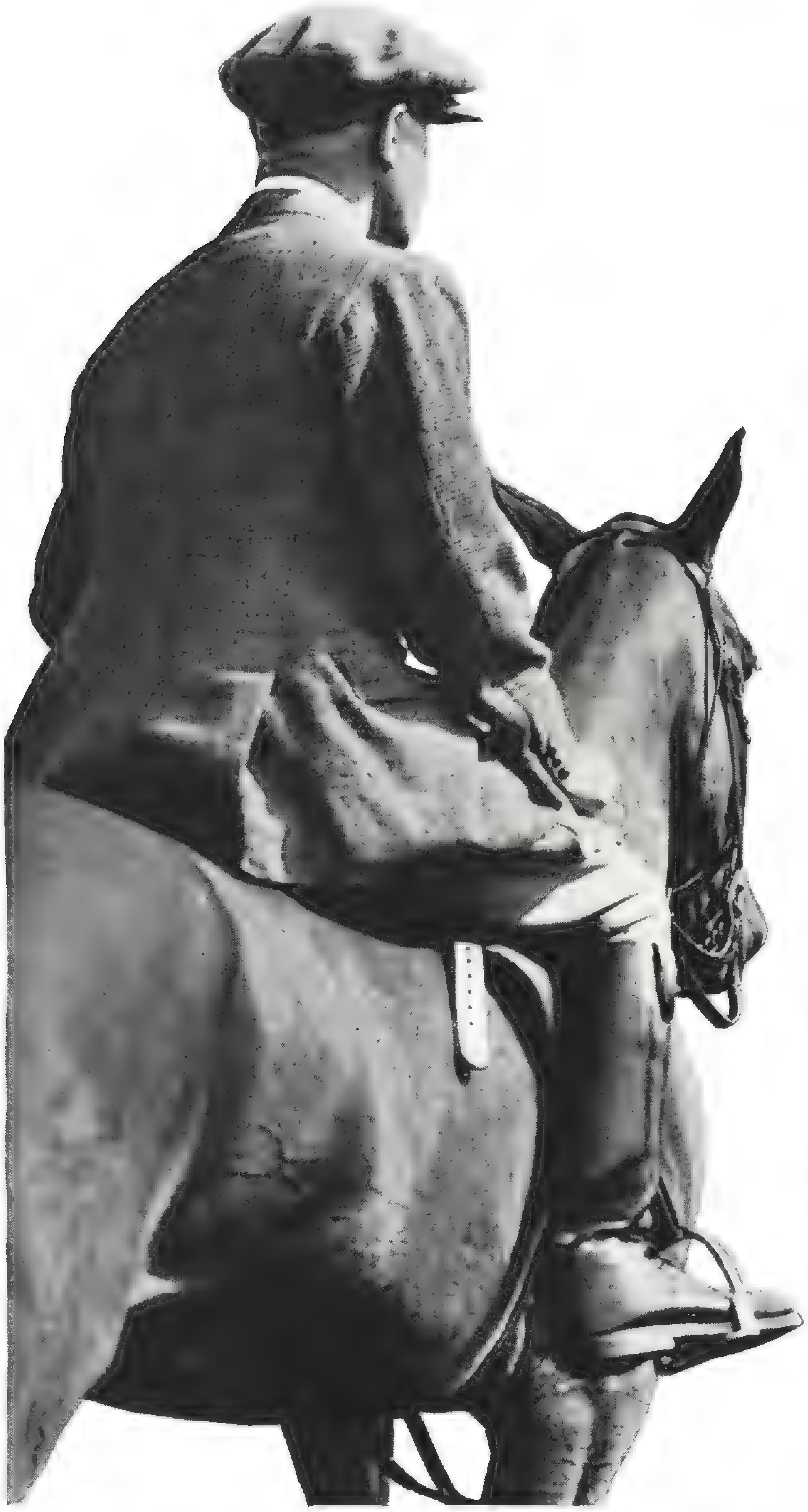
Next the new bowler will become concerned about "spot" bowling. Some bowlers believe that dropping the ball at some designated board or spot at the foul line is spot bowling. This is spot bowling of a kind, but it is not true spot bowling. Foul line bowling is becoming less popular each year. There is too wide a margin for error, just as there is in shooting directly at the pins. A small error in angle at the foul line is greatly accentuated down at the pins. The theory behind spot bowling is that it is much easier to hit a spot at fifteen, eighteen or twenty feet than it is at sixty feet.

The stationary spot system is gaining favor because of its consistency in accuracy. The spot usually used in this method is a certain board about eighteen feet down the alley where the pin and maple boards dovetail. This board may be anywhere from six to twelve boards in from the right side. However, it is one thing to aim at this spot, immediately looking up at the pins the moment the ball is delivered, and another to keep the eyes glued to the spot and see the ball actually roll over it. This latter method only assures a complete follow-through of the delivery, promoting accuracy and securing full finger action which puts "stuff" on the ball. In using the stationary spot system it is easy to make angle corrections. If the alley "runs," (slow alley) bringing the ball too high on the head pin, move to the left slightly and roll the ball at the same spot. If the alley "holds" (fast alley) and the ball fails to come up to the head pin, move slightly to the right, again rolling at the same spot. With this system of spot bowling a bowler can use the same speed of delivery constantly without resorting to changes of speed in either ball or footwork. Meeting alley conditions by changes in speed and turn are disastrous to rhythm. The more automatic a bowler can become in his delivery the higher his average will be.

As soon as a bowler has acquired a little rudimentary skill in the game, his next concern is some personal equipment. "What about the ball?" he wants to know. "Shall it be light or heavy, two or three holes? And what kind of a grip shall I use?"

A.B.C. rules declare that bowling balls shall not exceed twenty-seven inches in circumference nor sixteen pounds in weight. This does not mean that smaller and lighter balls cannot be used in sanctioned league or tournament play. Balls may be had in stepped-down weights from sixteen to eight pounds. There has been a tendency recently to encourage use of the sixteen-pound ball by both men and women, which I believe is a mistake. The theory advanced is that the heavier ball will carry more pins, but this is only true in part. A hook ball thrown faster with a fourteen-

*Continued on page 138*



The *raisons d'être* of two fashion details—the side vents of this riding coat and the strapped cap—are well illustrated in this photograph. The slits at the sides of the coat cause it to flare over the hips freely, allowing for action. The strap on the cap is adjustable so that it fits the head closely to keep the cap from blowing off.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER

## Model Conduct

### Interviews on men
### with America's most popular models

### Betty McLauchlen

It would take some extremely diligent research to turn up a copy of *Vogue* during the last five years that doesn't contain more than four different photographs of Betty McLauchlen. Known logically enough as "the Vogue girl," Miss McLauchlen is the most svelte of models. In contrast with her super-aristocratic demeanor on the printed page, Miss McLauchlen is, in season, a raucous pro football fan. She holds the college game in contempt on the premise that it reminds her too much of tiddlywinks. She is engaged to a prominent New York art director.

***Miss McLauchlen on Men:*** "Through some horrible miscalculation, many men think that once they've made a date with a girl they can take her for granted from that point on. They address all their conversation to the other members of the party, they compliment the other fellow's girl and, by the time the evening is over, the poor date feels like a bump on a log. Men don't realize how much of a humiliation it is for a girl to be ignored by her own escort. It's really just a bad habit. Once they break it and start paying some attention to their date, they might be pleasantly surprised at the response they get. Then there's another thing, although it's personal with me. I wish men wouldn't tumble for all the cheap, stupid publicity on models they read in the papers. The moment a girl is introduced to a fellow as a model, his eyebrows go up six inches and he suspects the worst. Models are the same as any other group of girls, and most of them go home to Momma at the end of a hard day's work."

### Vital Statistics

| *Name:* | *Model Agency:* | *Home Town:* |
|---|---|---|
| Betty McLauchlen | Powers | Fall River, Mass. |

| *Age* | *Hgt.** | *Wgt.* | *Bust* | *Waist* | *Hips* | *Hair* | *Eyes* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30 | 5′9″ | 125 | 34 | 25 | 35 | Brown | Brown |

*with heels

## Pins and Needlers

*Continued from pages 57-137*

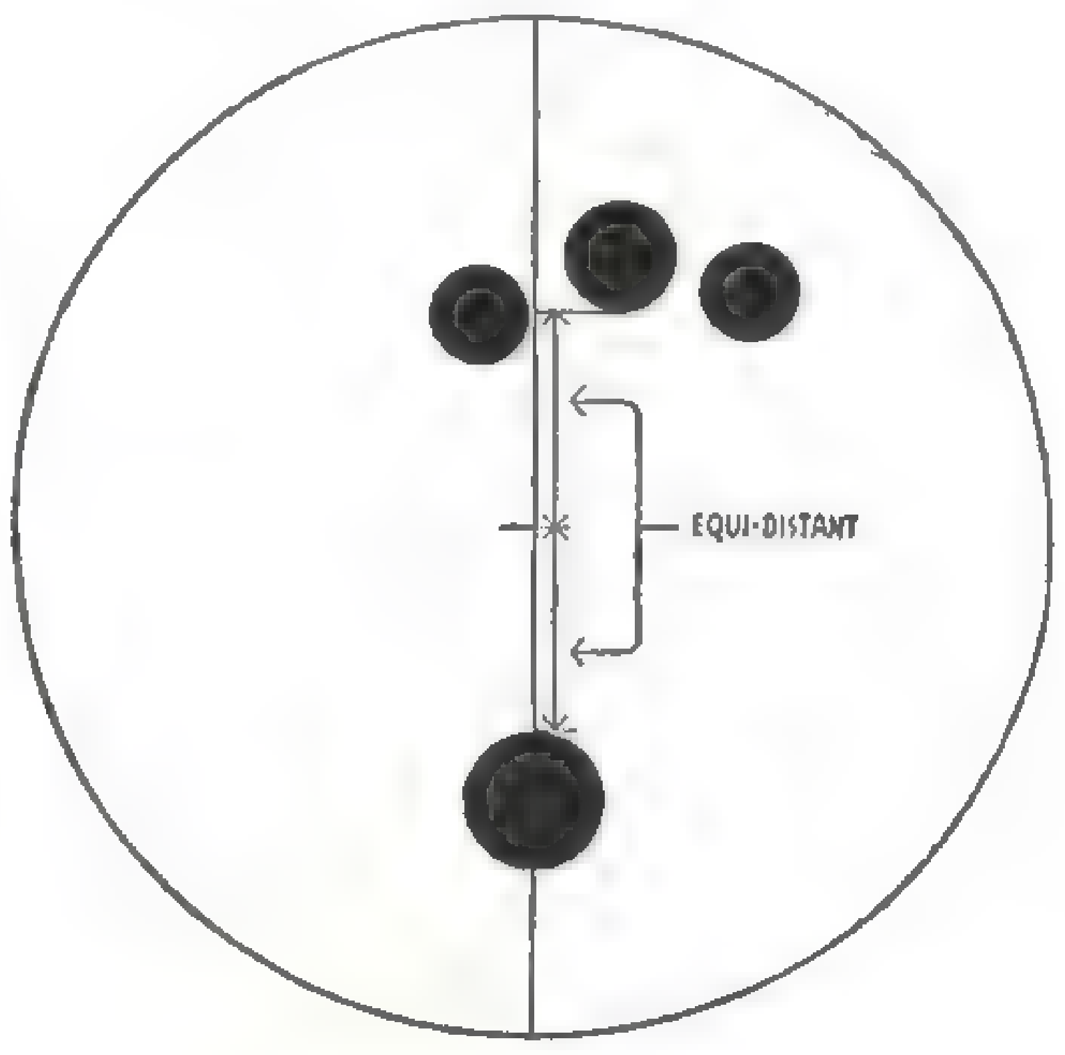
pound ball is more effective than a sixteen-pound ball rolled more slowly. And the lighter ball is more accurate. There is also more confidence in the feel of the lighter ball which helps in picking spares. Furthermore, most beginners lack the strength to handle the sixteen-pound ball. During a league session the average bowler using a sixteen-pound ball will lift, lug and heave between 700 and 900 pounds, which means plenty of gravitational pull on the fingers and wrists.

In the last three years there has been a definite swing toward the three-fingered ball. The reason for this is that it makes the grip more comfortable, thereby creating better control. The more holes there are in the ball, the lighter it seems; and lightness of feel instills confidence in the delivery.

Ninety per cent of bowling alley house balls today are of the three-fingered variety. If you will take particular notice of these you will find the thumb hole usually located directly in line with the center bridge between the two finger holes. This is done to accommodate both right and left-hand bowlers. However, if you will hold your bowling hand with the palm up and the fingers partially closed you will find that the thumb is directly in line with the first or index finger and not between the middle and third fingers. Also note that the distance from the second joint of the middle finger to the base of the thumb is less than the distance from the same joint of the third finger. These facts should be considered when being fitted for a ball.

On resuming bowling after a fifteen-year layoff, I was not satisfied with the current two and three-holed balls. So I began drilling balls in all sorts of finger-hole combinations as a hobby, at the same time endeavoring to find some way of producing an automatic hook ball that would behave like the old weighted "dodo," which is now illegal. With the "dodo" one merely had to lay the ball down a certain distance from the right edge parallel with the gutter, and when it got to a certain point on the alley it would break into the pins with terrific clatter.

After drilling and re-drilling a number of balls I came upon a four-fingered creation that seems to be the answer. The accompanying illustration shows the location of the holes. Thumb, index, middle and third fingers are used. The pitch, (angle of drilling) is 1-2″ on the fingers and 3-8″ on the thumb. Bridges, (distance between holes) are 3-16″. Distance from center of ball to inside edges of thumb and middle finger holes are equal. Span, (distance from inside edge of thumb hole to inside edges of finger holes) is measured by burying the thumb completely in the thumb hole of a trial fitting ball. Note where second joints of the fingers pass over the inside edges of the finger holes. They should extend beyond this edge by about one-fourth of an inch. If the hand is stretched, the joints will come about center of holes. Thumb and finger holes should be fitted with a play of 1-32″ to 3-64″ to allow for swelling when fingers are warmed up.



*Four-fingered ball of the author's own devising uses thumb, index and third fingers for "anatomical grip"*

The holes should be kept as shallow as possible, not over one-eighth or one-fourth of an inch beyond the fingertip so as not to take out too much weight and destroy balance. Blank balls are made with weight allowances to compensate for the drilled holes. A.B.C. regulations allow not more than three ounces difference between top and bottom, and not more than one ounce from side to side. There are no restrictions on the number of finger holes as long as the ball is in balance.

I have dubbed this grip the "Anatomical Grip" because it conforms to the hand and fingers. It is an extremely comfortable grip that fits and feels like a glove.

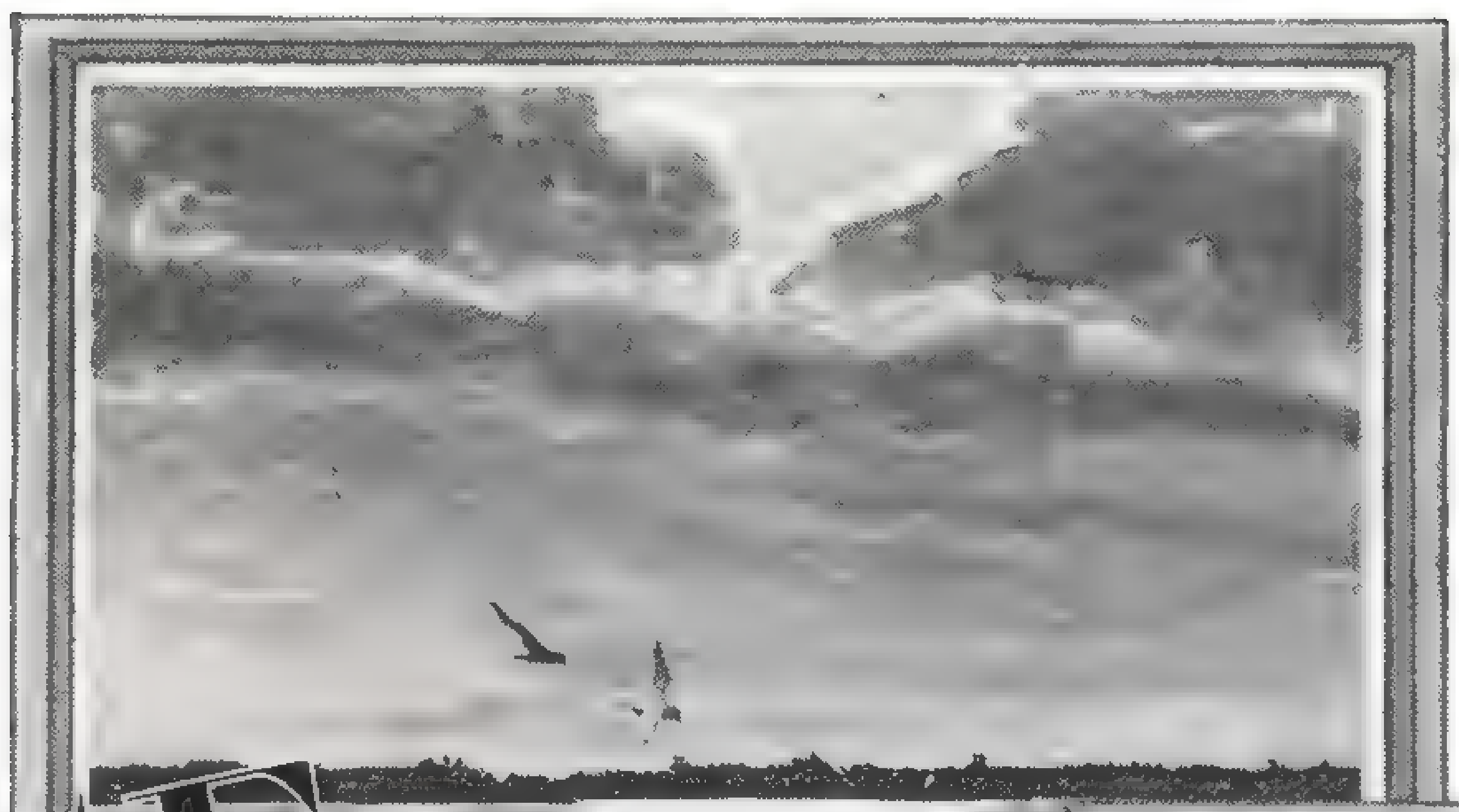
The ball is delivered with the thumb up the same as in rolling a straight ball, with the fingers lifting straight up from the bottom. The ball should be tossed out on the alley and not dropped near the foul line. Action on the ball depends on a full follow-through. No wrist turn is required as the straight lift up of the fingers produces the much-to-be-desired early rolling hook action by creating an immediate over-spin.

The ball follows a straight course down the alley to about halfway and then breaks in toward the pins—like the old loaded "dodo." It is hard to roll a straight ball with this grip unless the hand is turned considerably to the right, as in delivering a back-up ball.

To roll a different variety of hook, simply bring the fingers up the side by turning the wrist at the moment of release. A wider curve can be had with this grip than with a three-finger ball owing to the added turnover created by the index finger.

To bowlers who are having difficulty in controlling their hooks and to those with extra small hands, fingers and wrists, I recommend having a try with such a grip as this Anatomical Grip. #

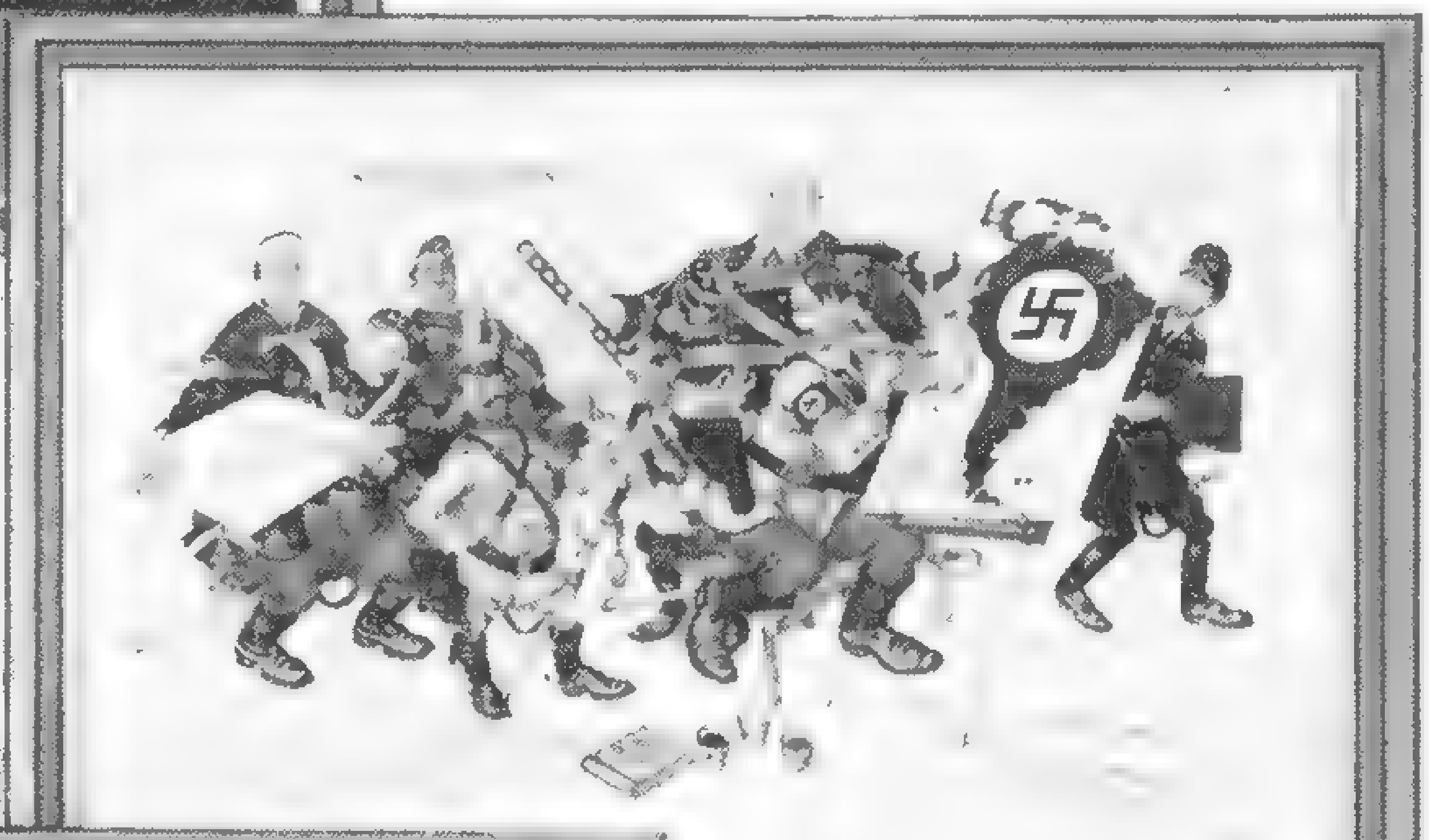
1A: BLACK TERN . . . Walter Bohl captures outdoor exhilaration in this water color—gulls on the wing over a Wisconsin lake . . . 25¢.



# PARADISE

***with a fence around it for two bits . . .***

2A: THE MAP MAKERS BY ARTHUR SZYK . . . the outstanding political cartoonist laughs—(let it be last!)—at Tojo's aspirations . . . 25¢.



☆We've heard there's a class of egg-in-your-beer addicts who, if given the world, would want a fence around it. And, at that, a fancy fence. Hence . . .

☆We've marched ourselves right up out of this world in lining up the color inserts and gatefolds for this March Esquire. And now we're fencing each and every one in, with heavy white art board . . . mounting them with functional hooks for hanging from the closest cloud or nearest game-room wall . . . and tendering them to you, with our tender wish-you-wells.

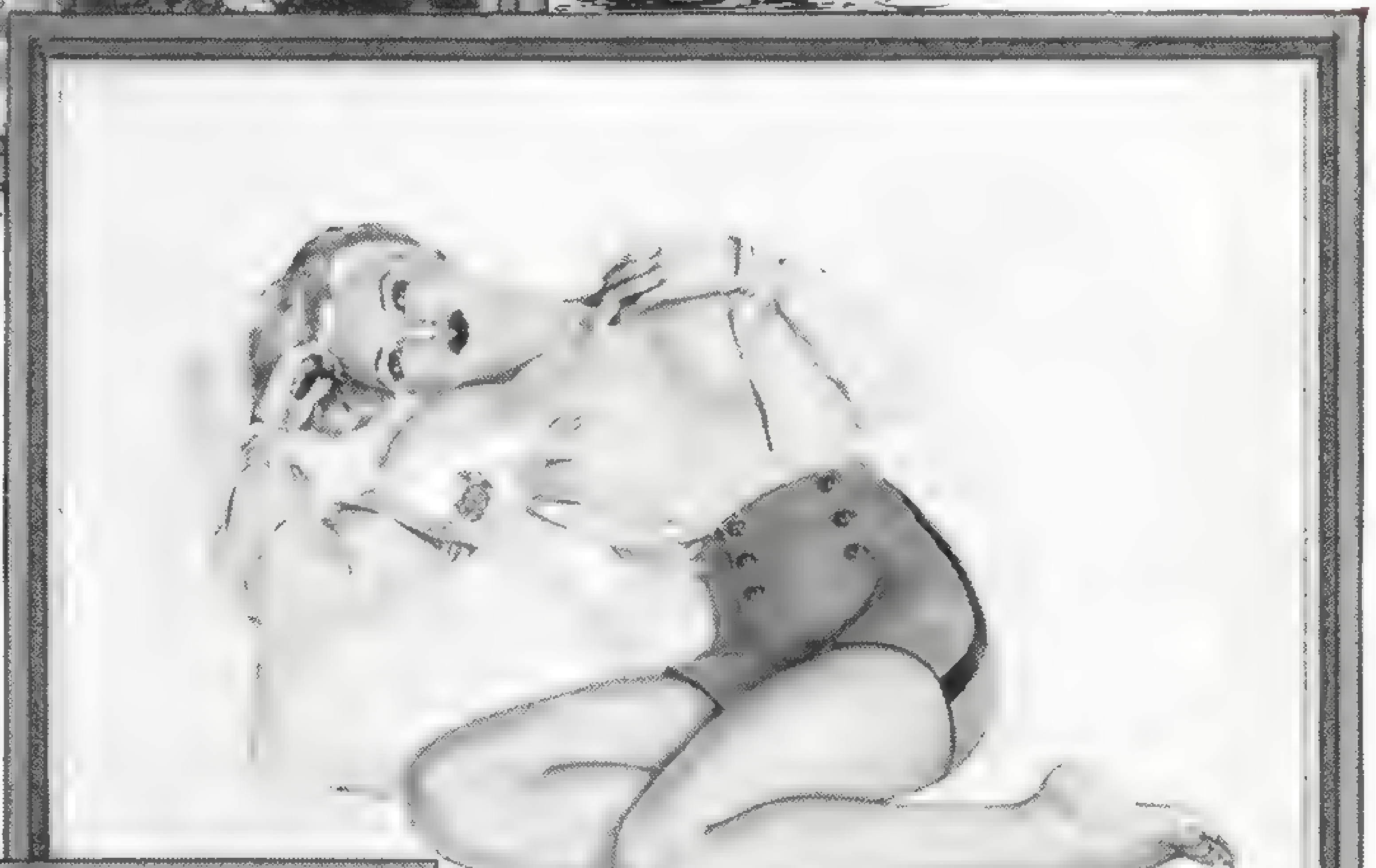
☆If you'll tender, in return, a paltry piece of pelf, you can corner these St. Peter passports for yourself. Though your own game room may be where you find it, you'll find these frameless, glassless, scotch-proof reprints ideally suited to your rumpus room walls—colorful conversation pieces rating A-1 decoratively, yet immune to ruination by rough-house.

☆But here are the heretofore hoarded details: for two bits we'll zip you your favorite of the single-page color inserts in this issue. For two and two in the bits department (otherwise known as half a buck) you garner a gatefold. And if you'll pass the buck, please (the folding kind): a special sturdy carton containing your selectee gatefold plus your three favorite single-pagers. That's $1.25 worth to the figure fan, a million dollars worth to the aesthete.

☆The coupon below and the postman beyond have conspired to make this process of having heaven on hand as simple as sin. Just check your choices and mail the coupon . . . but now!

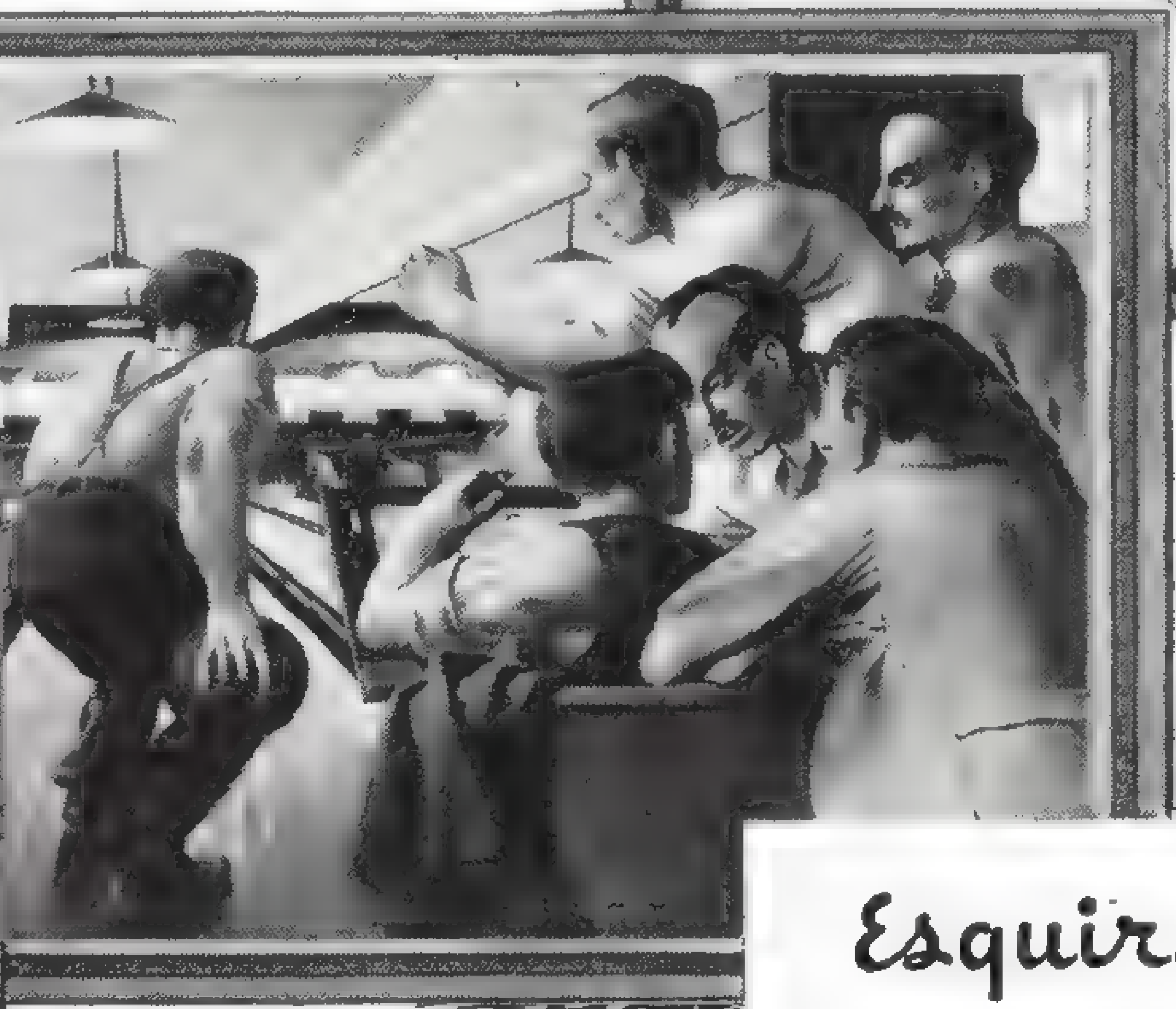
3A: THE BREUGHEL GIRL . . . Erwin Blumenfeld's Kodachromed impression of the famous master's distinctive style . . . 25¢.

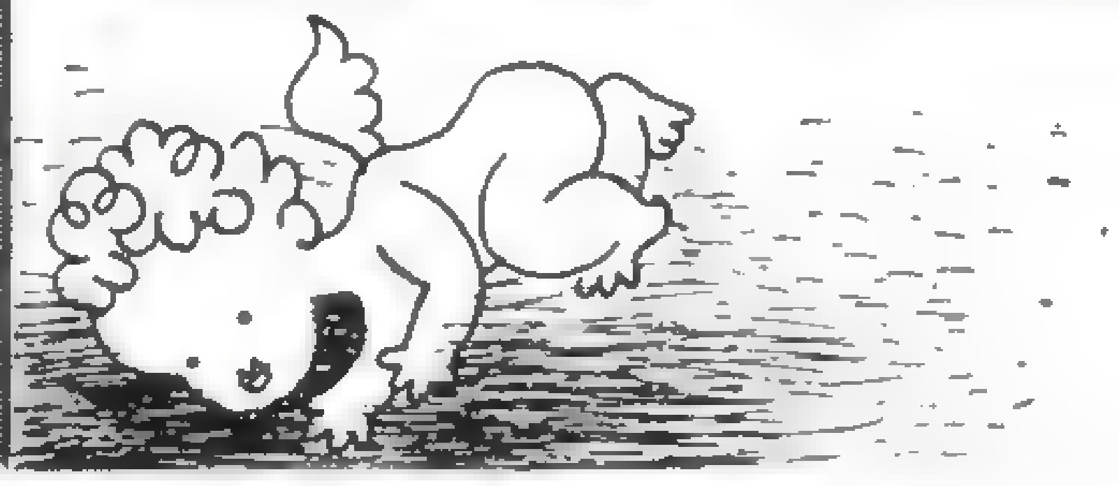
NOTE: Nos. 1A, 2A, 3A and 5A come in the 25c single page (10" x 14") size only. Nos. 4A and 6A come in the 50c double page (14" x 18") gatefold size only.



4A: THE MARCH VARGA GIRL . . . on the March for the Marine Corps, Semper Fidelis . . . a gala gatefold . . . 50¢.

5A: UP THE ALLEY BY FEDERICO CASTELLON . . . fine art and sport combined by this rising young contemporary artist . . . 25¢.





6A: ANN GILLIS BY HURRELL . . . Universal's lovely lends her languor to Hurrell's lens for the nonce—a strikingly suggestive gatefold . . . 50¢.

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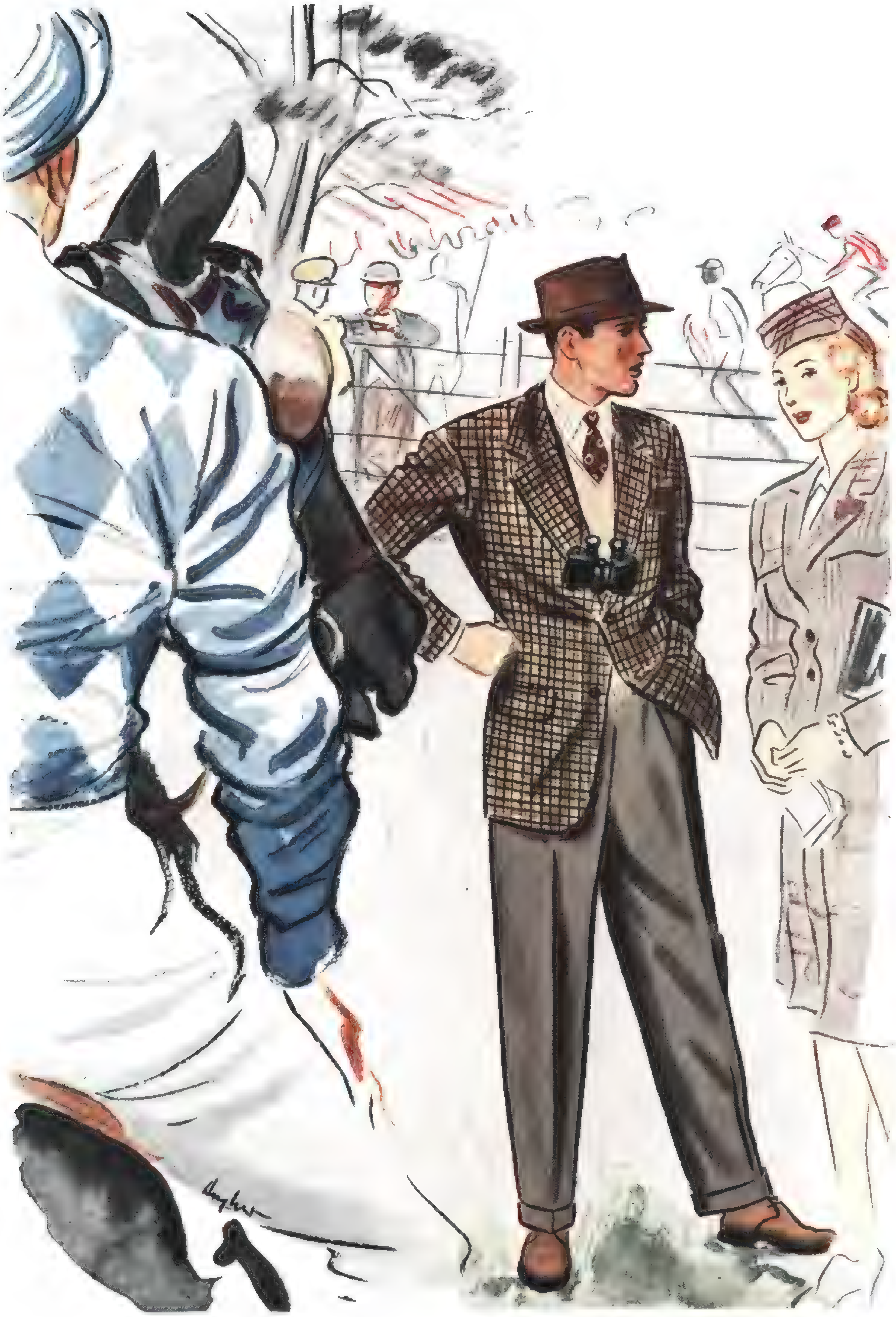
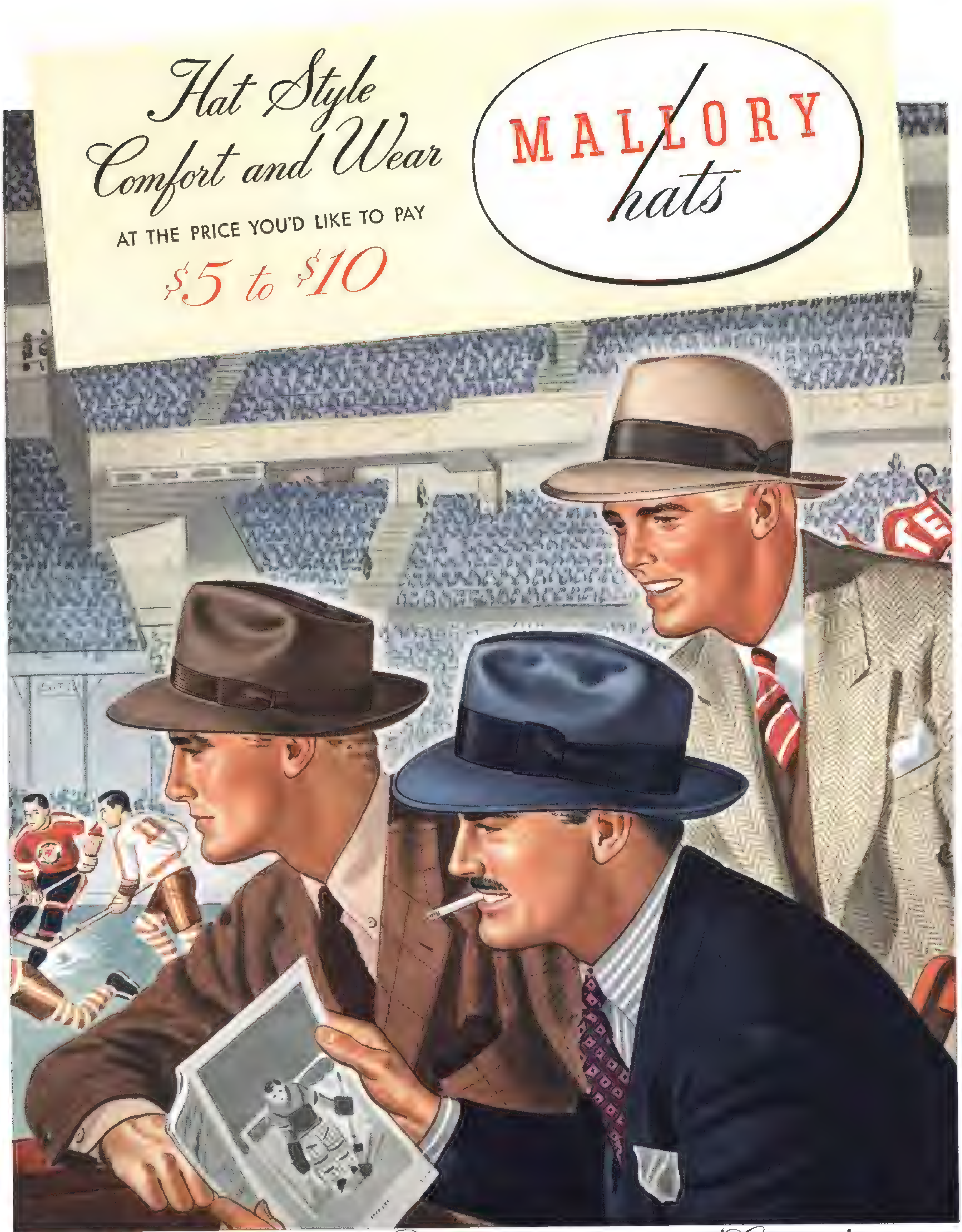


# *win, place, and show your tweeds*

Maybe this couple doesn't know the difference between withers and zithers, but their tweeds are thoroughbred and that's what counts at the Carolina Cup Race or any of the spring equine events. The young filly in the country tweed might well be the iron hand in the pigskin glove resulting in her escort's excellent choice of his sportswear. His rough Shetland jacket is accented by red and Sandune markings and the well-cut cavalry twill slacks reveal the military influence in the new sports clothes. The printed wool tie, cashmere sweater, pork pie hat, and reverse calf San Dan boots, complete the outfit of the race and hunt follower who knows all his breeds so well that he doesn't . . . Look out, brother! Can't you see there's a horse right in front of you?

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



*All Season*

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*Pliafelt*

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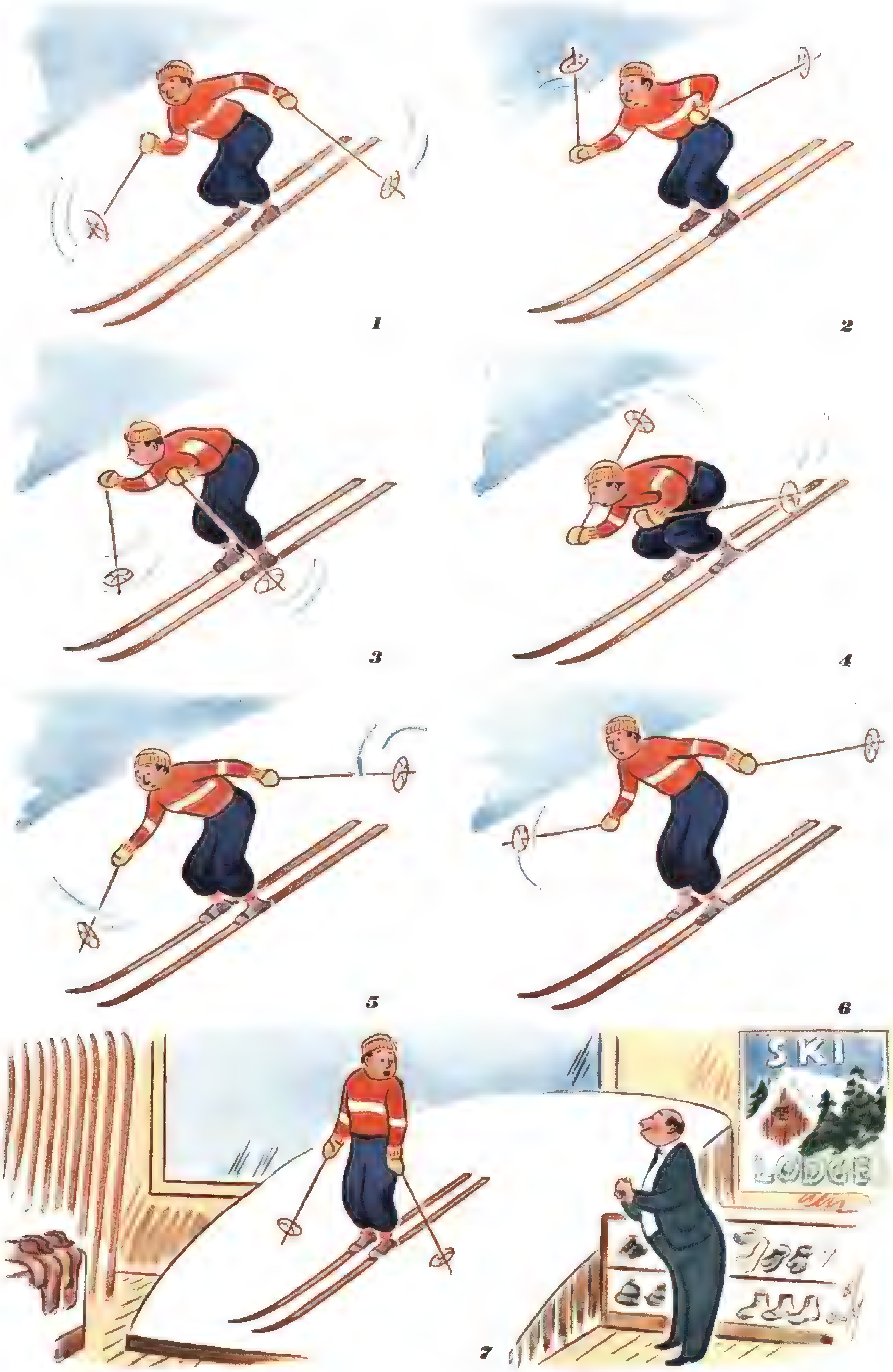
*'Cravenette'*

**THE STREAMLINE** lives up to its name—bound-edge brim worn jauntily down, full-bodied crown and contrasting band. Note the smart new, narrower back-brim effect. 'Cravenette'-processed to resist moisture—an exclusive Mallory feature. In a variety of select tones. At Six-Fifty. Other *'Cravenette'* styles from **$6.50** to **$10**


1
2
3
4
5
6
SKI
LODGE
7

*"I'll take these"*

## Dark Ways Are Walked Alone

*Continued from page 63*

water alder by the river edge.

Yance squatted beside us, his hands, loose and powerful looking, hanging down between his spread knees, his gray eyes moody as rain clouds on the running water.

"Look at it," Yance said, his tone full of envy though he was talking about a river. "Look at it. Water, and it keeps on running. If it hits a rock, why that doesn't matter. After a hundred years or so that rock won't be there any longer. So the water keeps splitting around it, wearing it down. So slowly that the rock never catches on to what is happening. And the fish, or the boats. A river takes its time with them too."

As he talked his face hardly moved, it was like a mask, tight, but his gray eyes had a flame striking through them, far back.

"Did you ever think, kid," Yance asked, and his eyes looked hot at me, "or you?" he took the lash of his eyes off me and laid it on Tom: "that water out there, or the sky, or those hills, or these dam' trees, they don't give hell for you or you or me. We could die and rot here and that would be all right with them. They'll be doing all right when we are gone and a thousand thousand million just like us."

Tom got up. "I'm goin' swimmin'. Come on, Steve," he said to me, and began peeling his shirt. It was funny the way Tom looked: his face white and sweat on his lips and his freckles standing out like brown warts.

We all stripped off. Yance was clean sun-brown all over and his body looked as if it had been drawn with one flowing line; beside him, Tom and I were two ugly skinny boys. Yance was like a statue, more beautiful though, because he was alive. When he plunged into the deep water the sunlight glinted on his body.

All the time we were in the water he was laughing and funning and then when we sloshed out all at once he was changed. It wasn't anything. Just a water-snake that slithered over the rocks but he was on it like a flash and he didn't quit until he had pounded it to a mass with big rocks. His eyes were perfectly empty, without shine. And he cursed pulling on his clothes and he struck off for home. Tom and I gathered up the fish and ran after him. But we didn't walk up with him; we followed behind him.

When we got home there was a big red car in the driveway. A man jumped down from the front seat and came toward Yance.

He stopped, still, and I could hear the wind coming out of his mouth. Tom and I dropped the fish and ran toward the car.

There weren't many cars in the valley, then. Father had one, an Olds, and the half-dozen others were all gas cars; this was a steamer. It looked like a king's car. We walked all around it. Shining brass mountings and carbide headlights. A red pilot light flickered under it. Tom said,

"Let's ask if we can get in behind the wheel."

Yance and the man were standing close together and the man was clipping at a bed of red geraniums with a yellow cane. He was lots smaller than Yance and his suit was pinched in at the waist and wide in the hips and very nobby. We came up behind him, Tom and I, and he didn't hear our bare feet. When he knew we were there he leaped around and struck at us with his cane.

"Get out of here, you bastards," he squealed, and his pointed brown mustache went up and down on either side of his long pale nose.

"Shut up, Chick," Yance growled, and added, lower, "you hadn't said anything, you fool."

Yance grinned at us: "Here, kids, you better get these fish up to the house before the flies blow 'em," he told us.

Tom and I gathered them up and took them up to Mrs. Bent, the housekeeper.

I don't know why we did what we did then. We saw Yance and the man standing close together there in the side yard and we beat it over to the toolhouse, like it was something we had wanted to do for a long time.

The big barny place was cool and misty dim and smelled of oil and nails and old leather mingled with the fresh earth smell of farm tools. We went up the stairs and into Yance's room.

We were inside and my heart was thumping like a horse galloping. The air smelled of tobacco and the room was bare and clean, like a cell. The window in the room was open, without a screen, and the breeze drifting in felt good.

In the corner, behind a curtain, I discovered a row of hanging clothes and underneath them a straw suitcase stood against the wall.

"Get away from there," Tom whispered, but I had the straw case open and then I could hear Tom drag in his breath. There was money in it, several pads of green backs with bands around them. And then I heard it, the sound below, and Tom groaned, "Oh, God," but I got the suitcase shut and to the window right behind Tom.

Tom was over the window ledge and the scuffle grind of feet was on the stairs and the rumble of men's voices coming. I scratched down beside Tom and the soft ploughed ground struck my knees into my stomach with an agony that left me coughing, but I could run. We stayed up in the haymow until supper time, afraid that Yance had seen us spying on him and Chick.

But if Yance knew, he didn't show it. The spring was usual: warm days with the air smelling of lime and sulphur spray dope the men hosed over the fruit trees,

*Continued on page 144*

a few thousand more

calendars by request

Although over 400,000 people managed to obtain copies of this year's Varga calendar before the rush exhausted the supply, still the number of disappointed calendar-seekers left waiting in line was too great to be ignored. So, by insistent request, we have gone back to press again, but the number of copies of the calendar thus made available is only a few thousand over the number of unfilled orders that necessitated this one last edition. So if you want yours, you'll have to get your order in right away, to be sure of it, before the supply is again exhausted—and this time, for keeps!

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# Dark Ways Are Walked Alone

*Continued from pages 63-143*

the growing crops, long dragging days at country school for Tom and me.

One hot day, in June, after school had closed for the summer, Yance climbed down from the tower and came to the back door. He asked for mother and Mrs. Bent told him that mother and father had gone to town. That night at supper they learned that Yance had taken his suitcase and left.

Father commented: "He's stayed longer than I figured he would when he came. They come and go and the better they are the shorter the stay. Guess we'll have to get a carpenter out from town to finish the tower."

But he didn't. The work on the ranch was heavy and all summer the tower stood there with its upper framework gaunt as skinned ribs. The windmill was up but not pumping, of course, and nights when a wind was stirring I'd listen to it out there in the dark, whining and dry.

And one day in the fall, Yance came back; as simply as he had gone. It was evening and father was in the washroom off the back porch cleaning up. He came out drying his hands and looked at Yance standing outside the door.

**Winchell in Reverse**

*Of course the stork brings*
*babies*
*But not in old New York,*
*For that's the place where*
*playboys*
*Bring babies to "The*
*Stork"!*

We'd got a new dog that summer, a red collie, and he had always barked and carried on whenever a stranger came on the place but this time he hadn't made a sound. He was standing to one side of Yance and his big plume was waving slowly and his friendly head was cocked up, observing the man.

"Well, Yance," father said, "you got back in time to finish the tower."

Yance had the straw suitcase in his hand and it sort of dragged down his shoulder on that side; he didn't move to set it down but he took off his hat and held it in his free hand; the evening breeze was fresh but it didn't bother his smooth tan hair that hugged his scalp like a shiny leather cap. When father spoke Yance moved his empty gray eyes toward the tower. "Yes, yes, sir," he agreed, I'd like to do that—finish it."

That was all, except that mother came out to the doorway and said: "Now, Yance, you may as well come in and eat supper with us tonight. No earthly need for you to cook your own meal, late as it is, and the men have probably finished at the cookhouse."

The knuckles of Yance's brown hand were white where he gripped the suitcase handle; he tapped his hat against his big leg and smiled. It was a nice smile, different than I'd ever seen on his face. He hesitated, but he came in, finally.

Mother told him to leave his hat and suitcase in the hall but he just left his hat there; when he went into the dining room to eat he brought the suitcase along and set it down against his legs.

September in southern Oregon is warm and the windows and doors were open to catch the evening breeze. While we were eating a strong gust came in the north windows and slammed the door into the hall.

With the noise of the closing door, Yance had whirled to his feet to face that door and there was a gun as if by magic in his hand. A snub gun that fitted his hand so closely that it looked as natural as for another man to be pointing his finger. He recognized it had been the wind and he dropped the gun back into his coat pocket and was ashamed.

"I am sorry, sir. Excuse me, ma'am." He picked up his case, "Guess I'd better go."

A frown left father's forehead, "Put your stuff in the toolhouse, Yance," father decided, "you can be a good man to work around here. And as long as you tend to your business we'll get along."

After he had gone, father and mother talked about him. Mother was doubtful but father held that Yance was all right, better to work and go ahead than any man he'd had, and several cuts in manners above the others too.

All at once they remembered Tom and me sitting there quiet and listening, the way parents do remember, and changed the subject. But not before mother said, "You boys keep away from him. You understand that." She never doubted but that we would.

As usual that fall father and mother left us with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bent, while they went on their annual trip east at market time.

Mrs. Bent, a reasonable, hard working woman, was a comfortable person and she didn't worry about Tom and me as long as we were quiet. At night we told her a pleasant good night at seven-thirty and she went to her room and we went to ours. We'd give her time to get to sleep before we went out. Some nights we slept in the barn.

School had begun again. Our collie got down to the river and got salmon poisoning and came home one night dragging his hind quarters. Tom hid upstairs while Yance took the .22 and mercifully shot the dog just above his pain-glazed eyes.

He lifted the collie in his arms and carried him down in the apple orchard and buried him, deep. So the plows wouldn't reach him, he told me. He and I stood there for a while and when we walked back he had his hand on my shoulder. I wasn't afraid of him, then. He said, when we got to the toolhouse door, "I'll take this .22, kid, and clean it, and keep it for a time. Tom won't want to see it, for a long time, maybe."

At school there was one boy, Dutch Pecksman, bigger than the rest, and older, about fifteen, but not a bully, more like a prince. He'd always walk alone down the road from school and he'd only let those he chose walk with him. It was wonderful then to walk with him. He knew everything. One day he told Tom and me he wanted to see us and we walked up with him, the other kids trailing, yelling, fighting, swinging their lunch pails.

"Lissen," Dutch said, "I seen that hired man of yours last night, that big Yance. He was dressed fit to kill and he was with a dame. It's that milliner down to the Point called Madeline."

That night we hid in the barn. There was a big orange moon lolling right at the top of the hills and making everything around almost like day, whiter than day and blacker shadows. From the haymow windows we could watch the light in Yance's room. We saw it go out and in a minute we saw Yance come out of the toolhouse and turn off toward the lane that led to the main road.

Tom and I snaked out of the barn and ran down through the fields, a short cut to the road. We came to the corn and scuttled through the dry swording stalks; a melon patch lay before us with the vines wilting and white in the moonlight and the melons standing up like little black hills everywhere.

We kept in the corn field and sped around to the road fence to fall panting and hot into the tall damp weeds choking the corner. We lay there and my blood was like a bass drum thumping in my head.

Almost at once we saw two glaring eyes, yellow carbide, coming down the road and a car glided past. It didn't make any noise and we could see it was the big red steamer, and Yance was sitting in the front seat beside Chick; in the moonlight we could see them as plain, almost, as when they had stood close together, talking,

*Continued on page 146*

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke at Aiken, S. C. He wears a striped Shetland jacket, tan cotton drill slacks. She wears a Shetland sweater, cavalry twill breeches, canvas leggings, brown boots.

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## Dark Ways Are Walked Alone

*Continued from pages 63-143-145*

in our side yard that other time.

We didn't want to go to the upper barn because we were afraid the men in the bunkhouse would hear us and come out and stop us, but we had to, to get bridles. We caught two horses in the river pasture and got the bridles on and up to their backs; we took a short cut up the river to Point.

We tied the horses at the hitching rack in the black shadow of Moss Lantely's grocery store. Moss was the town marshal, too. The kids called him Slew-foot, because he walked funny; they laughed at him, when he wasn't around, because he carried an old horse pistol in his belt and times, like Hallowe'en, when he'd get mad at kids and chase them he'd sometimes shoot the old thing into the air. It would roar like a cannon. Tom and I didn't want to meet him so we sneaked down the alley that ran back of the buildings on the Point's one street.

The millinery store was down at the other end, a one-story frame building with a false two-story front; all the kids knew the talk about the place and about Madeline. When we got back of it we could see light inside but the two back windows were soaped over so we couldn't see in. Tom found a little spot where the soap had been scratched off and he put his eye to the place.

It seemed awfully long standing there in the pitch black quiet with the two pale rectangles of light from the windows laying on the ground. Tom finally stepped back and I looked in.

I don't know what I had expected but I remember I felt disappointed. It was so ordinary. Just a common old room with a table and chairs and black iron stove and a script sign laced with printed red roses up on the brown wall that read: Home Is Where The Heart Is.

And in there Yance was sitting at the table with the man Chick. They were drinking beer and they weren't smiling.

A woman, although I'd never seen her before, I knew it was Madeline, got up from the table in a way that made me know she'd been doing it again and again. She began to walk around the room with her arms folded and her hands gripping her arms above the elbows. She had a tight blue velvet dress on that gave in wrinkles as she walked, like a panther's skin. She was better than pretty, young and big, and her eyes were tawny-orange and mad looking.

Tom jerked me back, flattened me out tight against the dark building. Down the alley, in the moonlight, we saw old Slew-foot Moss, the marshal, limp to a stop. He peered down the alley toward us and we could see the shadow of his old horse pistol jutting out from his side. I quit breathing. He went off slowly, finally, looking back. We waited a long time before we sneaked back to the hitching rack to get our horses.

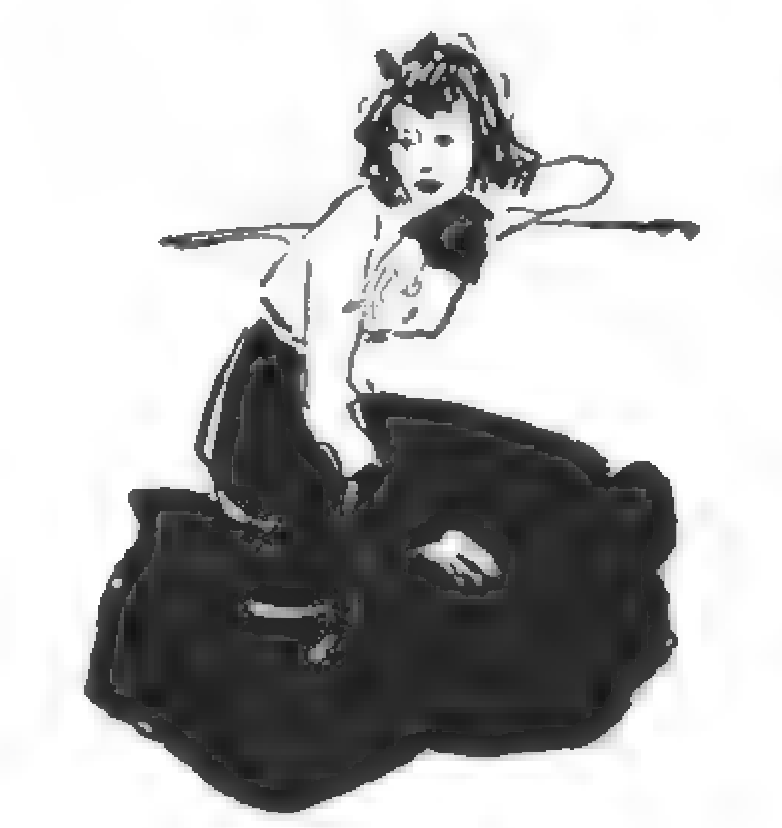
During the days Yance worked hard to finish the tower; he worked like he was in a fever to have it done. He meant, he said, to have it all ready by the time father got back.

We had word they were coming on a Sunday, and the day before Yance had it finished, the windmill hitched up to the well but out of gear because Yance said he was waiting for father to trip it and start it pumping the water into the tanks himself.

That Saturday afternoon Yance called Tom and me to come down to the tool house. He was looking friendly and he brought out Tom's .22, shining and polished. He looked young; he laughed because Tom was so tickled and his eyes were shining and brilliant as the gray steel gun barrel. Then his face chilled and Tom and I looked around. We hadn't heard the big red steamer come in.

The woman, Madeline, was in it, alone, and she got down and came sweeping up to us. She wore a gleaming black satin dress and a black merry widow hat with two white curled ostrich plumes on top and a long thin white veil swabbed up over the hat and trailed down her back; all around her it smelled like violets in the sun.

"Yancey," she said directly to him, like Tom and I didn't exist, and it didn't seem as if she could be talking to Yance, her voice was so throbbing and tender,



### Men Are Such Dears!

*Each man I meet is anxious*
*to improve my girlish*
*mind*
*Yet, you may note my*
*glance is rather quizzical*
*For the culture that they speak*
*of I so very often find*
*Is of the type that's best*
*described as physical!*

"Yancey," she said, "you've got to trust me. I've come to get it."

You couldn't tell anything from his face. He handed the .22 to Tom, quickly, without looking at Tom, as if he wanted to be rid of the gun quickly; then he turned Madeline around and walked her back toward the car so we couldn't hear what they were saying.

Tom and I skinned up to the hay mow where we could watch. They talked for a long time and then Madeline got into the car and drove away. It looked as if she was crying, although her head was up. Yance stood still for a long time and then he went down to the tool house and shut the door. Tom and I lay in the mow talking about it. Suddenly Tom sat up, his voice cracking with excitement, "Look, Yance, and he's got his suitcase."

*March comes in like a lion, and on the fifteenth most of us are far out on a limb.*

Sure enough, and he'd changed to his store clothes. He was going toward the lane and as he walked he looked up at the tower. A wind blew up and the maple trees around the house loosed a shower of gold leaves.

Tom hadn't said anything, he just turned and clambered down from the mow and I ran after him. His voice was high and brittle. "Yance," he yelled, and ran harder, "Yance, wait!"

Yance didn't stop, at first, but Tom and I pounded after him. So finally he did stop and turned, and his face, his look, stopped us, dead in our tracks. It was awful. His face so frozen still, all but one muscle in his cheek that kept twitching like a half-killed thing. But Tom said:

"Yance, don't go."

That awful face seemed to give way, the bitter deadness drained back and Yance smiled, his gray eyes began to live.

"I got to go, kid," he said, almost gently, and added, more to himself, "a man ain't a river. He can't take his time."

He lifted his eyes to the top of the tower. "Tell your old man, kid," he began, stopped, and his mouth twisted like a knife had cut him, "forget it," he shrugged, "what the hell." He whirled around and went on down the lane; his big shoulder sagged down and the straw suitcase bumped his leg as he walked.

Tom didn't wait for me. I followed him up the stairway of the tower, past the big empty tanks to the room with the four arching open windows below the windmill. Tom was leaning at the north window with his face propped in his hands and his elbows resting on the window sill.

It was like Yance had said it would be: a person up there could see all over the valley, right over the tops of the trees, to the hills and the mountains lifting beyond the hills to the sky. Frost had colored all the leaves and they were gold, red, and burning orange, and the hills and the mountains were purple. The roads over the valley were like veins seen so far away.

But I could see Yance down on the near main road and I glanced at Tom and I knew he had seen him too. I saw Yance and the waiting red steamer; I saw him get in and drive away and the thin white veil of Madeline drifted back like a ghost's trailing hand.

Tom made a sound in his throat and I looked at him. He ran, half stumbling to the stairs and I listened to his feet clattering down the steps, around the tanks, and then out and the outer tower door slammed after him like a blow across the face.

And I fell down on the floor and cried. The new board flooring smelled sweet of fresh-cut pine and a little heap of shaving from Yance's plane had drifted into a corner. I couldn't help crying. I wasn't exactly crying about Yance. It was all wound up with Tom having run away and left me. Because, vaguely, without understanding, or being able to frame it with words, I knew the way life is, that dark ways are walked alone. For the first time I knew that that was the way things are and that there was nothing I could do about it, ever.

I got up after a while and scrubbed my face with my shirt sleeve and went down the stairway. I sat down on the last step in the shadow of the doorway. The sun went down and the sky changed to opal. The barnyard stock made night sounds, the turkeys settled heavily into the oak trees around the barn and onto the old hay rack and quieted; a star came out.

The voices of the men came up from the bunkhouse, the sound of their laughter. Mrs. Bent came out on the side porch and called but Tom didn't answer and neither did I.

After a bit she went in and shut the door. A long way off I heard the lifting and falling cry of geese wedging south; I saw a shadow move among the still shadows by the barn and I got up. I knew it was Tom.

Mrs. Bent came out on the porch and framed her eyes with her hand and called into the darkness: "You boys get in here, now. Supper's ready. I don't want to have to say you were bad boys when your folks get here tomorrow, now."

That night the fall winds came down from the Cascades. Lying in my bed I could hear the last leaves riffling down from the trees

Continued on page 148

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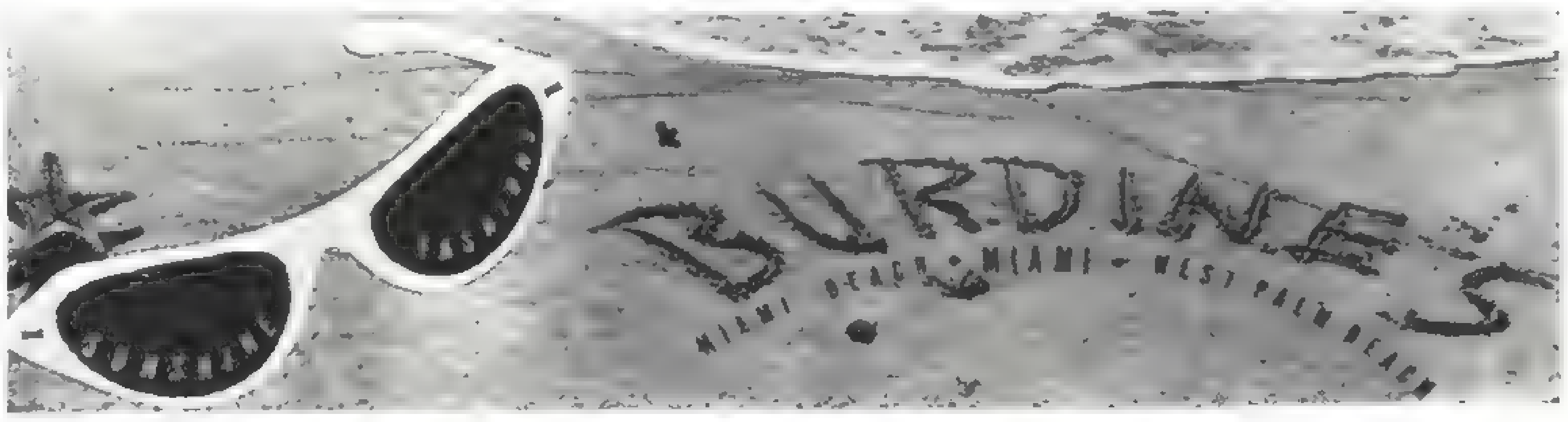

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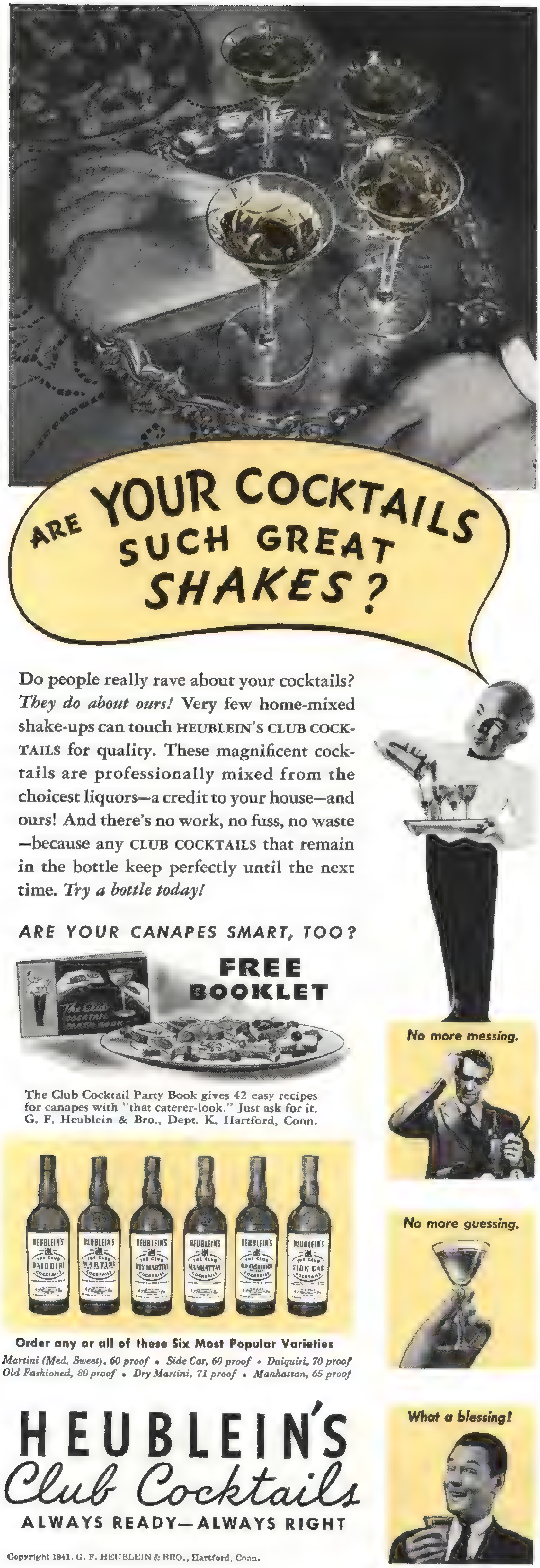

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## Dark Ways Are Walked Alone

*Continued from pages 63-143-145-147*

and the straining sough of the windmill, whining like it wanted something and was lonely out there in the night.

All the next morning we looked for mother and father and inside I was churned with the keen expectancy that is half dread, which children feel. A horse galloped up the lane and at the sound Tom and I tore out of the house.

I saw Dutch Pecksman jump down from the horse and come running across the yard. He got clear up to us before he could say anything. His eyes were bugging out and his mouth hung open drawing for wind. He could hardly get words out for so badly wanting to.

"Your hired man—that Yance," Dutch blurted, "shot a guy at the Point! An' a dame—Madeline—he shot her too—right in the mush when she was squawkin'! An' then old Slew-foot Moss got *him!* Dam' near tore out his guts . . ."

"Shut up!" Tom was yelling; he had Dutch by the throat and he shook him as a dog would a rat. "Shut your dirty mouth!" Tom yelled, and gave Dutch a shove that almost knocked him down.

I saw something then. I saw that Tom was big, as big as Dutch. And Tom had changed. And big Dutch had changed; he didn't look like a prince to me any more; he had a stupid cur face and pimples and hairs growing out of his jowls. I didn't hate Dutch, he made me awful sick to my stomach.

In time we heard all there was to hear. In a place like Point nothing much ever happens and then when something does happen, it lasts a long time. People say it is awful and they shudder, but they keep on talking about it.

And after a while they tell it so much that they get to thinking they were right there when it happened and then they tell it that way.

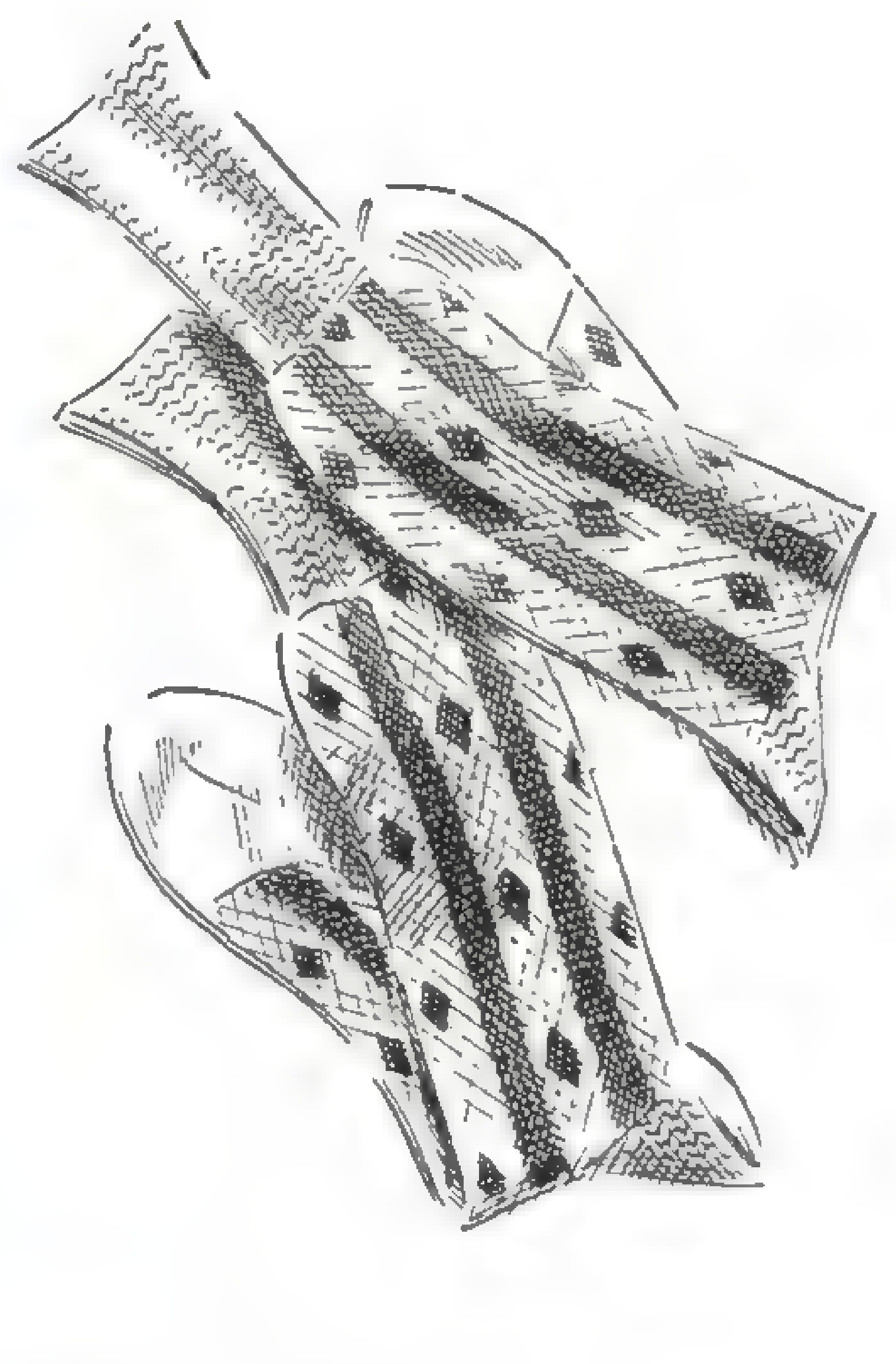
That is the way it is and I heard so much about it that after a time I could see it just as if I had been there too. Lying in my bed in the dead of black night I could see it: as if I was out in that dark alley back of the millinery store peering through the clear spot in the soaped window and there was Yance drinking beer with Chick and they were not smiling. And Madeline would get up from the table and begin stalking around with her velvet dress smoothing out over her body like a panther's skin and her eyes tawny-orange and mad-looking. It was like I was there and I could hear Yance and Chick and Madeline quarreling over the straw suitcase full of money, pads and pads of green backs, rolls and rolls of it.

Railroad men had come and proved claim to that money even before they got Yance and Chick and Madeline buried. They proved Yance and Chick had robbed a train somewhere in the Middlewest that summer when Yance was gone from the ranch, and that they had robbed other trains too, before that. And I remembered the way Yance was with a gun and his still gray eyes.

Lying in the deep night thinking about it I could see them quarreling and how cursing wild mad Yance could get, until he could kill and his eyes quit living. I could see old Slew-foot limping down the alley. I could hear the roar of guns and I would sit up in bed with my heart thudding and my eyes afraid to close.

But after a long time it seemed to me that all that never was, that I had had a shameful dream, and that all of it was in my mind and had nothing to do with Yance.

Not the Yance who buried a red collie deep under an apple tree where the plows couldn't reach; not the Yance who could hold a gun and make it a beautiful thing; not the Yance who built a tower room so high that a person up there could see all over. Right over the tops of the trees, to beyond. ⌗



Diamonds and stripes form the pattern of these woolen half hose that are the natural complements for country clothes.

## America's Greatest Soldier

Continued from page 23

led by the firebrand Patrick Henry. Young Francisco was permitted to sit with the conspirators and soon became inflamed with the spirit of liberty. Though only fifteen at the outbreak of war he joined the Continental Army, enlisting in the 10th Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Hugh Woodson.

For fifteen, Private Francisco seems to have been quite a fellow, and he would probably have delighted a 1942 Army Examining Board. He is described at this time by Patrick Henry as "a striking youth, exceedingly active and muscular. His height was six feet six inches and his weight two hundred and sixty pounds." A member of his company, Frank McGraw, writes: "Francisco would seat me in his right hand and pass me over the barrack-room, bouncing my head against the ceiling as though I had been a doll. My weight was one hundred and ninety pounds." During his training period the young giant achieved a small reputation as a persuasive peace-maker, but this was soon to be corrected.

Francisco's regiment, a green bunch of country boys, joined Washington's main force at Middlebrook, and their first battle was the bloody Brandywine. Here for the first time Private Francisco's name appears in the field reports. "His berserk fury and terrifying strength appalled both the British and his own commanders." Specific details are missing, but during the battle he was severely wounded with a deep bayonet cut below the heart.

Only a few feet away from him lay a young French officer, shot through the leg. The two youngsters, sixteen and nineteen years old, were taken to the house of a Quaker family named Gilbert, where they were nursed back to health. During their convalescence the American servant-boy and the French aristocrat struck up a strong friendship which lasted all their lives. The Frenchman was the Marquis de Lafayette.

Rejoining his regiment, Francisco's next action was with the skirmishers around New York and Philadelphia, and he was a conspicuous defender of Mud Island Fort in the Delaware River. At both Germantown and Monmouth he led the American attack, and in the charge on Stony Point on the Hudson, despite a nine-inch gash in the stomach, he was the first soldier after Major Gibbons to scale the walls. For six weeks he remained at Fishkill recovering from the wound.

Still heavily bandaged, he then walked alone over a hundred miles through enemy occupied country to report to his commanding officer for active duty. The kid could take it as well as dish it out. But apparently he was just getting warmed up to his business.

At Powell's Hook he was bayoneted through the thigh, but continued into the British lines to kill two Grenadiers. Shortly afterwards, his first enlistment being ended, Francisco returned to Virginia for a few days; but almost immediately volunteered again and accompanied General Gates' division into the Carolinas. Reports of trouble in the Army about a proposed extension of the service period greatly puzzled him, for he had the absurd idea that the war could still be won, and this seemed to him to be the soldiers' job.

During the battle of Camden, Francisco's name again appears in the field-dispatches. "At the crisis of the heavy fighting our artillery horses were shot down and the cannon was sorely needed on the right flank of the line. Seeing the dire situation and without waiting for an order, Private Francisco quickly lifted the enormous gun, weighing eleven hundred pounds, and carried it two hundred yards to the new position."

This official report, reflecting the amazement even of General Gates, continues: "Throughout the ensuing engagement Francisco remained near his colonel, in chance it were required again to move the cannon. A British cavalryman rode upon them from the rear and swung his sabre at Colonel Mayo's head. Francisco intercepted the blow with the stock of his musket and shot the enemy dead . . . A few moments later another Dragoon surprised Francisco and ordered him to surrender. The Virginian pretended to comply, then whirled and skewered the Britisher with the bayonet. He then leapt upon the enemy's horse and caught up with Colonel Mayo, who had become wounded. Francisco dismounted and lifted the officer into his saddle, thus making possible his escape."

After the war Colonel Mayo gratefully willed the private a thousand acres in Kentucky, but as there was some resentment by members of the Mayo family, Francisco relinquished the gift with the amusing comment: "I assure you I expected nothing whatsoever as a reward, and my only thought was that you, sir, were of more value to the Army in good health than otherwise."

General Washington, impressed by the several glowing dispatches about Francisco, soon became a great friend and admirer of the Virginia giant, whose handiness with a sabre was by now a popular campfire topic of both armies. Hearing Francisco complain that the ordinary army sword was much too light and short for his purposes, Washington had specially made for him a massive blade five feet long and so heavy that no other man in his regiment could swing it with one hand. This tremendous weapon is now a forgotten exhibit in the Museum of the Virginia State Historical Society at Richmond.

Following the battle of Camden,

Continued on page 150

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## America's Greatest Soldier

*Continued from page 23-149*

Francisco bought a strong horse and joined Watkins' famous company of cavalry, a wild and ragged band of young adventurers who could not be bothered with uniforms and who were the despair of the regular officers. Nevertheless, at the battle of Guilford their swooping charge on the Guards stemmed the onrush and prevented disaster. Here Francisco performed the most famous of his spectacular deeds, the one which was to bring him nationwide fame as a brisk advocate of American freedom. In Foote's *Sketches of North Carolina* the adventure is graphically described:

"The carnage was terrible. The noted Francisco performed a deed of blood unparalleled in history. In that short rencountre he cut down eleven men with his broadsword. Later one of the British guards thrust forth his bayonet and in spite of Francisco's long sword, pinned his leg to his horse. Francisco forebore to strike and helped the Red-Coat to extricate the bayonet, but as the soldier turned to flee, Francisco retaliated with a furious blow from his sword that cleft the enemy's head in twain.

"Near the close of the battle there were eight or ten horses of the King's Guard held in reserve to cut off the retreat of the American Militia. Colonel William Washington, observing the action, led a charge upon them in which Francisco was wounded from hip-socket to knee; but despite this awesome cut the famous Virginian was seen to dispatch nine more Red Coats with his sword, and which was as fatal, no doubt, to many others unknown of the enemy."

A tall granite shaft at Greensboro, North Carolina, today marks the spot and recounts the action of *Peter Francisco, a giant of incredible strength.*

Now a seasoned veteran of eight major battles and the popular hero of the Revolution at twenty, in 1781 Francisco was offered an officer's commission by Washington, but refused it because he lacked the education which he felt a subaltern should possess. Unable to dissuade him from this stand, Washington granted him permission to range as a lone wolf, "independent to think and act however best he might cripple the enemy." This is the only instance in the records of the American Army where complete *carte blanche* has been given to any soldier, much less given to a private from the ranks.

For a few days Private Francisco felt lost and somewhat bewildered by this extraordinary commission, as any soldier may well understand. But while in staff conference with himself, debating the best use of his force, a golden opportunity suddenly presented itself on his doorstep.

Tarleton's Cavalry, one of the best regiments of the British Army, was plundering and burning the Virginia countryside in a first-class blitzkrieg, attempting to split the American forces of the North and South. The State Legislature fled to Charlottesville, while hundreds of terrified women, children and slaves deserted their homes in frantic haste to escape the path of destruction. General Washington, receiving the news near Philadelphia, became greatly alarmed but was unable to spare a body of troops large enough, or in time, to intercept the disaster.

The situation appealed to Private Francisco, and wearing a brilliant new uniform of buff and blue he set out alone, armed only with his sword, to halt the enemy advance.

The corduroy road through Amelia County was choked with refugees, all racing in the opposite direction, and many of them stopped the solitary soldier, thinking him either lost or insane. Francisco thanked each party for its advice and information and walked on. For three days he marched eastward, now with the road all to himself; drinking from abandoned wells and eating the farm produce of cows and chickens which had missed the bus.

On the fourth day he paused for a brief rest at Ben Ward's Tavern, a well-known hostelry which was in the No Man's Land of the campaign. Mr. Ward was a rabid Tory, but the size and reputation of his visitor temporarily dampened his ardor. He served him cordially, then withdrew to the yard at the rear of his inn and there spoke discreetly to a few select friends.

Unaware of any danger, Francisco sat quietly on the front porch eating, when, according to *Howe's Historical Collection*, "Nine of Tarleton's Cavalry rode up quickly from the rear of the inn and at

*Continued on page 155*

### *Scout Reports*

*A Big League ball club, seeking training clues, is making a study of its players' eating habits. Reading somewhat as follows, we presume:*

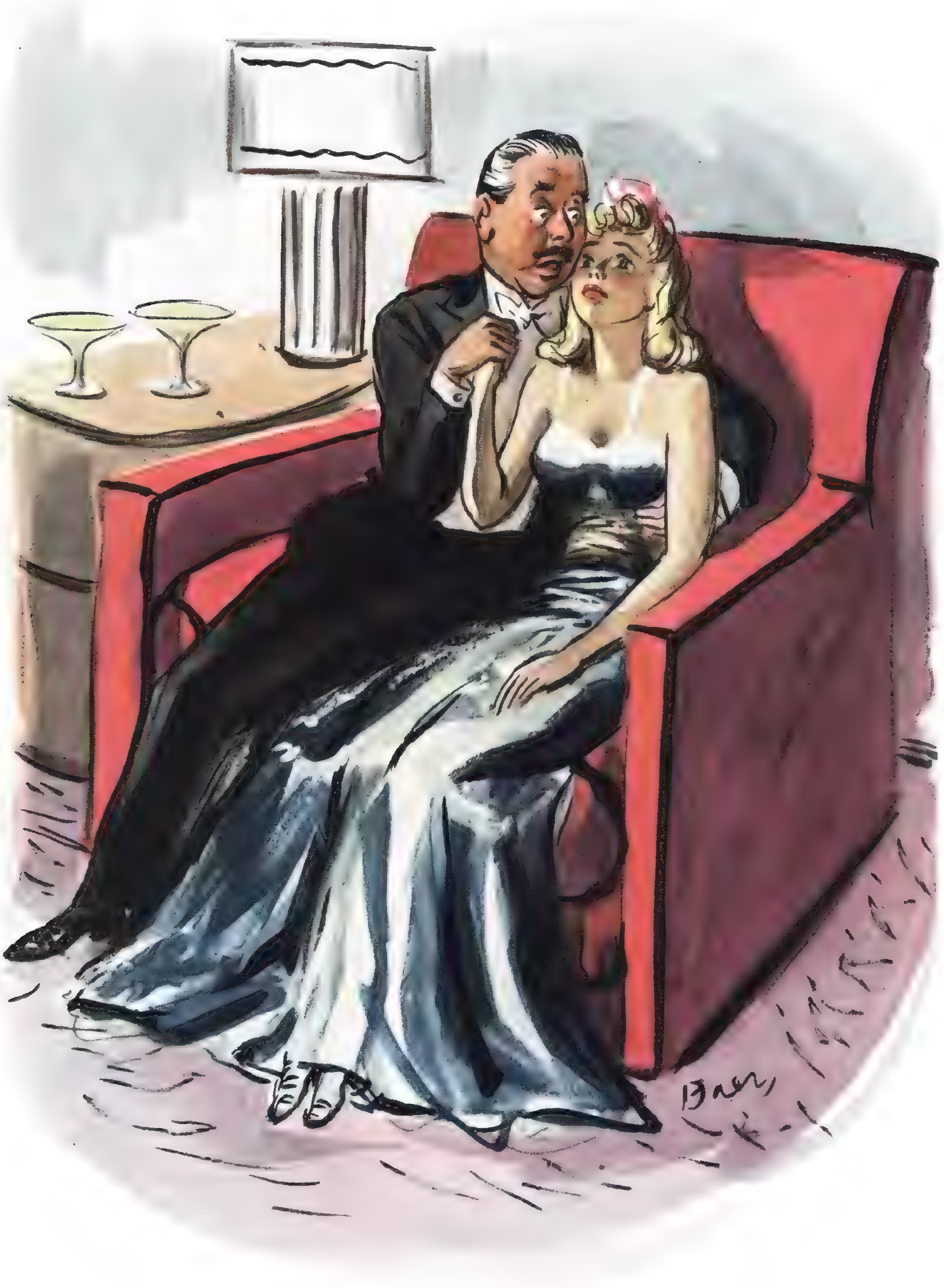
*Kelly: Versatile. Can go equally well to his left and his right for food.*

*Ricardicci: Crowds the plate.*

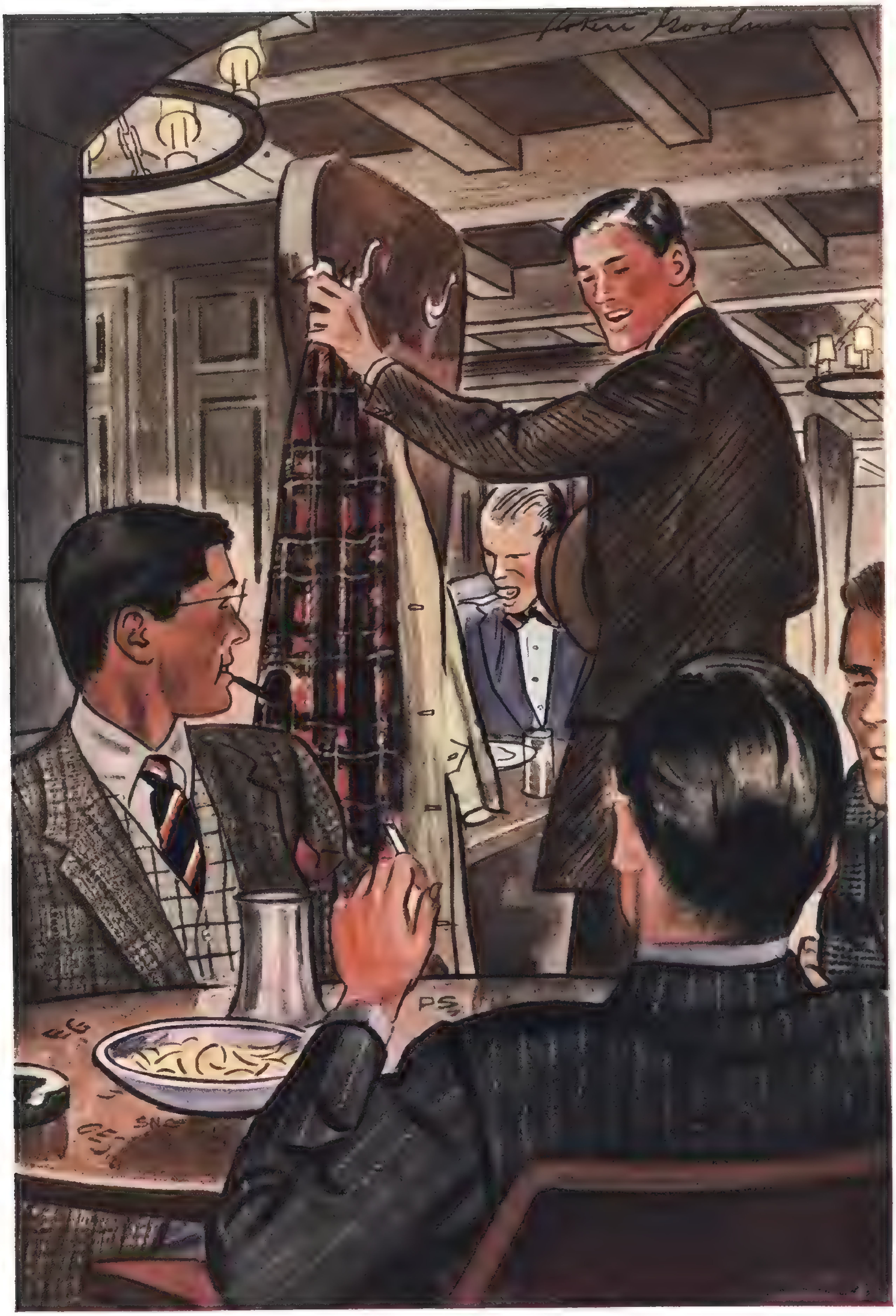
*Bermer: Ideal backstop. Lets nothing get by him.*

*Shaughnessy: Good prospect if he can be trained to wait.*

*Higgins: Hustles every minute.*



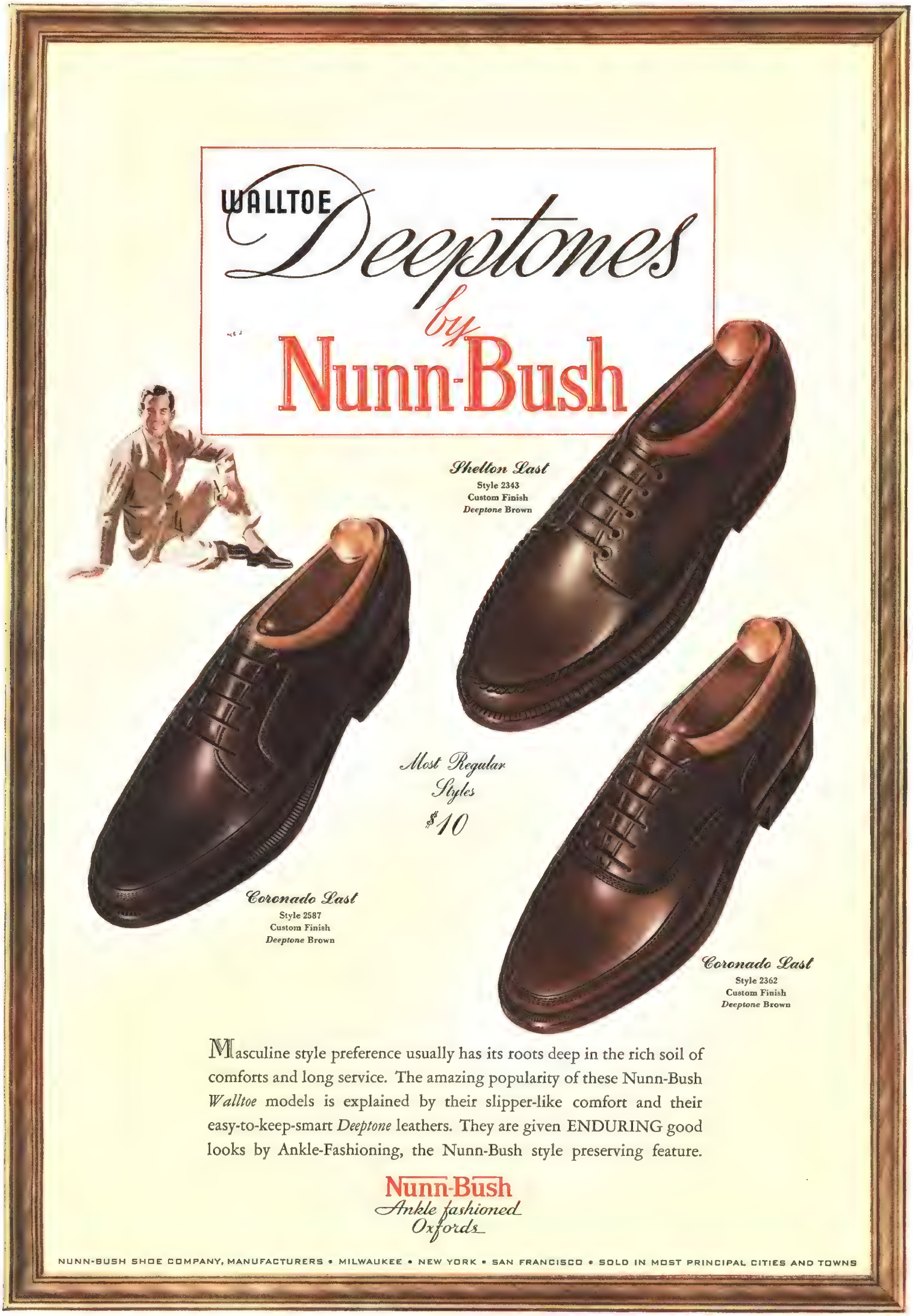
*"I don't know how to ask you—but—er—will you be my secretary?"*



## glad-time night in tigertown

The bright new Nassau Tavern in Princeton (identified by a mug) is jammed every Saturday night with pub crawlers who are tops in fashion. The sharp apple hanging up his tartan lined gabardine coat will zip out the lining when March blasts make their exit next month, but his diagonal tweed suit is year round curriculum that will attend all classes as well as make the rounds of the rug-cutting spots in Harlem. The smooth guy smoking his pipe sports a boxy Shetland jacket, a red foulard (wow) handkerchief, and his roommate's proudest possession, the checked Tattersall vest. A mundane senior smoking a weed wears chalk striped grey flannel, and the grinning freshman who is almost cropped out of the picture wears a Glen Urquhart plaid suit. The bub in the booth turned out in Star Grey flannel, and prefers his beef to brew, even on Saturday night. "How Byzantine!"

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



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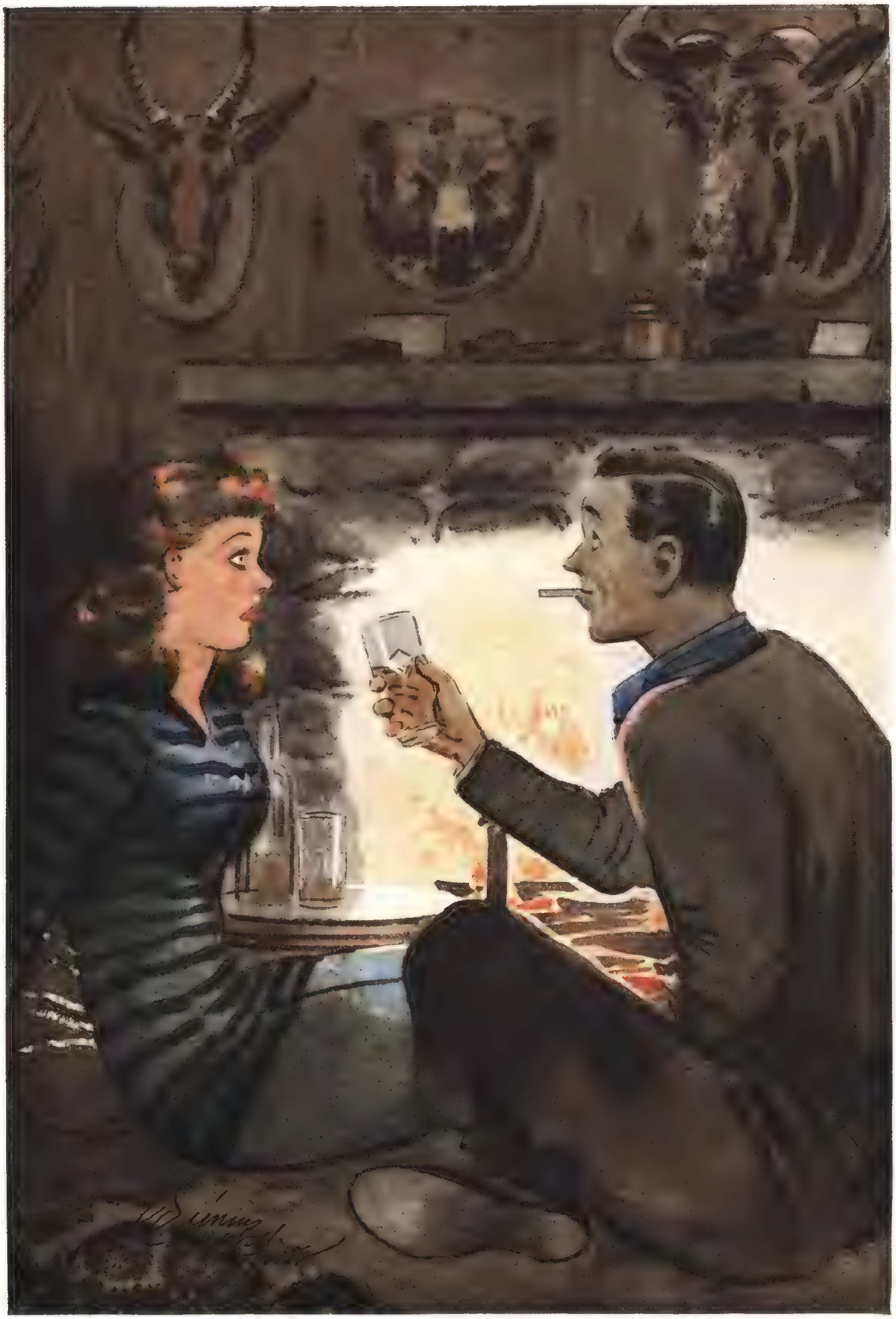


*"Speaking of your husband—I wouldn't look so well stuffed, would I?"*

## America's Greatest Soldier

*Continued from pages 23-149-150*

once told him he was a prisoner. Seeing he was overpowered, Francisco made no resistance. Believing him to be resigned, and somewhat elated by the importance of their captive, they all went inside for a drink, leaving Francisco with the sergeant.

"The latter then demanded of the American soldier that he give up his watch and the massive shoe buckles he was wearing. To this Francisco replied, 'It would grieve me to part with them, but you have the power to take them if you see fit.' Whereupon the sergeant put his sabre under his arm and bent to take the buckles."

This was a definite mistake.

"Francisco, finding it a favorable opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped back one pace, drew the sword from under his adversary's arm, and instantly gave the trooper a blow across the skull. The soldier was brave however, and although severely wounded, drew a pistol and at the same time he pulled the trigger, Francisco cut his hand nearly off with the sabre, and the bullet just grazed him. Ben Ward, the tavern owner, brought out his own musket and gave it to one of the British soldiers and urged him to make use of it. The Dragoon mounted the nearest horse and presented the gun at Francisco's head. It missed fire, Francisco rushed the muzzle of the gun, a short struggle ensued and the soldier was disarmed and wounded."

At this point suddenly Tarleton's troop of four hundred cavalrymen appeared around a bend of the road about a hundred yards from the inn, and the nine terrorized Britishers watched for Francisco's next move. They now had him cold, but figured there might be a little trouble yet remaining. It turned out to be a good guess.

Francisco hesitated briefly, sizing up the overwhelming odds, then suddenly he ran from the porch into the road, shouting toward the nearby woods as if to hidden companions—"Come on, boys—now's your chance! We will soon dispatch these and attack the main body!"

The wild ruse, crazy and ridiculous but typically American, worked. The two wounded cavalrymen jumped to their feet and raced down the highway with the others at their heels. Tarleton's Cavalry, startled at sight of the notorious rebel and fearing an encounter with a superior force, whirled and galloped out of sight, with Private Francisco whooping and carving the air in their wake.

This is very probably the only time in history where an entire regiment has been chased off the field of battle by just one man. At least it never happened to the British, before or since.

Returning from the chase, Francisco collared the traitorous Mr. Ward, forced him to his knees and would have killed him, but postponed the idea to round up the eight British horses in the yard. Mr. Ward, who was apparently a remarkable character, then loudly demanded two of the horses "for his trouble." And oddly, but perhaps because he was anxious to leave, Francisco gave them to him. He took the other six horses to Prince Edward Court House and sold them, delivering the money to a government agent. He then started back to finish his discussion with Mr. Ward, but learned that the innkeeper had fallen from one of the British horses and broken his neck.

Beneath the only known portrait of Francisco, which now hangs in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, the inscription reads: "*This representation of Peter Francisco's gallant action with nine of Tarleton's Cavalry, in sight of four hundred men in Amelia County, Virginia, is respectfully inscribed to him by Jacob Webster and James Worrel of Pennsylvania.*"

After fighting at Yorktown and witnessing the surrender of Cornwallis, Francisco was mustered out of the Army and given a horse as a bonus. General Washington thanked him personally for his help and invited him to dinner with his staff to celebrate the American victory. He was the only soldier present below the rank of colonel.

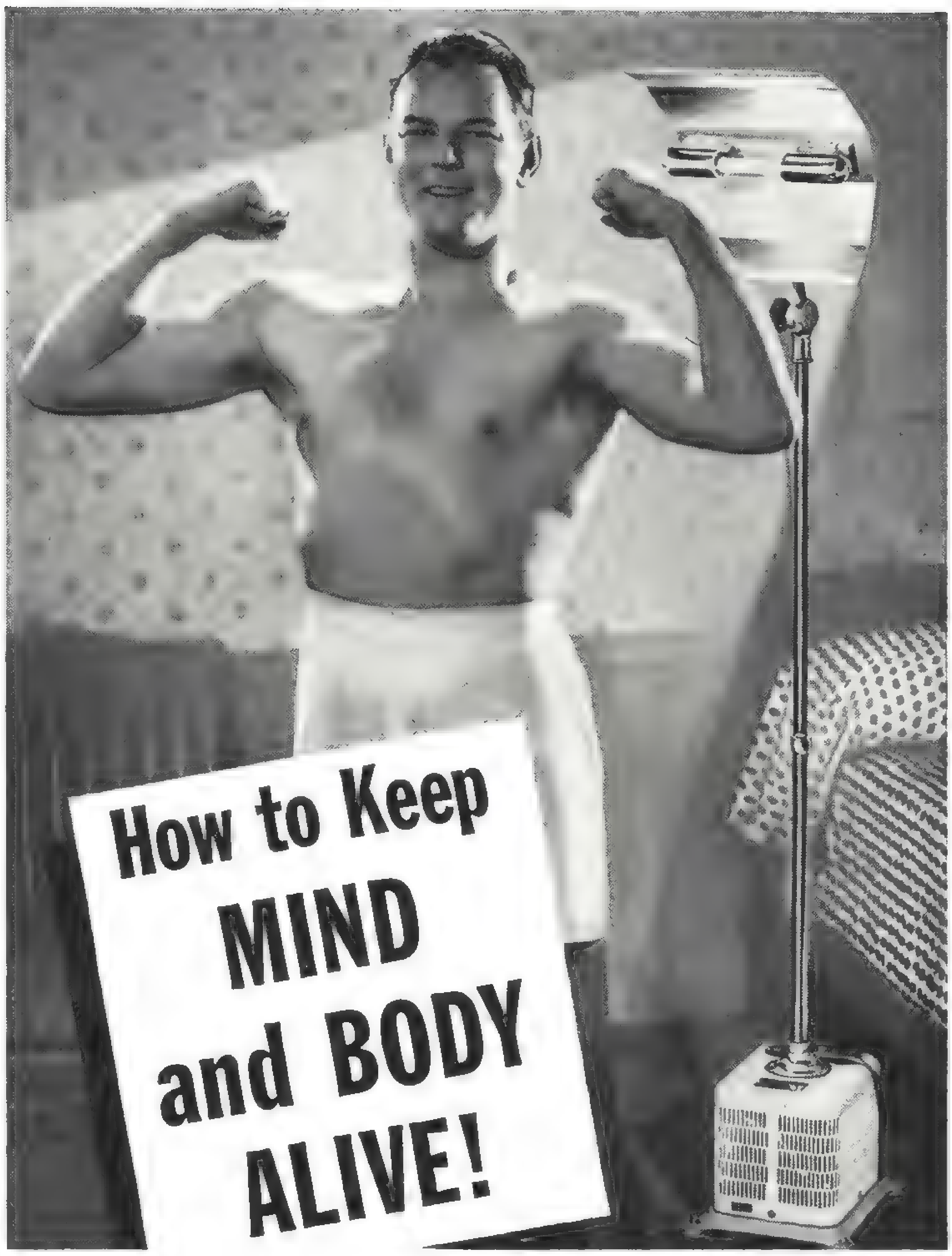
Renewing their friendship at Yorktown, Private Francisco and General Lafayette rode together to Richmond, where the two handsome young heroes of the war were followed by crowds and entertained elaborately.

Francisco then retired to private life at New Store, Virginia. Well, not exactly private. The tavern which he opened near his home soon became a sort of American Legion headquarters, visited by hundreds of veterans who had fought with him through the war, and also by an annual stream of travelers who came from as far away as Boston and Savannah to meet the great soldier. He had become the popular hero of every town and village in the Thirteen States, and the engravings of his adventures-with-arms were best-sellers for years. All this fame and publicity Francisco is said to have received very modestly; but occasionally, as related by his neighbor, Patrick Henry, "he was persuaded to fight or wrestle some ring-tailed tomcat who doubted his strength."

He died on January 16th, 1831, at the age of seventy, and was buried with full military and Masonic rights in the presence of the Governor, the entire Senate, the House of Representatives and the City Council. His grave is in Shockoe Cemetery at Richmond, only a few miles from the place where he was found as a child.

His tombstone, now covered with weeds, is simply engraved—

PETER FRANCISCO
An American Soldier



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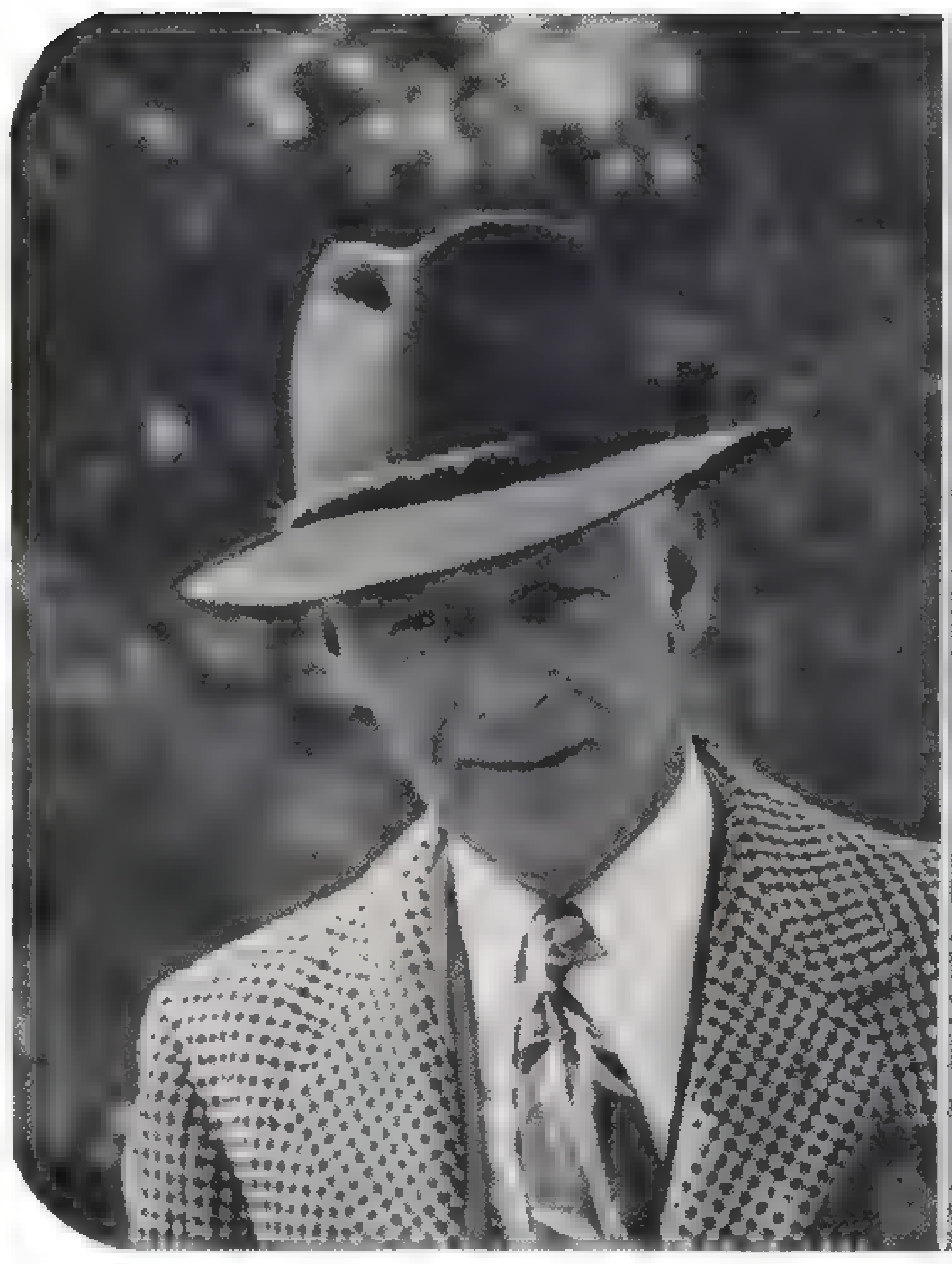
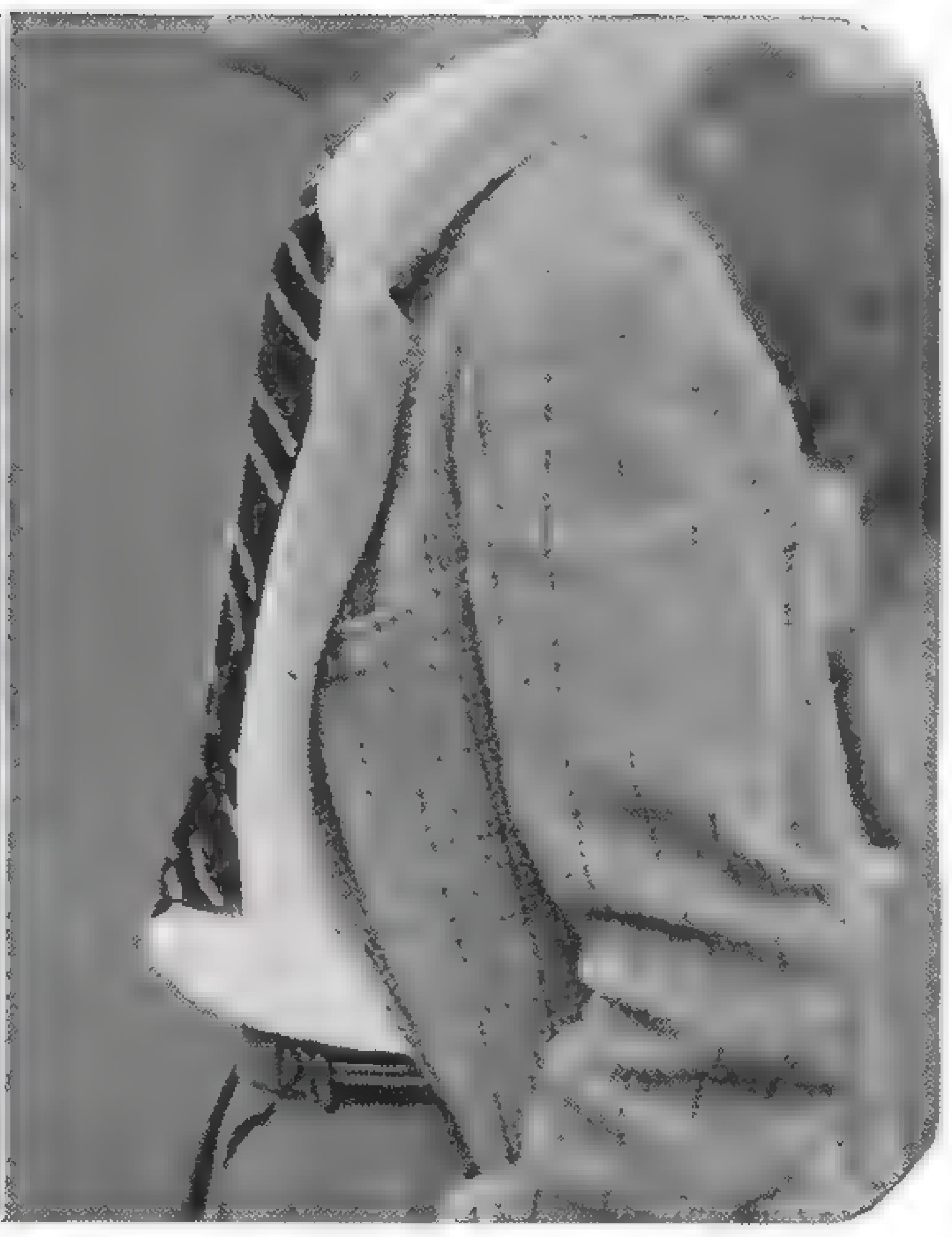


Rough felt hat and large figured tie combine with checked jacket, as worn at Camden, S. C.



Undergraduate wears ribbon belt that matches his club striped tie. At Princeton University.

## Martians Like It Dry

*Continued from page 90*

finally comes, the astronomer must possess his soul in patience and pray for good seeing. Conditions being right, the astronomer sets his telescope on Mars, adjusts the clock-drive that will offset the Earth's rotation and hold Mars centered in the eyepiece, and adjusts the most important variable in his control—the magnification power.

The eyepiece of a telescope is no more than a low-power microscope, used in this case to examine the light gathered by the big mirror or lens, instead of for examination of germs. Making a microscope capable of magnification of 5,000 times or more is no great trick for modern optical scientists, and fitting such a device to an existent telescope would require only a few hours of readjustment. So far as the physical equipment goes, we could blow up Mars's disc to a ten-foot circle, whereon 50-mile wide canals would be streaks more than an inch across. That equipment would, inevitably and simultaneously, magnify the slight shimmer of the atmosphere to look like storm-tossed rollers in an Atlantic hurricane. The compounded image of Mars-plus-atmosphere would resemble a ten-foot dish of rust-colored jelly in an earthquake. The magnification would defeat its purpose.

But some magnification must be used; somewhere between the unworkable extremes of too much and too little the astronomer sets his eyepiece lenses. That point is a matter of judgment and the mark of an experienced planetographer. Actually, he sets them to just a little more power than is practicable under the average conditions prevailing that night. He deliberately chooses a power that makes Mars too shimmery for good observation. Then—he waits.

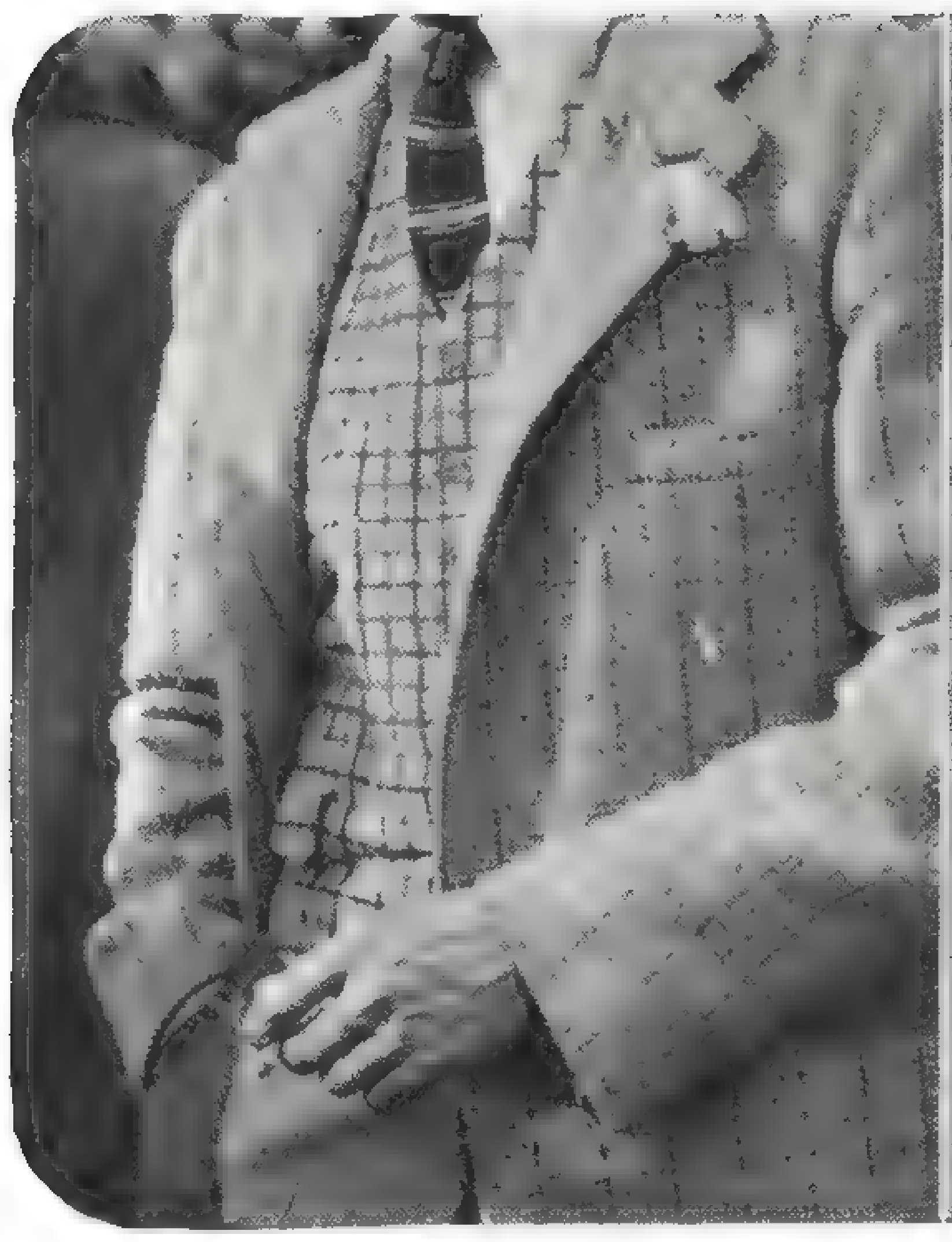
Eventually, the law of averages will work for him. The distortion of the atmosphere is due to the action of air currents at a dozen different levels, flowing in dozens of different directions. Sometimes one distortion rules, sometimes another, usually several are co-operating to ruin results. But once in a while a miraculous moment comes; the co-operation slips a cog, and for just a minute fraction of time, all, or almost all, the distortions are working against each other and the astronomer gets a clear sight of his objective. In that tiny moment, too brief for him to be able to make any adjustments, the full magnification he has previously chosen is usable and he can see a clean, large, sharp image of the planet—if he's lucky.

If he wasn't lucky, any of a hundred things may have gone wrong. That moment of clear seeing is brief, and he's had to wait long and patiently to find it. In the long waiting, he grows cold—particularly if it's mid-winter, when the seeing is apt to be best—and stiff. He may have picked exactly that instant to move his muscles a little, and so lost his chance. Or he may have had to wink to moisten hot, dry eyes. Or—most maddening—he may discover that the long, steady staring at the bright, wavering image has half-hypnotized him and the moment is gone without any memory of what was before his eyes.

If all went well, he will have been able to see some bit of detail of the mystery planet, some faint, very fine little shadow in a slightly duller tinge on a mottled, dull-rust sphere. He knows when he sees it that he'll never again see quite the same thing in quite the same way. Mars turns on its axis before his eyes, and the sun-shadows move across its face. Dust storms out there on that dry world change some detail of the landscape minutely and the shadows are different.

But patiently he records what he saw on a careful map, then returns to stare again through the eyepiece, wondering if what he saw were really there, or a mottling in his own strained eyes.

Some see canals—some don't. Some men have keener eyes than those of other men—and some men's eyes are more easily tricked



Tattersall waistcoats are closely allied with odd jackets and slacks. At Yale University.

The fringed tongue enhances the sports connotation of all heavy shoes. At Princeton University.

by optical illusions. Are there canals—or blurred detail or a hit-or-miss hodge-podge of shadows that trick the eye into forming non-existent patterns? What does the unwearying camera eye see?

The camera's eyes are excellent, but it has no judgment whatever. It records exactly what it sees, and everything it sees, without prejudice. When the air-waves bounce Mars around in the sky, the camera makes a faithful record of the event. When a peculiarly atrocious bit of distortion writhes its way aloft, the camera blandly records that, too. You can't make a stop-action snapshot of Mars; the light is too faint for that. It must be a time exposure, so that every image the turbulent air cares to send through is recorded one on top of another. Even a poor human observer has sense enough to reject the moments of worst shakiness—but not the faithful camera. It gets them all.

Photographs of Mars settle nothing in the way of fine surface detail. They do help in that by taking pictures with infra-red light which the human eye cannot see, the haze of Mars's atmosphere is penetrated and the surface itself is photographed. By taking photographs with light at the other end of the spectrum, ultra-violet, a view of the atmosphere and haze alone are obtained. This gives a pair of pictures which will show the difference in size between the planet-itself and the planet-with-atmosphere, and hence the depth of air about the world.

But photographs don't show canals; they do show a few very big, very prominent dark lines so blurred and smudged as to permit interpretation as either canals, Mars-quake cracks, dried river valleys, or geological fault lines made visible by the vegetation following them.

Telescopes and cameras can't prove the question, and no man can look through another man's eyes to know what things he may be seeing. Nature's tantalizing now-you-see-it-now-you-don't is adjusted to perfection. Direct observation won't advance us any further. Can we get help from indirect argument in that case?

Possibly. Why is it that observers of equal competence have reported that there are canals and that there are not canals? Allowing that each group had about equal keenness of eye, one or the other must have been subject to optical illusion. Would optical illusion tend to produce false canals, or hide canals that were actually there?

If given a little encouragement, the eye tends to create patterns in unrelated dots, blurrs and shadows. Survival in the jungle days of man probably developed that tendency; carnivorous animals such as the tiger developed camouflage to break up their lines and blend their bodies into the forest background. It was up to the eye to spot patterns—tiger patterns—even when concealed. Today, at any rate, if a series of dots separated an eighth of an inch or so are made on a piece of paper, and the paper held across the room, the eye blends them to a solid, continuous—canal.

*But the eye never breaks up a continuous line into a series of dots.* The illusion all runs the other way. From the evidence of the eye's failings, it would seem that those observers who see discontinuous, scattered bits of shade and shadow are more apt to be right.

Percival Lowell, the American astronomer who did more research and observational work on the canals than any other man, was the greatest defender of their reality. Certain of their actuality, sure of the accuracy of his beautiful and patiently compiled globe map of Mars, he developed a logic in explanation of their construction. His work was, beyond question, of the highest caliber, his writings as authoritative as any man's words could be under the terrific handicaps Nature has invented for us. The theory he proposed was adopted and supported by nearly all important observers who did record the canals.

Lowell saw those mysterious markings as hair-fine lines drawn a third of the way across the dull disc of Mars, in some cases. On

*Continued on page 158*

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## Martians Like It Dry

*Continued from pages 90-157*

his globe map of the planet, he recorded more than 400 canals. They ranged in length from some spanning but a few degrees of Mars's globe to immensely long streaks that circled almost from pole to pole. The interconnected system formed a vast webwork that made Mars seem a rusty ball caught up in a frayed hairnet.

But Mars is a world—a planet more than 4,000 miles in diameter, half the diameter of Earth. Since Mars has no sea surfaces, it has a greater land area than Earth, although its total surface is only a quarter as great as Earth's, and its bulk but an eighth. Those canals that look so fine-lined and tiny from a point 40,000,000 miles away must, if they are real, be more than 50 miles wide and as much as 4,000 miles long.

If an intelligent race built them, what could have driven them to such a stupendous engineering labor? The heartbreaking effort required to build the Panama Canal, short as it is, suggests only vaguely the task such a construction project would represent. To build that webwork of canals, an entire race of beings must have devoted their energies with a single-minded purpose to that one end.

And even after they were built, the work would be only begun. The actual canals were not believed to be 50 miles in width; that probably represented the width of a strip of bordering vegetation watered by the canals. Seen from an equal distance in space, the Nile river would be invisible, but the fields watered by it would be a thin, ragged green line across the yellow deserts of Africa. Beyond the watered borders of the Martian canals would lie the deserts of a desiccated planet, dry and dusty beyond anything Earth's dust-bowl has to offer. Sand and loose dust would be forever drifting across the strips of watered land to choke the canals. Dust storms of such enormous extent that they appear even on photographs of the planet have been observed. Once the canals were built, only unceasing vigilance and labor would keep them open.

What urge could be so powerful as to drive a people to commit itself to such a never-ending labor?

Lowell suggested that it was the pressure of drought on a dying, drying world. Mars, one-eighth the bulk of Earth, has a lower density, and hence but a tenth the mass. Its grip on the gases of its atmosphere is far weaker than that of our own more massive world. It was Lowell's belief that the cold, infinite emptiness of space was slowly stealing away the thinning air of the planet, the lighter gases, less restrained by gravity, escaping first and fastest. And water—though in seas it seems more akin to land than to air—is actually a part of the atmosphere. Strangely, it is even the lightest major part of an atmosphere, and would escape more rapidly than gases we normally think of as air, from a too-light world.

The camera that disappoints us so completely in identifying small surface details, fully confirms the dryness of Mars. The comparison of infra-red and ultra-violet photographs tells us that Mars's atmosphere is thin, not more than a few per cent of Earth's. Lowell knew that by a different, but equally sound method—the rate at which a star being occulted by Mars dims as Mars's atmosphere cuts off its light. Any mountaineer knows that thin air won't retain heat; the very thickness of Earth's air that is the bane of the astronomer's professional life is the necessity of his comfort.

Mars's year is almost twice as long as Earth's—687 days to our 365—yet Mars has the same seasons, spring, summer, fall, and winter, in the same order. They're longer seasons, though; where Earth's poles have a freezing, bitter six-month night, Mars's poles have more than eleven months without a glimpse of a sun shrunken by an added 50,000,000 miles.

The stabbing cold of that eleven-month night makes Earth's polar winter seem a mild and salubrious thing indeed. Mars's air is too thin to bring much warmth from the planet's tropics, and, half again as far from the sun as is Earth, its warmest regions are colder. When that eleven-month winter clamps down on Mars, it fastens in with a steely grip of a cold that is literally unearthly. The thin winds that do blow up from the tropics of chill little Mars are promptly robbed of heat and frozen to temperatures that range far below the freezing point of even such refractory substances as carbon dioxide. Every trace of water vapor is frozen out to form a layer of bitterly cold snow.

Eleven terrible months later, the sun peeps over the whitened horizon, and, as spring advances to summer, the eleven-month day that follows melts the layer of snow and ice. By late summer, photographs show that the last of the winter's ice has been melted.

Even with the unearthly cold of that arctic winter of Mars to wring the last traces of water vapor from the air, so little ice is accumulated in that long, long night that a single summer of diluted sunlight would dissipate

*Continued on page 160*

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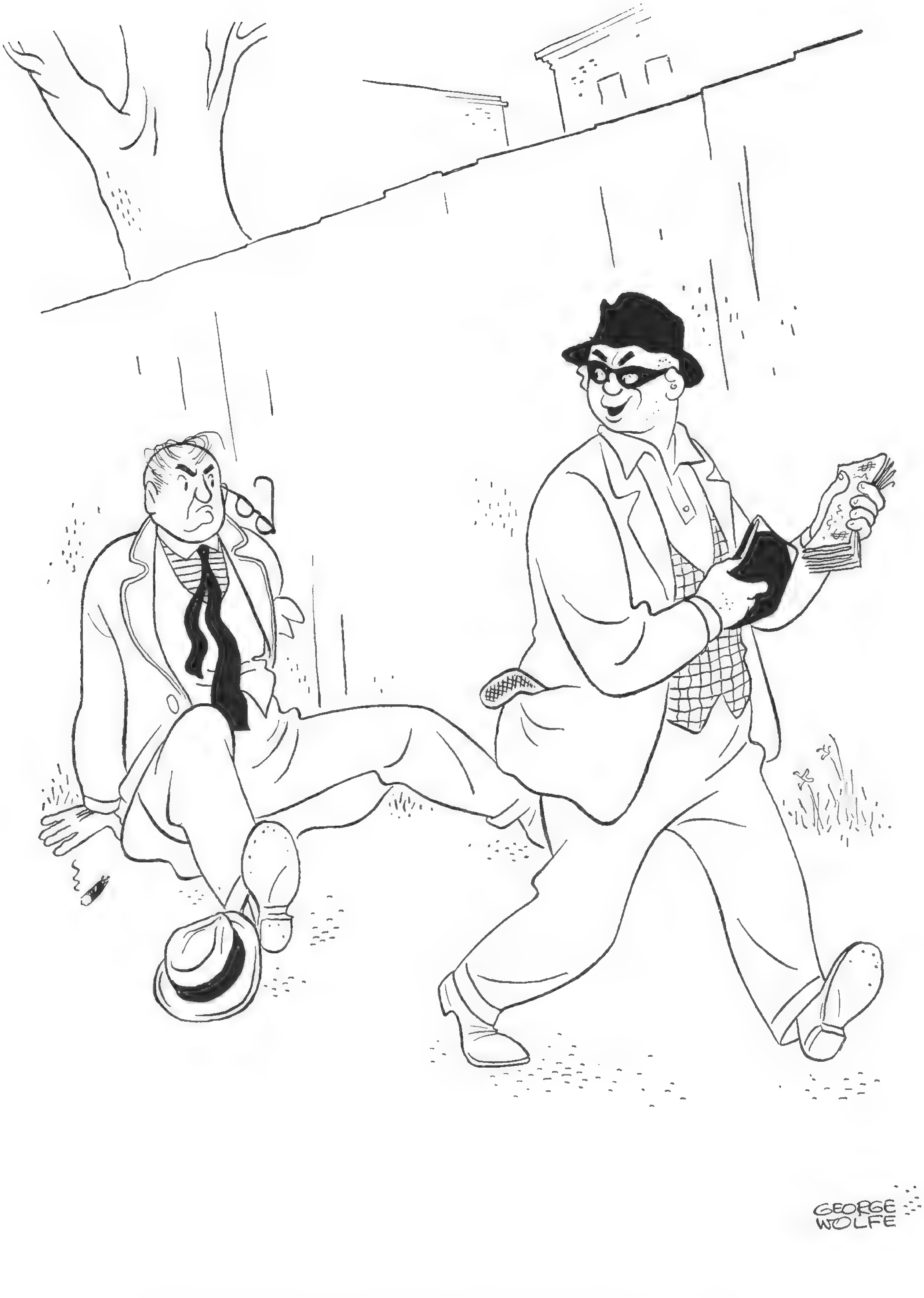

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## Martians Like It Dry

*Continued from pages 90-157-158*

it. Apparently, taking best results, there are about fourteen inches of ice formed and melted each year. Mars, beyond question, is *dry*.

Knowing this, Lowell pictured the Martians as making a final, desperate battle for life on a planet whose water was swiftly dwindling away. Their immense canal works, he suggested, were designed to collect the water the melting polar caps released each spring, and bring it south to irrigate their dust-dry world. In thinning air on a drying planet, they were making a wonderful fight for life. The terrible pressure of a dying world had driven a powerful race to that vast, planet-girdling system of irrigation.

Lowell's picture was developed a good many years ago, in the early part of this century that is now almost half gone. These last thirty years in particular have seen enormous advances in the field of fundamental research. The period of direct observation of gross phenomena and data-gathering has ended, in large measure; the era of interpretation of those observations has supplanted it. Today, keen wits can learn more about Mars than keen eyes.

If Lowell had had the knowledge of molecular physics and atomic physics we now have, his picture would have been different. First, radioactivity and radium have supplied us with a vitally important piece of information; the time-scale of the Solar System. The eternal clock of the atoms has marked down the age of the Earth, and it is vastly greater than was believed possible forty years ago. Earth is between three and four thousand million years old. Almost certainly, Mars is equally old, yet half a century ago astronomers talked in terms of a maximum possible age of about 50 million years. Paleontologists say the lowly cockroach family has been around unchanged for six hundred million years; so greatly has the knowledge of radioactivity changed concepts.

If Mars is well over three billion years old now, and has not lost all its atmosphere in the course of that immense time, it evidently is not losing it at any rapid rate.

But molecular physics and the study of evaporating liquids and diffusing gases have made it possible to determine accurately just how rapidly a planet of given gravitational power will be robbed of any given gas or vapor. Water vapor tends to escape from a planet more rapidly than either oxygen or nitrogen, and Russell's figures show that it would take about twenty-five thousand million years for a planet only two-thirds the size of Mars to lose its water. Decisively and clearly, we can be sure that Mars has not lost any appreciable percentage of either its air or water in the past one hundred million years. Then Lowell's picture of a valiant race of Martians struggling against immediate, oncoming water starvation is untenable.

If there are intelligent Martians, they were evolved on their planet when it was as dry as it now is, and the plants they learned to live on have been accustomed to that world just as it is for the last one or two hundred millions of years. Because our own evolution has taken place on this world, we are, not unnaturally, perfectly fitted to it, and it to us. We find it and its atmosphere ideal. To a Martian, if any, it would appear unbearably hot, a horrible thick, sticky wetness and crushing density, foul with the odors of a billion violently obnoxious forms of plant life.

Further, the labors involved in the construction of any such grandiose network of canals as an irrigation project for food-raising seems rather excessive. We, certainly, couldn't achieve any such immense engineering work even if faced with the conditions Lowell suggested. In any case, we know a much better, easier way.

If the Martians were faced with such a food shortage before undertaking the canal digging, they would first apply themselves most vigorously to making two plants grow where one died before.

We haven't been faced with such a problem, but we could solve it today a lot more easily than carving ditches around a world. We'd build some much cheaper and less troublesome sealed, water-tight greenhouses and start tank agriculture on a large scale. Then we'd need just one supply of water, hauled only once, and used over and over.

It seems unlikely that the intelligent Martians have built any system of irrigation canals on the scale proposed. Plants evolved on a world as dry as Mars has been for the last half billion years would probably die of wet-rot if they were irrigated. The idea of waterways as a means of transport would scarcely occur to the people of so thoroughly desiccated a planet. Railways are easier to construct and operate in any case.

It may be that there are channels on Mars, but canals seem doubtful in the extreme. The evidence of a dozen sources tends to show that the "canali"—whether channels or canals—are optical illusions that, like beauty, lie in the eye of the beholder.

Life there is on Mars. Strong, definite seasonal changes are observed and photographed, and it appears almost beyond question that the color changes observed over wide areas represent the renewing cycles of plant life. But intelligent life?

The canals were our only evidence of intelligence. We can no longer accept the existence of those canals as reality; we no longer have evidence of intelligence, only the realization that intelligent life on Mars would have no discernible reason for constructing works recognizable from this earth. ⌗

## Boom in Bikes

*Continued from page 24*

bikes are delivered on the train. It only takes twenty-five minutes to detrain, pump tires and raise or lower seats for 300 clients.

The movement spread so fast that in the summer of 1941, sixteen different railroads were operating Cycle Trains all over the country. The New Haven transported approximately 5,000 passengers a total of 2,700 miles on these journeys. The most enterprising trip was organized—as usual—by the Los Angeles Recreation Department through its Municipal Cycling Association. They took 400 cyclists to San Diego for the day at a cost of only $2.50, which included train fare, lunch and incidentals. There are also Cycle Boats. From New York they run to Newburgh, West Point, and Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, and as far away as New Bedford, Massachusetts.

The sport is a common exercise for thousands of town dwellers. There are estimated to be from 150,000 to 200,000 bike enthusiasts in New York alone. Where do they ride? Well, 2,000 to 2,500 pedal daily in Central Park in good weather. Others visit trails in outlying districts; thus the WPA last year built a four-lane path twelve miles along the Brooklyn waterfront, costing over $500,000. Commissioner of Parks Robert Moses will soon open a new trail in Central Park, making 100 miles of byways for bikes in Metropolitan New York.

How could you get a bike if you wanted to ride? The old fashioned bike shop, once a center of sporting interests of every town, has come back again. Sometimes it has been streamlined and calls itself a Club or a Bicycle Exchange; but it's always ready to rent or sell you a machine. You can buy rebuilt ones today for as low as fifteen dollars. Junior bicycles cost twenty-one dollars, and new ones for adults range from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars. The average bike sells from thirty dollars to forty dollars. A tandem is priced around one hundred twenty dollars. The expensive machine gives you more equipment and better precision work in the manufacture.

Today there are half a dozen bike shops around New York's Central Park where machines can be rented for as little as thirty-five cents an hour. One of the largest, the Bicycle Club of America, is run by a reformed furrier named Si Panitch. His clientele includes such sporting figures as Jim Braddock, Tony Canzoneri, Jackie Kid Berg, and stars of the stage, among whom are the Andrews Sisters, Carmen Miranda,

*Continued on page 162*

Overcheck Shetlands are in fashion. The movie-camera carrier favors them in dark red and yellow against a brown and lovat background. Overchecks with stripes form the pattern of the jacket above.

*"Your wife done wore your pants with Gripper Fasteners to Red Cross meeting!"*

Poor guy . . . imagine how he feels!

He has other trousers . . . but none to match the smartness and convenience of those with Gripper fasteners above the zipper fly!

Gripper fasteners won't pop off or pull out . . . won't break or tear material as other waistband closures do. They're smooth-working . . . secure . . . outlast the pants themselves!

This gent will have to wait until his wife returns. But don't *you* wait! Rush to your favorite clothier for trousers with Gripper fasteners *now!*

**But get GRIPPER fasteners . . . not just any snap fasteners. Gripper fasteners have not only been laboratory tested but proved in use for more than five years!**

☛ **P. S. You can also get shorts with Gripper fasteners. See them at your local store today!**

**GRIPPER* FASTENERS**

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**MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT**
**AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS**

● A NEW TYPE OF SHOE YOU NEED! For that in-between season of wet and chilly days, for comfort and warmth plus smart, authentic styling the *Fortune Style Forum has designed a shoe that fulfills every requirement — the Fortune "Spring Brogue." In several different patterns, exceptionally smart "Spring Brogues" deliver that comfort and service you need at this time of year. See them now at your local Fortune dealer.

$5 to $5.50 — Some Styles Higher

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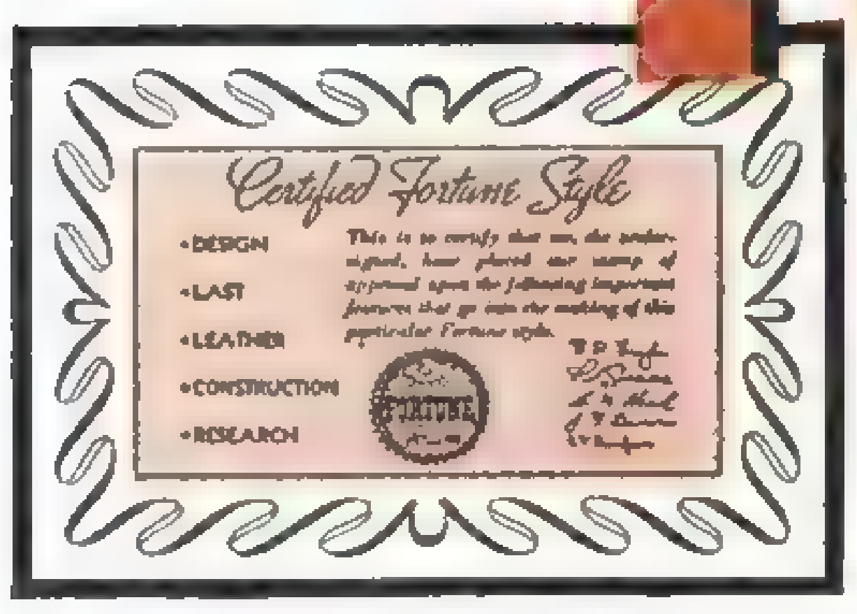


● *The Fortune Style Forum consists of five members — experts on design, leathers, lasts, construction and research — experts who personally supervise the building of Fortune's authentic styles. The Forum's "Certified Fortune Style" certificate, packed with every pair, is your assurance of authentic up-to-the-minute styling.

● RICHLAND SHOE CO., Nashville, Tenn., Division General Shoe Corp.

## Boom in Bikes

Continued from pages 24-161

Georgia Price, Fokine the dancer and others in the show business. This last summer Mr. Panitch operated on a twenty-four hour schedule. As he explains it, "Them theatricals like to ride at night."

J. Aug, another bike shop, keeps his open sixteen hours a day. Julius Levenson, a bicycle agent for New York stores, states that in 1940 sales amounted to 1,300,000, an all time high. The manufacturers can't keep up with the demand, for nowadays an increasing number of business men living in the suburbs are riding bikes to the station to save cars and gas.

Almost overnight it has become smart to bike, too. Society girls seeking funds for war relief mount tandems with their boy friends in Central Park, and race to a restaurant a few miles distant for prizes. This seems to add considerably to war funds and to the delight of photographers on the make. Bikes are also put to more serious uses. Last April twenty-one boys and girls from a Long Island High School stowed their machines on an American Airlines plane at LaGuardia Field. The flight was the first leg of a vacation-and-study tour through historical and industrial centers in Washington, Maryland and West Virginia. Another teacher led a second group from the same school on a five-day bike jaunt to Montauk Point, L. I.

Bicycling is not just a fad. The bike is here to stay. Even so, we have a long way to go before we have as many bikes as the British. With thirty times the area and two and a half its population, we have only 9,000,000 machines as against their 15,000,000. Certainly riding is easier and perhaps safer there. On a Sunday morning in spring or summer before the war, the main roads from London to the South and East coasts were black with cyclists of both sexes.

At present in the United States we have eighty per cent of the world's motor cars and only ten per cent of its bikes. One reason is that until lately, bicyclists have been pushed off the roads which, ironically enough, they did a great deal to extend and improve. Through the League of American Wheelmen, one of the oldest sporting organizations in this country —and still going strong—bicycle owners fought for better roads. Gradually they came. Then the automobile came, usurping the highways. The bicycle gradually fell into disuse.

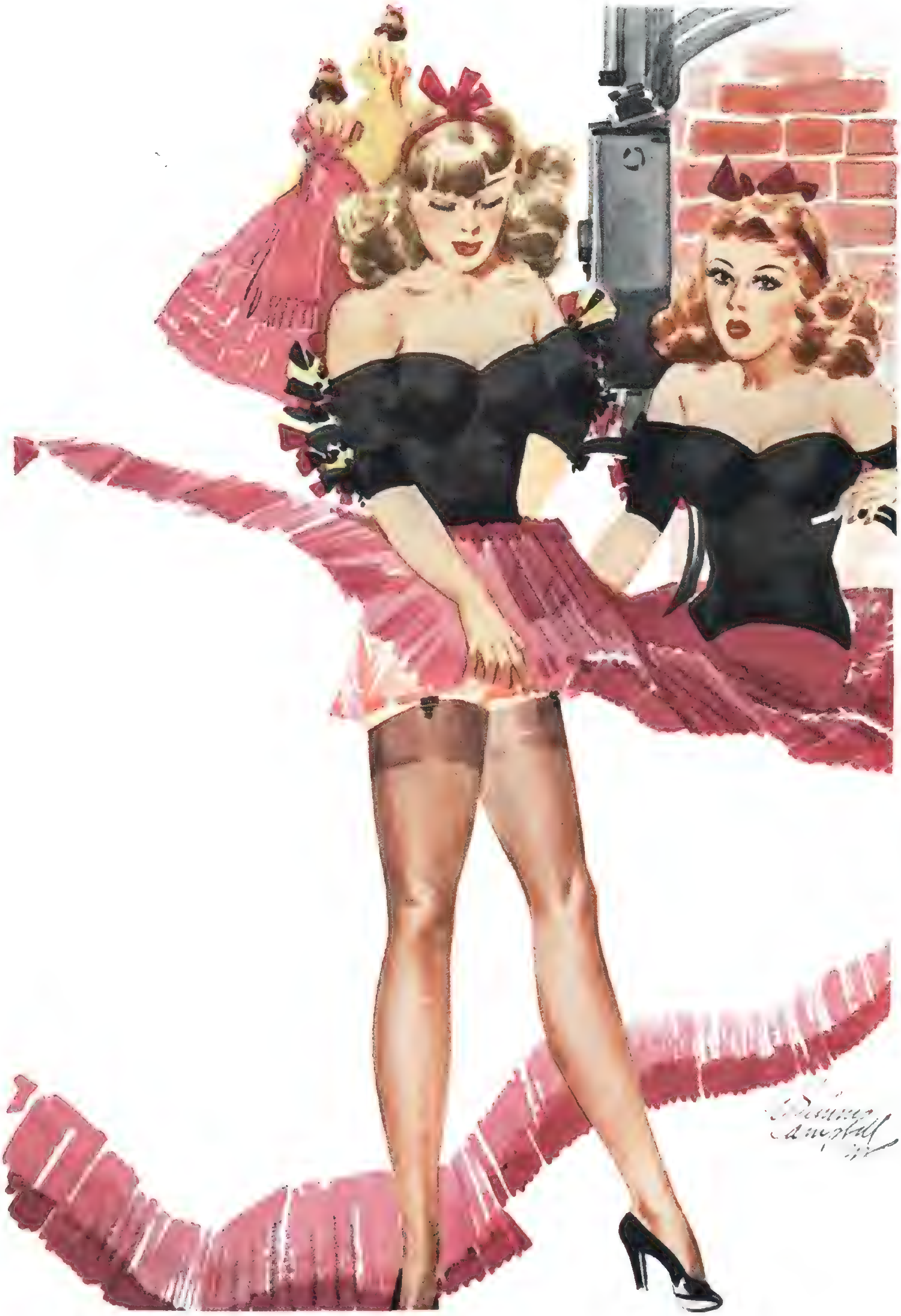
Although bicycle-automobile accidents are growing in the United States, the bicycle is not a dangerous machine in itself. Most accidents happen because cyclists have inadequate riding space. If horsemen have safe areas, why shouldn't children have safe trails for their bicycles? Why shouldn't there be plenty of paths for city dwellers to ride in parks? (Incidentally, compare the rental of a bike at twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents an hour, with the rental of a horse at one dollar and fifty cents). Every national, state and municipal park has splendid bridle paths, whereas cyclists are often obliged to ride on traveled highways at great risk.

Lately, however, park superintendents and recreation authorities have been waking up to the growth of cycling. One suggestion has been made that lanes at the extreme right and left of national highways should be marked off with white lines for cyclists. Another is that pedestrian paths in parkways throughout the country which are often little used, should be turned over to bike riders until noon, and reserved for walkers in the afternoon. Along the New Jersey coast many resorts permit cycling on the boardwalks all morning and the canal paths have also made excellent trails.

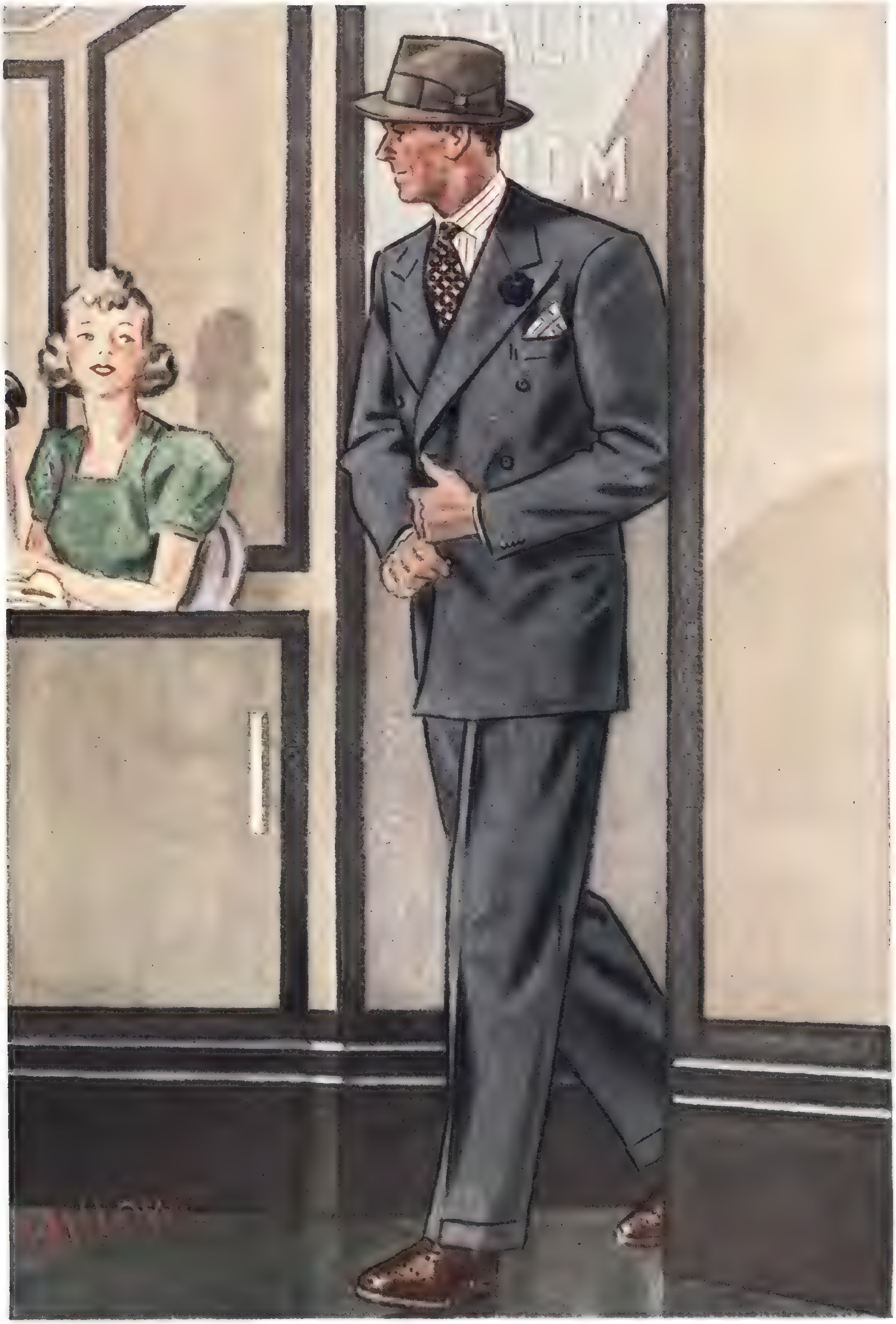
Bicycle paths are necessary before we begin to threaten England's record. Another important help would be readable traffic maps modelled on the automobile maps now issued at gas stations. These maps would show you where bike trails exist in the vicinity, how to reach them, and where they will take you. The maps will have shops marked where you can rent machines for the day, and Youth Hostels plainly indicated. These things are for the future. Perhaps not as far away as you might imagine.

When you do buy or rent a bike, don't forget it is a vehicle, and subject to traffic laws like other vehicles. The League of American Wheelmen strongly recommends the registration of all bicycles. By paying a small fee, usually fifty cents, you are issued a license like an automobile license. This is revokable, if the rider fails to observe traffic laws. Registered bikes are not as easy to steal, and far easier to recover when stolen, as statistics in cities where such registration is compulsory have proved. Meanwhile the League hopes that when registration becomes general, half the fee will be turned over to the maintenance of a State Bureau of Bicycles, and the other half used to develop bike paths.

A Frenchman just in from Paris tells of his father, aged sixty-five, who bicycles each day from his home on the Rue de la Pompe to his office near the Bourse, a distance of several miles. Even in neutral (at the time of writing) nations like Ireland, the bicycle is the common means of conveyance as a result of rationing and shortage of gasoline. There's every reason to believe that with the pinch of war ahead, we shall turn to bicycling as other nations have been forced to do. Undoubtedly American mechanical genius will improve the domestic product. New bikes will be invented, sold and used. Bicycles are still the best way of covering short distances quickly at low cost.



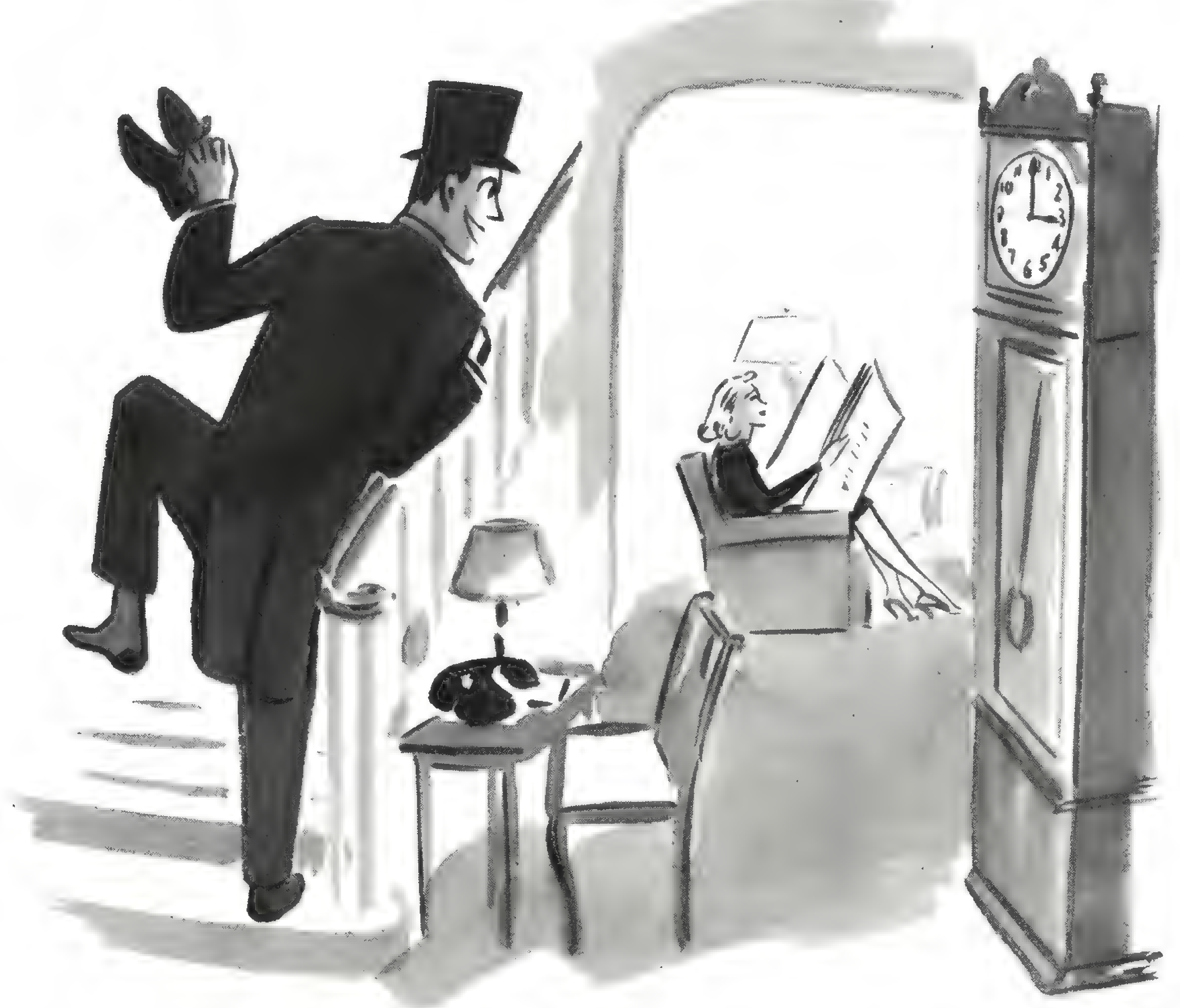
*"What's the use of us having nice legs if they're going to cover them with hoop skirts?"*



## *whose star grey and bold stripes*

Do receptionists get their wires baubled when you give them the glad eye? This little girl is stopped cold by the dapper gent who just breezed in, and already she's wondering how he spends his time after 5 P.M. You, too, gentlemen, can stop everything but the electric clock if you walk into the office looking like this fashion page (plug!). Of course, in the picture, there's a good basic hunk of man to build on, but the Star Grey worsted suit alone is a sales clincher, and finer points are the blue cornflower in the lapel, small patterned silk tie, and striped broadcloth shirt. Also note the Brownstone felt hat with a welt edge snapped brim like Dick Tracy's, all of which adds to his *savoir faire*, as we say in Ypsilanti, Michigan. Any resemblance to this gentleman, whether he be living or dead is impossible; he's too perfect. But the clothes are the real thing.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



"I'LL BE SAFE IN BED BEFORE SHE FINISHES HER SUN"

What do you mean, absurd?

How recent and factual is your information about the reading habits of the New York market?

If you've not yet seen the results of the L. M. Clark studies on reader interest—you're missing some of the most significant facts ever uncovered on this important subject.

Facts that show exactly how the high reading of news, special features and ads in The New York Sun helps your advertising dollar. Facts that dramatize why The Sun has always been so productive for advertising.

You'll find fresh inspiration for your attack on the world's richest market, if you let The Sun representative give you details on these impartial studies that prove The Sun to be one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America.

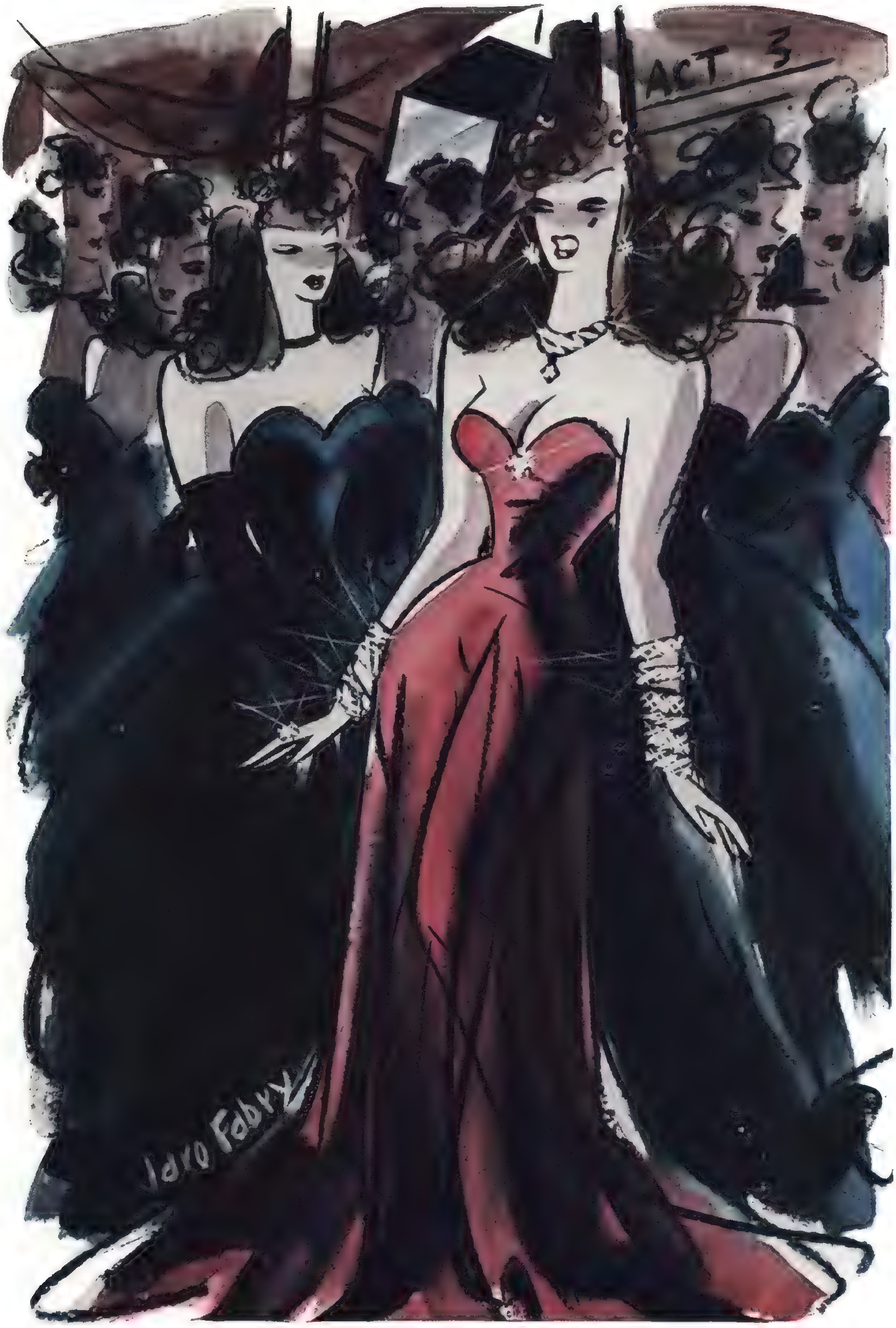
And you will be amazed at the difference this makes in the number of people who see your ad.

★ ★ ★

*WE DID NOT EMPLOY L. M. Clark to make these studies. The results of Clark's 3-year continuing research on intensity of readership among metropolitan newspapers, are regularly syndicated to leading advertisers and agencies. In New York, The Sun's leadership in reader interest among standard size, weekday newspapers, gives new edge to the fact that for 15 years The Sun has led all such papers in department store advertising.*

The Sun
NEW YORK

TO GET IT READ—PUT IT IN THE NEW YORK SUN


ACT 3
Jaro Fabry

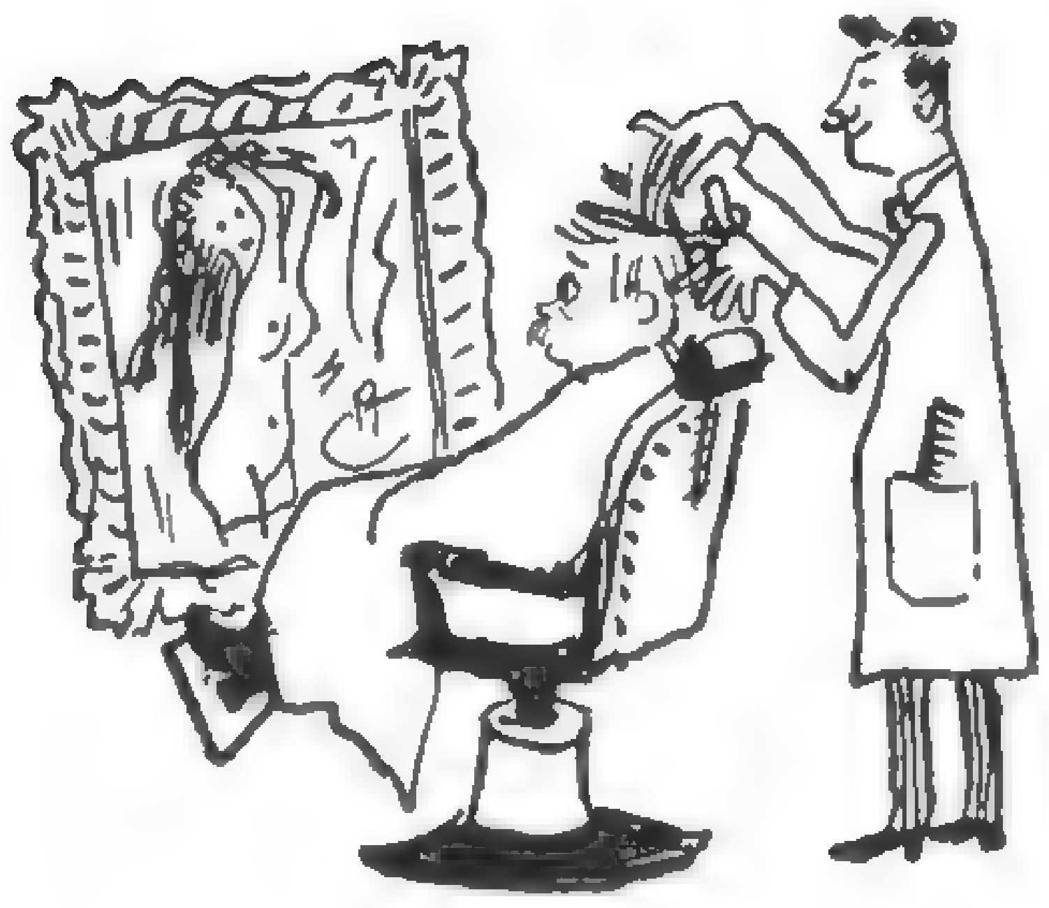
*"Mr. Marson has absolutely no originality—all he ever gives me is diamonds!"*

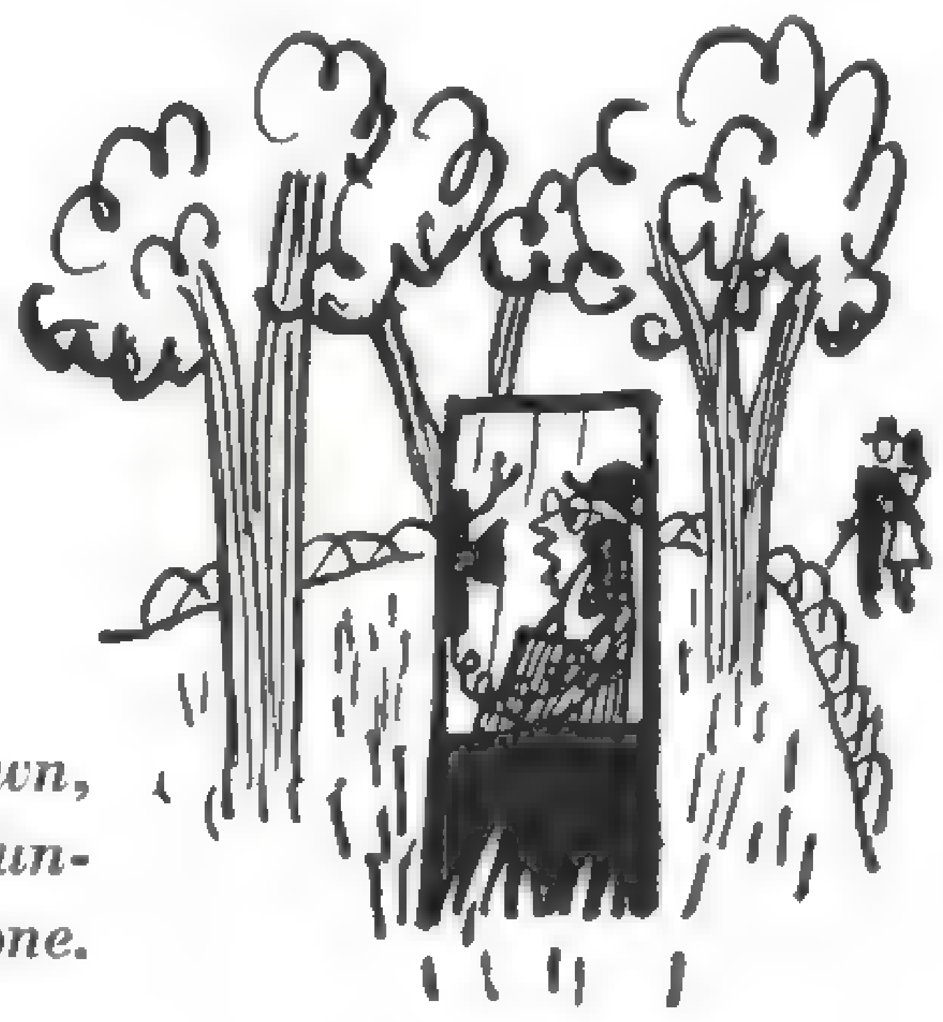
# They Did These Things Better

### *by* FRED C. KELLY

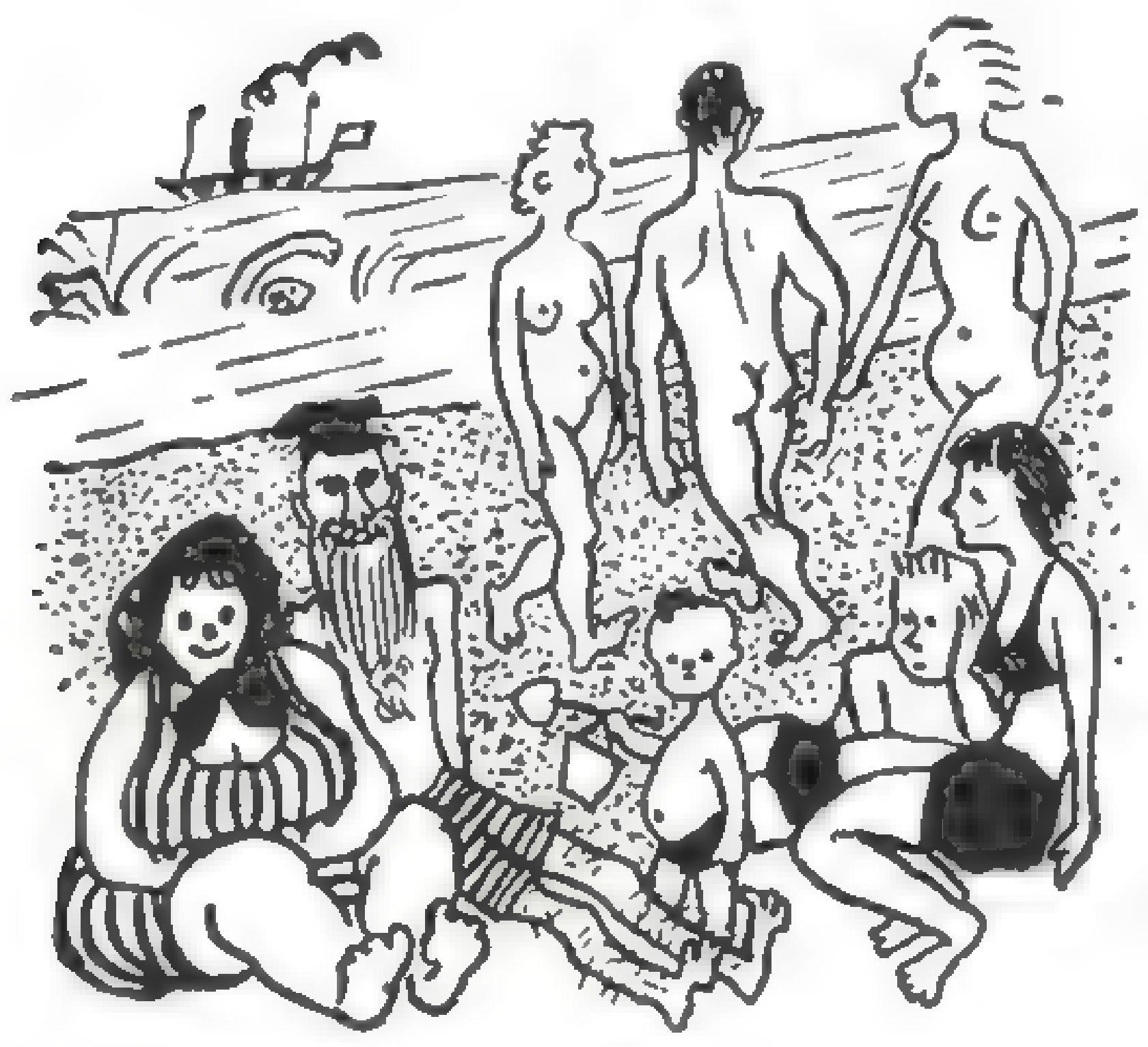
*Recollections of ingenious ways and means of doing things in the Europe that was:*

*That Bury Street, London, barber who was also an art dealer and set out paintings for a customer to look at while having his hair cut.*



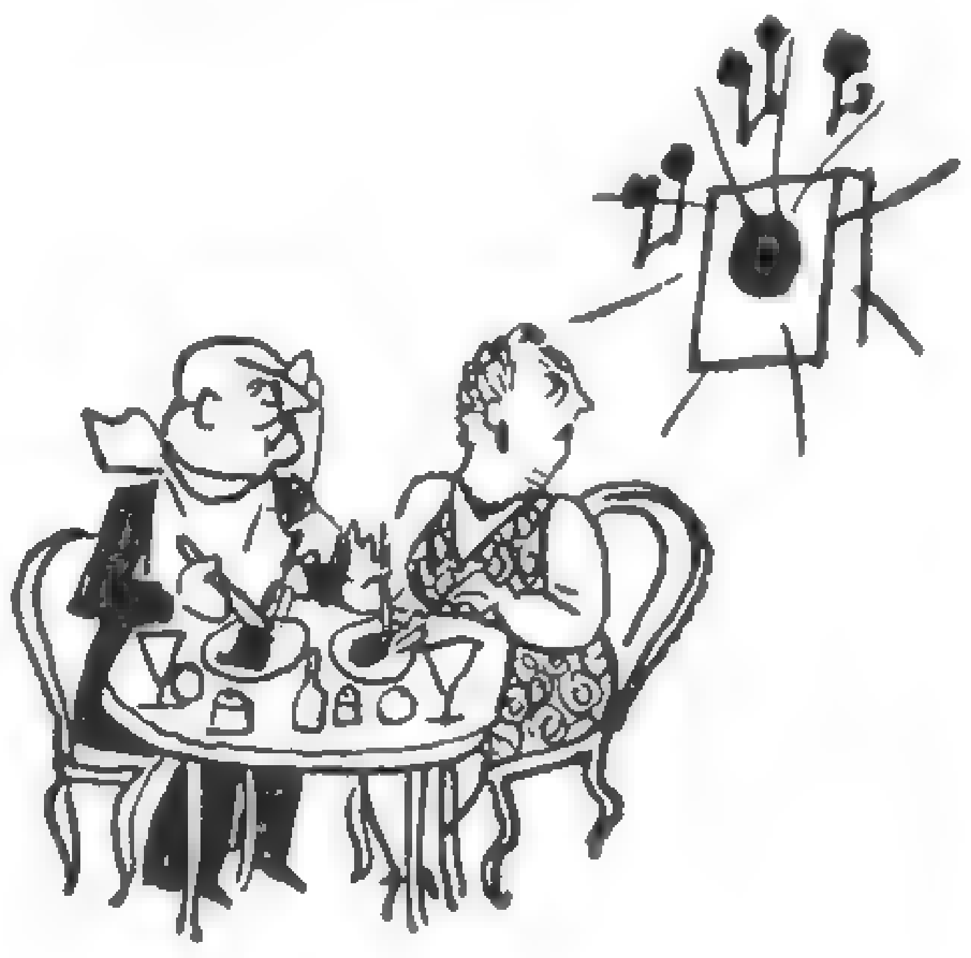


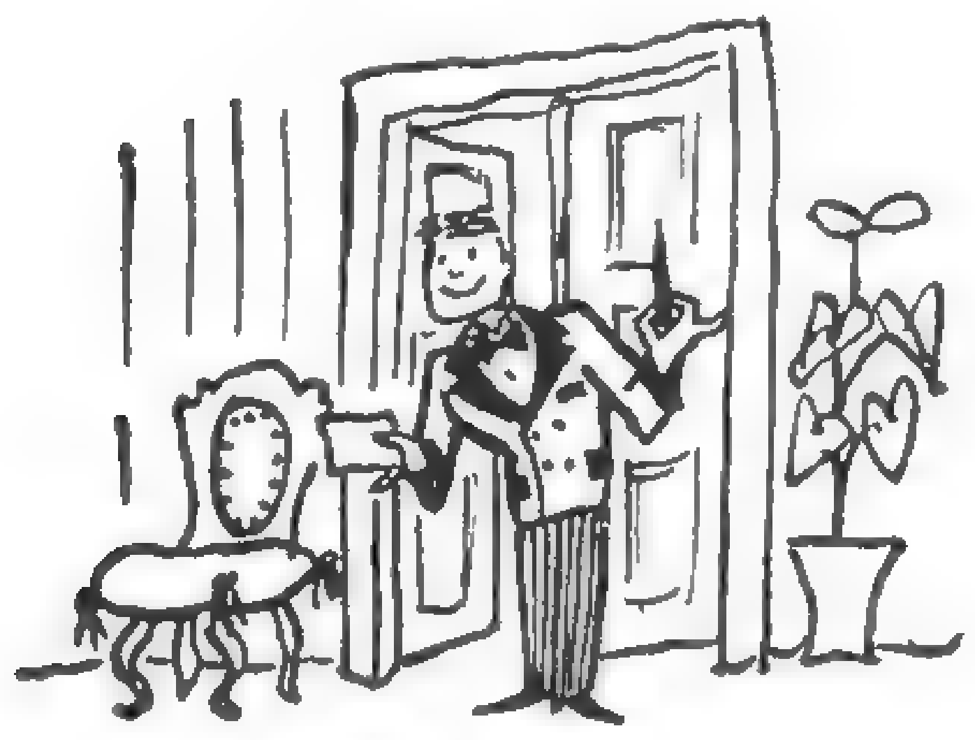
*Those red telephone boxes all over town, even in parks, in London, to make it unnecessary to go into a store to telephone.*



*The clean-mindedness of Russian families on the beach at Yalta, paying not the slightest attention when someone nearby went bathing in the nude.*

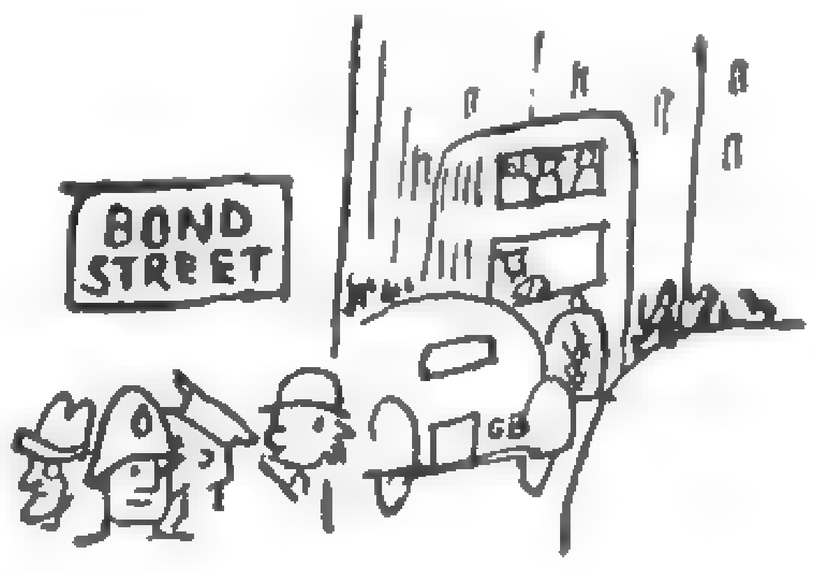
*That law in England against playing radios in restaurants or other public places.*



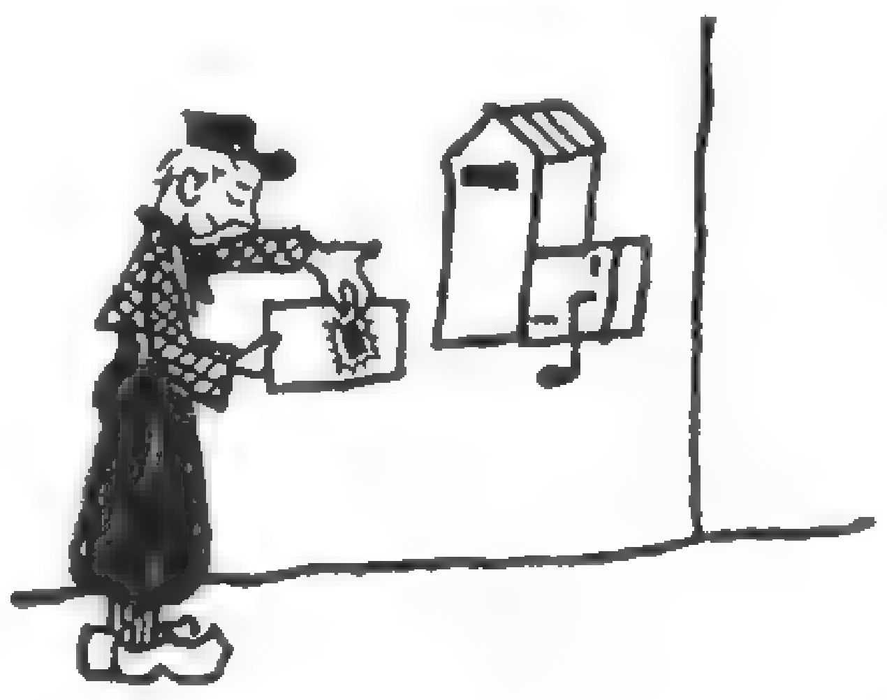


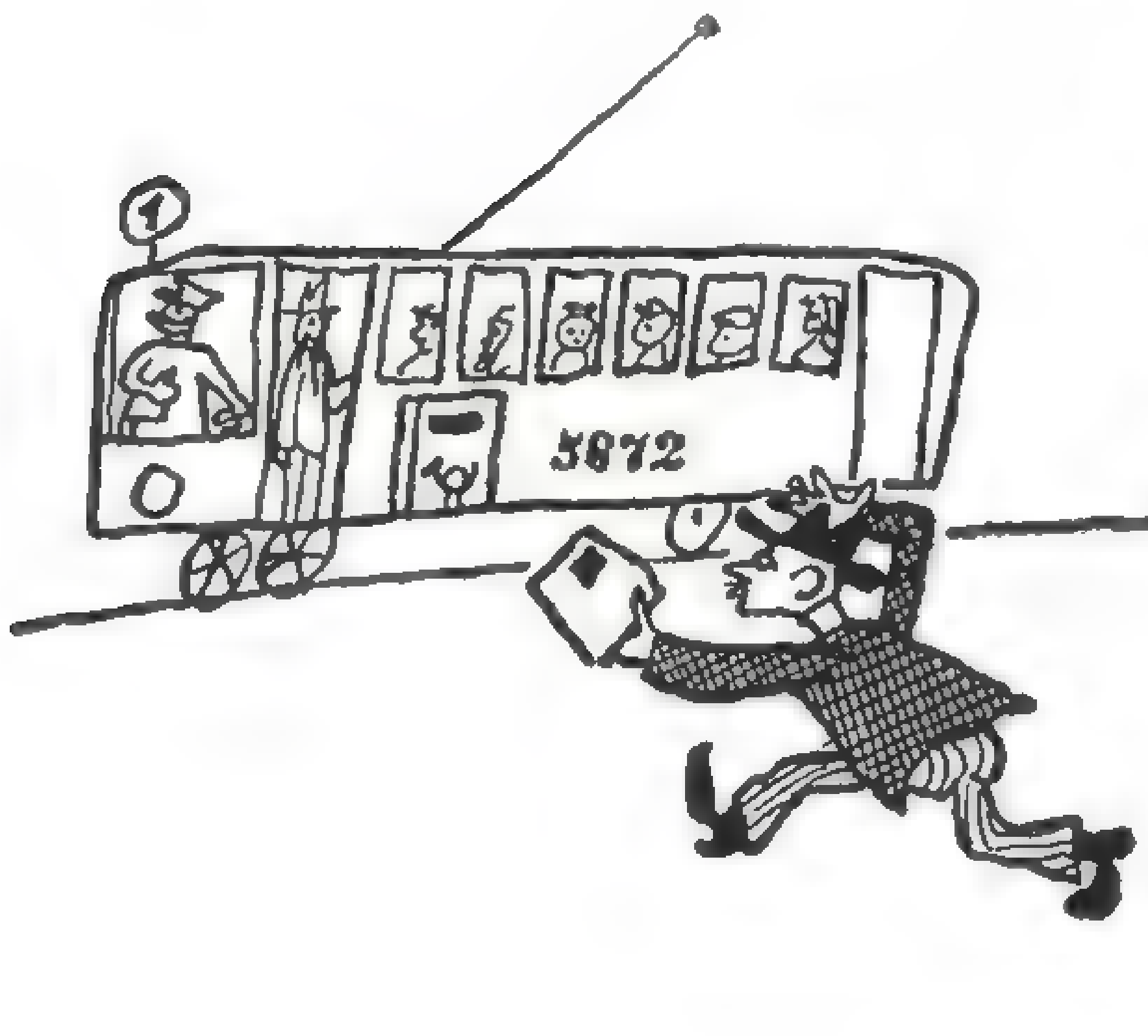
*That custom in Swiss hotels of taking a guest who has made reservations directly to his room, and sending a registration blank to him by a charmingly courteous clerk.*

*Those street signs in London, white background and black letters so large they can be read a block away.*



*Those stamp-vending machines right alongside letter boxes in Holland.*





*Those mail boxes on street cars and busses in Stockholm to insure prompt delivery of letters to central post-office for the benefit of people living at the edge of town.*

STOP YANKING AND TUGGING YOUR ZIPPER. MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A SMOOTH CONMAR.

REG TRADE MARK

YOU CAN TELL A CONMAR ZIPPER BY ITS SILENT, PRECISION ACTION—, GUARANTEED FLAWLESS.

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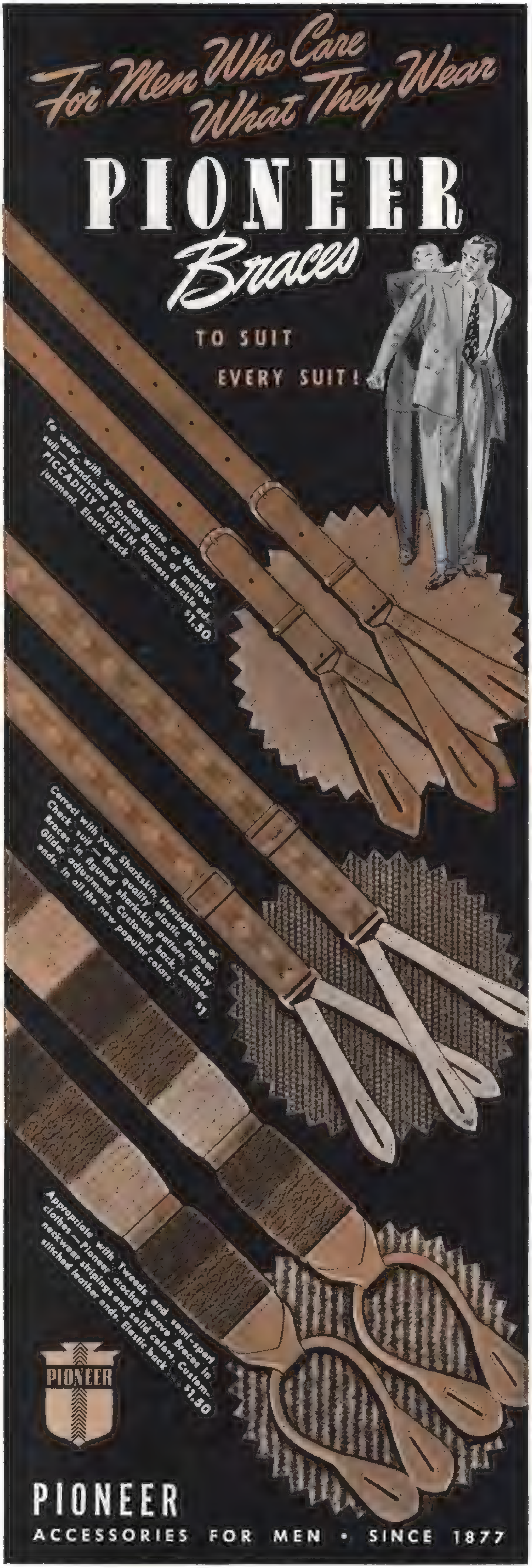

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To wear with your Gabardine or Worsted suit—handsome Pioneer Braces of mellow PICCADILLY PIGSKIN. Harness buckle adjustment. Elastic back $1.50

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ACCESSORIES FOR MEN • SINCE 1877

## Peter Cartwright's Windies

*Continued from page 92*

he told how it looked, not much as American rivers go, "and there was Arab women washing clothes in it!" A gasp went up from our Baptist ladies. He smiled a little.

Later in front of the general store he confided that for about eight cents our money he had had his laundry done in the Jordan. "I figured the Lord would understand," he added slyly. "Specially if cleanliness is next to godliness, as they say."

All that was in the early years when he was still new to our town and people wouldn't believe everything he said. "Peter Cartwright's windies!" they'd scoff. But little by little, he won everybody over. Sometimes he made short trips to the nearest city about eighty miles away. He used to drive in with his truck gardening to sell. We missed him even for those short trips.

Once he took sick with malaria. But no one knew about it until he was nearly well again. Then he sent down word with a neighbor to say he was poorly but would be around soon. He doctored for himself like all the rest of us around here.

I went with Bud Beasley to call on him. He must have seen the old lizzie jogging up the road because he came out of the house, leaning on his stick, and talked to us in the yard. I was surprised because he never even asked us to come in and set. Well, old men who live off by themselves without a hand to help them get crotchety that way, and we thought nothing of it. Bud recalled that old Peter'd never asked any of us in to his place in all these years. Still there were other neighbors who didn't ask anybody in on account of their wives wouldn't approve. It didn't seem so strange.

When Peter got through with that malaria he had the whitest hair you ever did see. There were only a few reddish streaks left in his beard. Of course, he was about sixty then. And he needed that stick now. His eyes were deep in their holes but they were still good and alive; only his shoulders had a stoop in them. But he kept on working that farm alone, and when he walked down the road his step was slower but his stride was free.

Every spare minute he had he was down in front of the general store and you should have heard some of his yarns. Once in a while some smart aleck would come along and try to check up, but it was no use. Peter knew what he was talking about.

I remember Peter Cartwright telling about a trip to Yokohama. He told about the singing-girls in a tea house where he and his mates had spent a night. The new schoolteacher was sitting there and he began to ask questions about Japan. Old Peter, he answered right and left.

The schoolteacher shook his head. "You must have been there," he declared.

Peter looked at him quietly, then tapped the ashes from his pipe. "That's something no man can take away from me," he said.

"I know you was there," said the schoolteacher, "because I was born there myself when my folks were missionaries."

The schoolteacher used to talk to him for hours after that. Once folks tried old Peter and found him true they were apt to be the best friends he had.

That's the way it was up to last winter. We had one of them whooperdo storms and the whole town, the hills, the valley, everything was buried in snow. After the storm died down the town dug out. When the square and the houses around it were in the clear a gang of us went from farm to farm to lend a hand to folks who might be snowed in.

We found the Tompkinsons half-froze to death and, with that to spur us on, we pushed ahead until we had gone to every farmhouse around town. Suddenly somebody said, "How about old Peter Cartwright?" Well, we hadn't even thought of him but we started out with a whoop and a will and pretty soon we were in sight of old Peter's place.

The whole little house was buried. We went to work and dug a path straight toward his door. Someone went to the barn but his mules were all right fine. Then we scraped away more snow. Before we reached the threshold the door opens and out comes Peter, corncob in mouth, stick in hand, a muffler about his beard and neck, and his coat and mittens on.

We raised a shout when we saw him. We'd thought the old man might have froze himself. He smiled when he saw us, but I thought he wasn't none too friendly the way he stood in his doorway.

"Ain't you goin' to ask us in, Peter?" Charlie Harris asked.

The old man didn't answer a while. Then he said, "I'll bring

you all a drink of corn." With that he turns, goes in and swings the door behind him.

Now I know old men are crotchety and you don't get sore at their ways. But Charlie Harris is naturally a rough fellow. "I come to dig him out!" he shouted at the rest of us, "and he slams the door in my face!" With that he threw down his shovel, pushed the door open and marched in. We stomped in after him.

There was no one in the kitchen, just a table, a lamp, a loaf of bread and an open book. I yelled, "Peter!" He started to come out of the other room, a jug of corn in his hand, but the lot of us had pushed in there before he could get out and close the door.

Well, I tell you I never saw anything like it. From floor to ceiling on each wall there was shelves of books. Books, books and more books. In red, in green, in black, with gilt on them and bound in leather. There was a box of books on the bed and more on a chair. I saw old Peter go green as though he's just got frostbite. He set down the jug of corn. He began to talk but no words came.

"Look at it!" Charlie Harris yelled. "Books on China, Ja-pan, Russia, everywhere. Why, that's where the little old boy gets all those windies he tell us!"

Peter wouldn't talk. He just shook his head and stood there leaning on his stick. His white hair standing up in a fan on his head and his beard spread out on his chest. The rest of us began pulling books out and looking at them. "Here's a picture of the Pyramids!" someone yelled.

Everybody laughed and slapped Peter on the back. "The old buzzard!" I remember I said that.

He never said a word himself. He didn't even show that he heard us. He just stood there, his head down, a strange hurt look in his eyes, the corncob dead. Then we were going, laughing and hollering and pounding each other on the back.

"Don't read so much, Peter!" Charlie cackled as we ran down the path in the yard. I remember he came to the door and watched us, the cold breath pluming from his mouth, his eyes burning.

There was more snow soon and we didn't think anything about it that Peter didn't show up in town. We didn't worry because we knew he could get his supplies from the next town. He was probably waiting for the story to blow over. I didn't blame him: that's what I would have done myself. But I knew the story wouldn't blow over. There were too many of us in town waiting to give him the hee-haw when he came in. We sat about the stove in the general store, not saying much.

One day I got a letter postmarked from a town in the north of the state. It was from Peter Cartwright. The message was brief. He had sold his mules and land and had left our part of the country. His books, which he said had taken years to collect on his trips into the city, he was leaving for the county school library.

"I am doing this," he wrote, "because I believe in equal opportunities for all."

Well, the books were taken from the farmhouse and given to the school library, and sometimes curious folks went and borrowed them. I remember I borrowed a book on Patagonia myself, but somehow I never got to read through all of it. In the square, in front of the store, we used to talk about old Peter and wonder what he was doing up north.

"Likely telling windies!" Charlie Harris chortled.

But nobody laughed. I guess we all realized it then. Old Peter Cartwright had had the gift. Like he said: It was something no one could take away from him.

About a month ago a stranger come around to the store and asked for Peter Cartwright. We said he'd moved up north. Charlie Harris, who's been taking the credit for finding him out, couldn't sit still and he had to tell the stranger the whole story. When Charlie finished the other man shrugged and pulled out an envelope of government papers.

"I'm from the Navy Department, see," he said. He showed us an official order. Said Peter Cartwright was to get a medal from the Navy for saving the life of a mate thirty years ago at Ghizeh in Egypt. You could have blown us over with your breath.

Charlie looked up suspiciously. "Thirty years is a long time."

The Navy fellow shrugged. "I guess it takes the truth a long time to come out."

Well, there you are. Old Peter hadn't been a blabbermouth after all. In fact, all those years he hadn't told us about saving anybody's life. One way to look at it: What difference did it really make what he had told us? It was the truth for him, and it was the truth for us. But what folks in our town never could understand was, if all those things really happened to him, what for did he ever want all those books? Now that *is* a question! ⧺

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## Make 'Em Substitute

*Continued from page 34*

action and excitement. It is noteworthy that the game has "come back," simply by elimination of the center-jump which inserted speed—without returning to the old rough-and-tumble status.

For the delight of the crowd and the speeding up of the game, the center-jump was removed from basketball a few years ago, and while this change has caused a definite hardship on certain outstanding players whom the coaches desired to keep in the game, it does work to the advantage of many. The rules as applied today make it almost an issue that the coach should recall and re-enter a player at least twice during a game. If the coach neglects these substitutions, he risks his players' health.

As a result of this danger, there has been considerable agitation against the new game which so satisfies the customers. However, I believe cures can be found for these evils without going back to the center-jump with a recurrence of all its disadvantages. The real cure is enforced substitutions, thus forcing the coaches to develop larger squads and give more of the school's students the opportunity to compete, with the consequent value of the betterment of their condition.

It might be argued that these large squads might be a hardship except in the large universities where the game makes plenty of money. That is not necessarily an objection, however, since most small school teams now travel by bus or private car.

Rockne popularized the big squads in football with his famous "Shock Troops" in which he put on the field at the start of a game a supposedly inferior "Second" team, which was in fact as good a defensive unit as the varsity. This strong defensive team went in as a unit to take the shock of the opposing team's offense at the start of the game when it was freshest.

The solution of basketball's present wear-and-tear problem in the new whirlwind game, as I see it, is not in a return to the center-jump in any shape or form, but in the installation of a system of enforced substitution. Permit a given player to remain in the game only for a fixed time. This would force a coach to develop two or three teams, just as Rockne shrewdly developed and inaugurated his famous Shock Troops system. This new approach to basketball already is being amply demonstrated in the present basketball squad at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station where, instead of five or ten men being kept in top condition by the game, three full teams have been groomed by coach Lieutenant J. Russell Cooke.

Lieutenant Cooke, with a group of ex-college stars on his roster sends in five men at a time. I've worked his games, and the only squawk I heard was from Currie, former Northwestern star, who said he didn't get enough to do—a novelty in view of the talk about basketball being murder.

Under such conditions of prosperity in the game, let me say that instead of going back to the center-jump, this is what basketball needs: The rules should be revised to state that no player can remain in action more than seven minutes, because that is usually when the exhaustion period comes, as I have noticed from time-outs. Add to this unlimited substitution, which has worked out successfully in football.

To go back to the center-jump would mean that charging play, so predominant in the coaching of the boys to secure this ball in the past would return, and more injuries have come from the tip-off play than from any other play.

Pursuant to the objection that the present game tires the players, let us bear in mind that the armies of today are drilled and trained before they are placed on the battle field. At a time of crucial crisis, the general does not ask if they are exhausted. But he can bring up reserves to replace the first line. If they can do this in the army, they certainly can do it in basketball where they have men on the bench. Also by replacing men, you are always giving the spectators fresh men.

Basketball may need, and undoubtedly will need, more rules changes before it reaches a new point of stabilization; but there never was much prospect of making progress by going back. #

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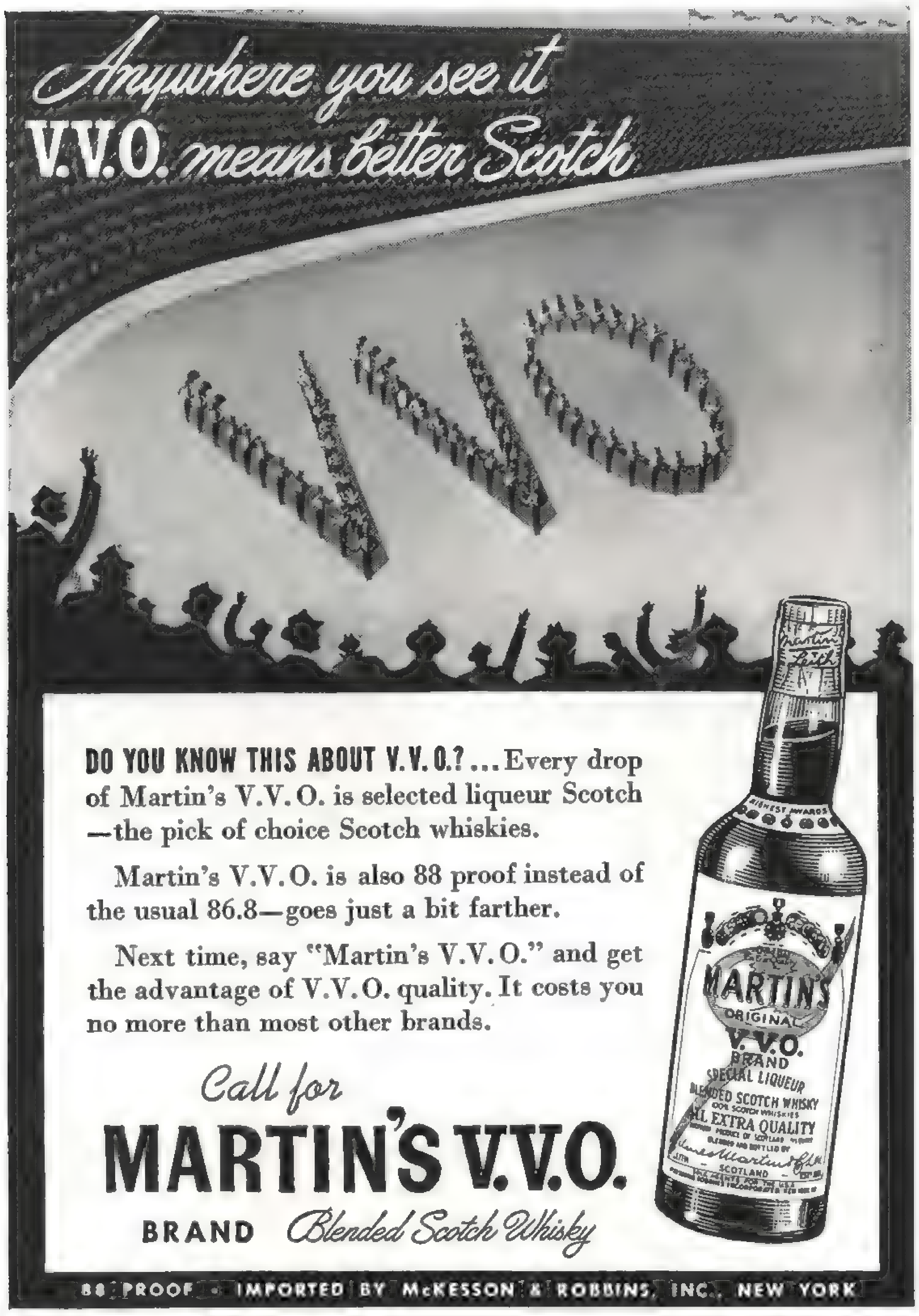

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## The Wildest Tiger

*Continued from page 46*

former featherweight now bulking 250 pounds, who hastily got out life-size posters of the principals announcing that Baltimore was to see its first championship fight since the early days of America.

Greb's journalistic benefactor was waiting on the station platform in Baltimore when the champ piled off the train three weeks later with a brace of ladies he slapdab introduced as Hollywood glamor propositions but who were something less than that.

"They're for you," Greb said, nodding to the girls.

"No, thanks," the columnist said, "I don't want to go to the sneezer on the Mann Act."

Neither did Greb, when the possibility occurred to him. Whereat he left the ladies, looking very forlorn, standing on the platform.

On the way to the hotel the columnist said:

"You damn fool, why did you sign for a title defense when Franklin offered to show you at over-the-weight?"

"I didn't," Greb said soberly.

"You did so," the columnist said. "I saw your wire and you volunteered to make 160 pounds and that automatically makes it a title defense."

"Anyhow," Greb said, dismissing the matter in the same calm manner in which he stuck his thumb into an opponent's eye, "I ain't defending my title and taking a chance on losing it on a home-town decision, or a foul, or somethin', for a measly three thousand potatoes."

The columnist withdrew for a moment. Then he asked:

"Do you know the date of the fight?"

"Sometime this week," Greb said.

"Tomorrow night," the columnist said. "You barely get in under the wire."

"I never run out on a fight yet," Greb grumbled; "I'm reliable."

"If you don't defend your title tomorrow night," the columnist warned, "the boxing commissioner may question your reliability."

Greb's jowls were beefy and he looked woefully out of shape.

"Been training hard?" the columnist asked, with implications.

"Between us," Greb said, "no; I ain't had a glove on in three weeks. But why should I worry? I've beat Kiser eleven times already."

"Then," the columnist snapped, "why are you worrying about tomorrow night for?"

Greb realized he had led with his chin and refused to answer. But he finally came out of his shell and agreed to talk with Franklin and the Chairman of the Maryland Boxing Commission. Between long periods of small talk Greb asked numerous concessions but refused to grant any himself. The boxing commissioner sought to break the monotony.

"What'cha weigh, Greb?" he asked.

"Hundred-seventy-three and a half," Greb replied.

"Humph!" the commissioner said. "Thirteen and a half pounds over the middleweight limit."

Greb squirmed.

"What's Kiser weigh?" he put in.

"Hundred-eighty," the commissioner said, obviously pulling Greb's leg, because Kiser had peeled down to 158½.

"Sonofabitch!" Greb yelled.

"What does that make you?" the commissioner chided.

It was getting late and all parties concerned were fighting off sleep. Finally, having conceded nothing, Greb fell over on the bed and went to sleep.

Came nine o'clock that evening and Greb sauntered into his dressing room, his hat pulled down to hide his cocked right eye into which many a retaliatory thumb had been stuck. With him was Al Foss, a referee he had picked up between trains the day before in Pittsburgh.

"The best referee in the world," Greb said, by way of subtly announcing that his own private referee would be the third man in the ring.

But the commissioner saw through the thin veil.

"Charley Short," he said, "is going to handle the bout."

Greb said no.

The commissioner said yes. He harangued Greb but Greb was adamant. Exasperated, the commissioner asked Greb why he objected to Short as the referee. Greb said he was afraid Short would let Kiser claim the title on a foul. He said Kiser was pretty cute inside those ropes and might go down yelling "foul" and that Short would award him Greb's title.

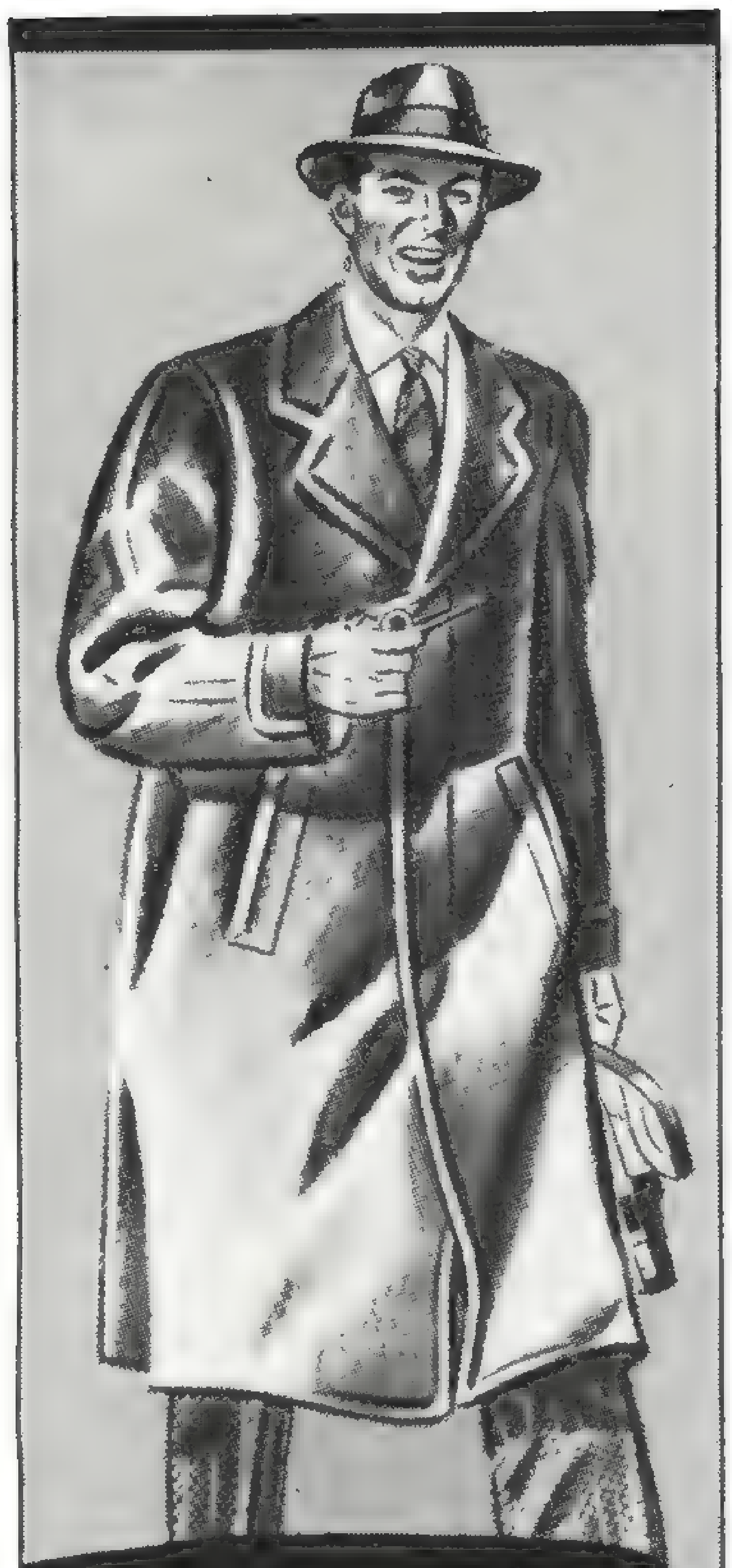
"Is that all that's bothering you?" the commissioner moaned.

Greb said, "Sure."

The commissioner turned to Short and said, "If Kiser goes down count him out, regardless of the circumstances."

"O. K." Short said. "I'll count him out even if Greb kicks him on the chin."

"Does that suit you?" the com-



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missioner asked Greb.

"No," Greb said. "I still don't trust Short."

"Okay" the commissioner said. "I'll bar you from boxing everywhere I can extend the ban. Promotor Franklin will refund the money to the fans and you may have a lawsuit on your hands."

He moved toward the door, but Greb called him back and said, "Can't we compromise?"

"What the hell," the commissioner bawled, "have I been trying to do ever since you hit town?"

Greb then suggested that roly-poly Franklin, whose blood pressure was so high it had broken most of the Johns Hopkins pressure gauges, be permitted to referee. Franklin finally agreed and the commissioner begrudgingly consented. There was still the matter of Greb's weight, since he was 13½ pounds over the middleweight limit and the customers had paid to see a championship contest. But the commissioner said he wouldn't be too technical.

As Greb hustled up the aisle to the ring wild-eyed spectators grabbed at his dressing gown in vain attempts to tear off souvenirs.

The bell rang for Round One.

Greb stood in his corner waiting for Kiser to come across the ring. They clashed, with Greb holding onto the top rope with his right hand, while with his left, extended at full length, he proceeded to carve his initials and other fancy designs on Kiser's face as he came close. Greb wasn't in shape and was stalling. Rolls of fat bulged over his green trunks. He was easily winded. It was a messy fight.

Came, after much puffing and fumbling, the twelfth round. Kiser closed in and Greb gave him the thumb in the left eye. Touché! Greb was beginning to look good. He pushed Kiser's head back with a long right and as Kiser fell in and sought to hold, Greb gave him the thumb in the other eye. Kiser protested. Referee Franklin moved Greb away and inspected Kiser's eyes. Finding them still in their sockets, which was a surprise, he slapped Greb on the back, signalling him to continue. Greb leaped up in the air and flung a sweeping left hook that caught Kiser off balance and floored him.

It was just the moment Franklin, ready to drop from exhaustion, was looking for. He grabbed one of Greb's hands, without starting a count over the fallen Kiser, and held it aloft. It was a technical knockout for Greb.

Kiser, unhurt, scrambled to his feet as his belligerent handlers swarmed into the ring. Greb's men swarmed in, too. But Greb was on the *qui vive* and ushered his men out before hell could break loose. As he looped his left arm around Franklin's beefy structure and scampered across the ring, the limp arbiter looked back and yelled, "Winner, and still champion—Greb!"

Kiser's men, bearing water buckets, took after them. But the fleet Greb, still holding onto his quarry, galloped off to safety.

It is considerably less than understatement to say there was bedlam in Greb's dressing room, what with the Kiser contingent on the outside trying to break the door in and the boxing commissioner on the inside demanding an explanation for Franklin's strange actions. Franklin pulled himself together and said: "Gents, if I hadn't a took steps to end it when I did, I'd'a collapsed myself. I was plumb wore out." This explanation seemed as good as any and Franklin wobbled off to a Turkish bath to try to forget.

Greb put on his clothes and came outside. Two thugs motioned him and a handler into a cab and drove to the outskirts of Baltimore, where they opened the door and, hands moving inferentially in bulging hip pockets, said, "Git, and don't come back!"

Greb looked at his trembling handler, and said, "I fought their boy and beat him and now they toss me out'a town. I never seen such ingratitude."

Yet that was the Greb who, after Kid Norfolk blinded him forever in the right eye and dumped him hard on the ring floor, arose on unsteady legs, lowered his head of pain, charged, and gave the Kid the pasting of his pugilistic life. A short time later an injury to the other eye left it with less than half sight.

The men he fought after that constituted a roster of the fistic greats of the time—Mike and Tommy Gibbons; Jack Dillon; Mike McTigue; Zulu Kid; Tunney and Johnny Wilson for the light-heavyweight and middleweight titles, respectively, which Greb won with the greatest of ease; Tommy Loughran, Battling Levinsky, Billy Miske, Gunboat Smith, and at least 275 others. Greb just shuffled out of his corner, yanked his trunks up, snorted, spat, charged, and exploded in their faces. He spotted Big Bill Brennan fifty pounds in weight and punched him full of holes so often that Brennan decided to go after bigger game, drew Dempsey, and gave him fits until the champ rallied to save his title with a lucky punch in the twelfth.

And when Greb was thirty-two and so blind he couldn't see ten feet in front of him he came down from 175 pounds to defend his middleweight crown, entered the ring with a fever from weight-making and whipped the then welterweight champion, Mickey Walker, so thoroughly that twice during the closing rounds Walker stood crying, pleading with Greb not to knock him out.

Now the wildest tiger is off yonder in Elysian fields and his pals miss the thrill he gave them when he was in there clawing. Even in Baltimore, where in the short period of twenty-four hours he became a Marathon headache, they would like to see him carving his initials and other fancy designs on Fay Kiser's face again. ###

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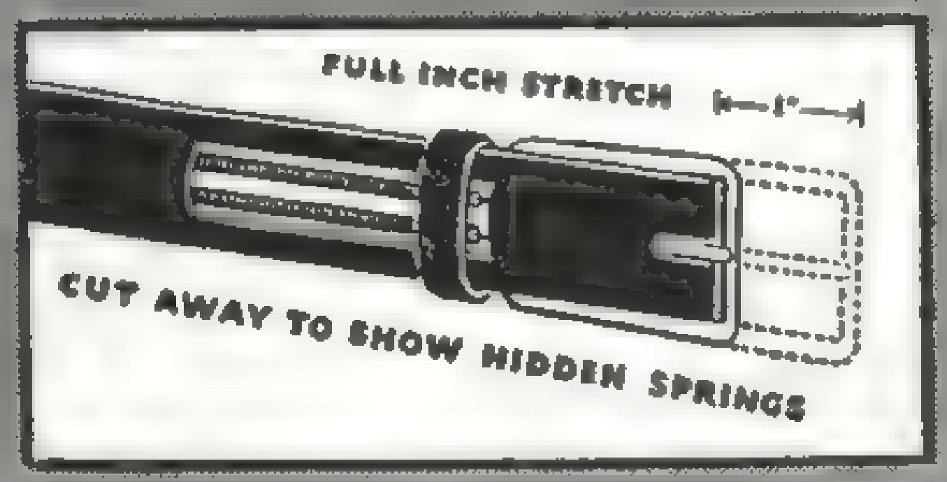
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## The Sporting Scene

*Continued from page 51*

of progress than the men have made in their paddling.

* * *

The Professional Golfers' Association in making their choice of a second group of names to add to those of Jones, Hagen, Ouimet and Sarazen in the pros' Hall of Fame, reached far back to bring up memories of Willie Anderson.

With golfing competition constantly getting keener, chances are remote that any golfer will equal Anderson's record of three consecutive wins of the U. S. Open title. Anderson won four National Open titles, those of 1901, '03, '04 and '05. He won the Western Open Championship, when the title vied with the U. S. crown as a glory, in 1902, '04, '08 and '09.

Willie was a son of Tom Anderson, one of the earlier pro golfer immigrants from Scotia. Tom, Jr., his brother, never applied himself to competition as did Willie who was strictly business and taciturn in the storybook Scotch manner, on a golf course.

True that Willie didn't have much competition in numbers when he was at his prime, but it was tight competition of closely matched men, on courses that, in his early years, were not more than trimmed and bunkered pastures.

There were only 35 in the field at the Chicago Golf Club in 1897 when Willie played his first national event and finished second to Joe Lloyd. His first national title was won from a field of 60, his second, third and fourth from fields of 89, 71, and 83 respectively.

Willie was third in the 1898 field of 49 and fifth in 1899 when the field grew to 81 players.

Venerable pros say that Willie was over-awed by the presence of Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor in the 1900 U. S. Open Championship. Others must have suffered likewise. Vardon and Taylor finished one-two in that competition.

Willie overcame that awe of British champions when he defeated the late Davie Brown in a play-off for the 1903 U. S. Open win at Baltusrol. Davie had won the British Open of 1886 and was not to be regarded lightly. A modern parallel in competitive performance is that of Gene Sarazen who won the 1922 U. S. Open and lost in a play-off for the same title 18 years later.

Anderson's first national triumph was won at Myopia in a play-off with his friend the late Alex Smith. Alex was as merry as Willie was dour, but in their golf that round there was only one stroke difference. Willie got an 85 in the decisive added round.

Willie began to fade from the championship picture in 1906 at Onwentsia where he was pro. In a disappointing performance he contributed to establishing the tradition that a home player doesn't do well in a national championship held on his home course. Willie further strengthened that tradition by not scoring well in the 1910 Open at the Philadelphia Cricket Club where he was pro.

This pioneer of American golf notables is buried in Philadelphia not many miles away from the residence of Johnny McDermott, first home-bred professional to win the U. S. Open Championship. McDermott won in 1911 and 1912.

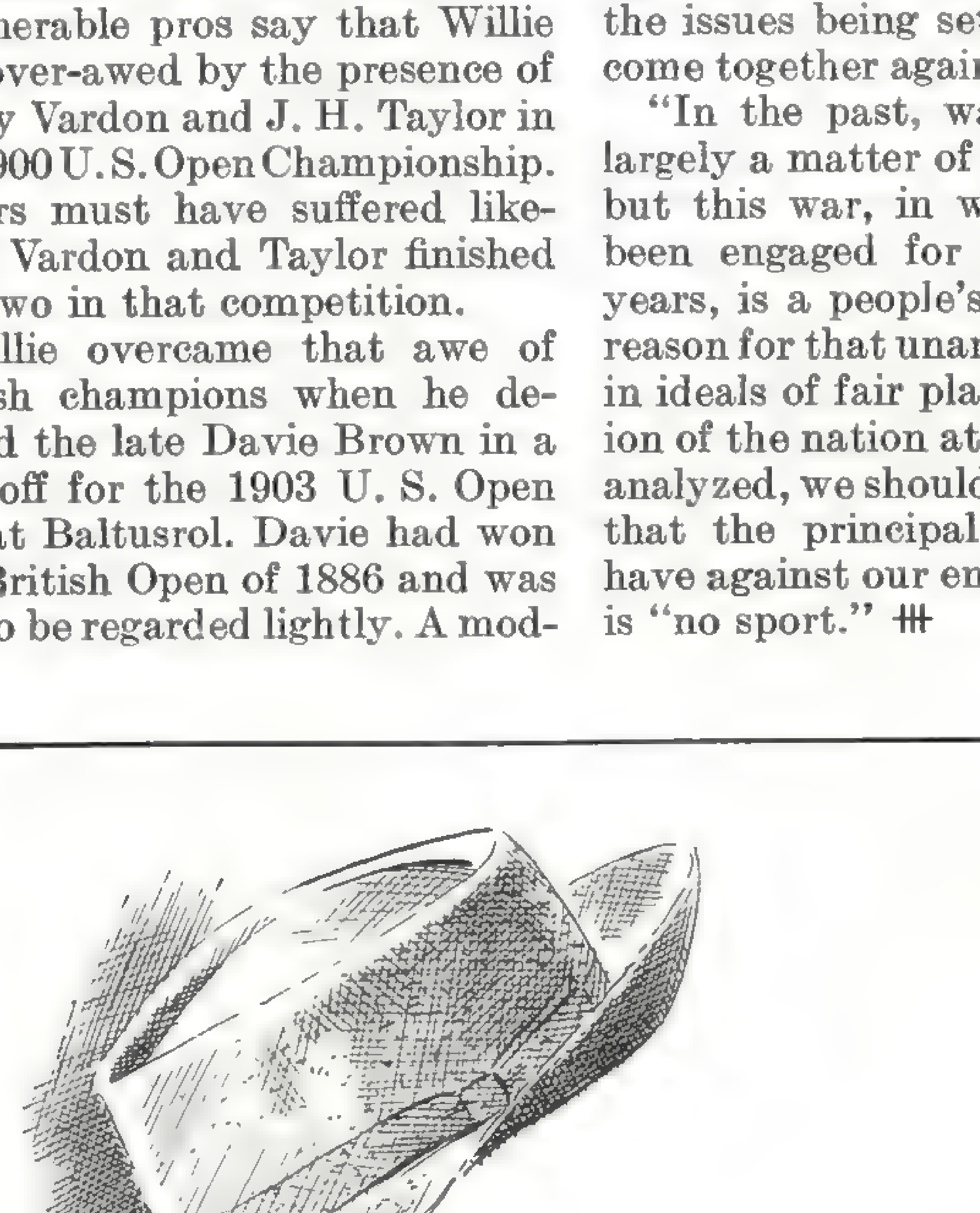
Third of the pros' Hall of Fame additions is Chick Evans, who became a one-man Hall of Fame by starting a Caddy Scholarship Fund that has helped twenty-three youths make conspicuous records as university students.

Another famous golfing figure is Jerome Travers, National Amateur Champion in 1907, '08, '12 and '13. Travers also captured the Open as an amateur in 1915.

An expression of the British, from the *Sports Trade* of London:

"In the past we have fought against countries, and afterwards the issues being settled, we have come together again as friends.

"In the past, wars have been largely a matter of Governments, but this war, in which we have been engaged for the past two years, is a people's war, and the reason for that unanimity is found in ideals of fair play. If the opinion of the nation at large could be analyzed, we should probably find that the principal objection we have against our enemy is that he is "no sport." ⵌ



Rough-textured porkpie hat with matching felt band appropriately complements country clothes.

## Tapping Our Resources

*Continued from page 80*

ture of self-sufficiency. Voltaire's advice to an inhabitant of a troubled world, "Cultivate your garden," is being splendidly followed.

Strictly an American specialty is the California "grape brandy," established in popular affections a generation or so ago and still in the forefront of the parade. Bouncingly fruity and retaining quite a load of the lusciousness of California wines, this brandy is distilled by modern methods which assure clean soundness beyond the peradventure of a bungle. Being an unblended product it can qualify for government bonding if made at 100 proof and put away under U. S. lock and key for four years: the de luxe examples are of that category.

Probably the earliest type of brandy that ever saw the light of acclaim in America was apple brandy, gracer of the groaning boards and inglenooks of our Colonial forebears. Probably, too, its first homemade versions were pretty crude—something you gulped in order to feel less nervous about those Indian war whoops. But in due time the amateur makers became outclassed by men of skill and wisdom, and during the lifetime of the signers of the Declaration of Independence competent apple brandy establishments were set up, at least one of which is still functioning cheerily today with prized pot stills. Indeed, standards have climbed a long way from the humble farmhouse applejack of yore. Present-day distillation is of the most scientifically careful sort, using the fermented juice of sound, ripe apples, too good for teacher. Aging in white oak casks imparts the natural color we admire. In case you've missed out on this delicacy, let me remind you it is not only an agreeable companion for the demitasse hour but also crops up during the meal in all sorts of meat and fowl sauces, desserts, and preserves—not to mention its versatility in mixed drinks. For instance, the Stone Fence: 1 jigger Apple Brandy, 2 dashes Angostura, stirred in tall glass with 2 ice cubes; fill with cider. And the

COFFEE COCKTAIL

½ jigger Apple Brandy
½ jigger Port Wine
1 egg yolk

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Flurry of nutmeg on top.

After a few sips of this liquor, the hardship of not being able to obtain imported Calvados (Normandy's apple spirit) becomes imperceptible.

Quite a range of palate adventures is to be had from the American brandies distilled from juices of other fruits. The states of Oregon and Washington have especially bestirred themselves in utilizing their berry-bush and orchard bounty, producing "potent memories" of fresh-picked loganberries, blackberries, currants, pears, peaches, prunes, cherries, apricots. Not to mention apples. The steadily expanding industry of American-made cordials leans on them heavily for supplies. And luckiest of all is that the quality is outstanding—for cordials owe their appeal to subtle opulence. Moreover, there is slim chance of fooling the ingredient selectors now in charge of making these cordials on this side of the water, as they happen to be old hands, using secret formulas from great liqueur *fabriques* of France, Holland, Belgium, and Scandinavia.

### Songs They Never Wrote

*Harold Ickes: "Love Is The Sweetest Thing."*
*Westbrook Pegler: "Smile Darn Ya, Smile."*
*Winston Churchill: "Let's Call The Whole Thing Off."*
*Joe Louis: "I Saw Stars."*
*Rudolph Hess: "I'm Going Home Again Kathleen."*
*A. Hitler: "I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire."*

When it comes to fruit wines—America ranks not merely the bold pioneer but nowadays as the expert performer of flavor miracles. Besides the two West Coast commonwealths, down there in Mrs. Rhett Butler's backyard they pop them into the fermenter, then into cooperage, and finally into bottles which when uncorked let out a perfume that creeps right up your nostrils.

And get a load of what Ohio is up to. Cribbing a happy thought from days of yore, vintners in the Ohio valley gather wild elderberries beside the water courses, and wild cherries from dale and hill, and turn them into wines. Also they draw on the mountains of Kentucky for wild blackberries. To contact the distinctiveness of these Americana on the right basis, they should be pre-chilled, or tall-glassed with a cargo of cracked ice.

As regards American wines-of-the-grape, an invaluable factor is vintners with European background, bringing stores of knowledge and checking it against the newest developments over here. This idea swappage has been comparable to the gland that was put into the arts and crafts of England in the seventeenth century by the influx of Huguenot emigrés from France with their skill at weaving, cabinetmaking, et cetera. California looked good to the winewise—Rhinelanders, Burgundians, Clareteers, Chianticians. Typical of them all was an old Frenchman who died a couple of years ago aged eighty-four after laying out and cultivating to the last tendril a 500-acre wine estate which is one of the prestige places today, exerting a stimulating influence on standards. And now we have the enterprising activity of a more recent set of Old Worlders of anti-Vichy sentiments, bearing names long honored on wine lists, who are turning their talents to the selection and perfection of American vineyard offerings.

I had a chance to glean some notion of the wizardry among us when I tasted glasses of two versions of a famous brand of Sparkling Burgundy, one bottle of which had come from abroad, and the other modestly labeled "California Sparkling Wine." For the life of me I couldn't have told the difference between them. Others who made the same test *thought* they could—only to guess wrong as to which glass was which. And how was this facsimile achieved? Simply by having the original maker do his wine picking from America's enormous gamut of resources, just as a great Continental chef can put together his most vaunted dish by using the ingredients he finds ready to hand in our teeming markets.

And that, gentle sirs, is the story, too, of American Vermouths and aperitif wines, including the supposedly doomed-to-disappear Dubonnet, now springing forth lustily and fragrantly as part of the output of one of the eminent estates of the West Coast.

Nor is any grim stoicism in store for us regarding such special fancies as Vodka, Aquavit, and authorized editions of Absinthe. Ensconced in a celebrated plant in New England's own Hartford, a Russian of an old Vodka dynasty showed me his pipe-organ-style still through which the crystalline spirit travels slowly on its charcoaled way to ultimate, authentic flavor and zing. Elsewhere, Scandinavian secrets are no less earnestly unfolded in carawaying things to a Viking's taste. And genuine Pernod and other drippers are unflaggingly emitted. Even syrups, such as Grenadine, Orgeat (almond tasty), and so on, have their future in good hands, assuring continuance of these mixture standbys.

Indeed, no country could be more suds-sufficient than this one. It's almost a pity we can't get hold of a few samples of those much-touted importeds from Europe; the way our own best brewwares would show them up would be just too devastating. Instead of merely making up for the lack of them, we've gone past them in quality—not counting the scientific cleanliness of service.

Fitting together all these cheery pieces of our national liquid map, we behold an array of resources vast and varied. Which means that we'll always be able to toast America in American. ⧺

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# Pledge of the Dibras

*Continued from page 55*

the wrong thing."

"Did you say the wrong thing when you gave me your Bessa to marry me on Sintu Dumitru?"

"No. I might have said what you wanted me to say that night to please you, even if I didn't believe that you were right." Kuma tried to apologize.

"No, Kuma. I cried because I was sorry to have tempted you to lie to me. After you left I was proud of you. I know how much you love me, yet—"

"I wouldn't have lied to you altogether," Kuma said, squeezing her hand and bowing his head. "I will go home now and come back after nightfall."

The air was rent by a distant salvo of cannons. When the rumbling echo had died against the mountainside, Kuma said, "There will be a full moon tonight."

On the way back home, Kuma stopped with several other men to talk about the war between the Italianos and the Grekos. It mattered little to most of them who won. They were agreed that it was only little more disagreeable to be conquered by the Italians than by the Greeks.

"A plague on both of them," Kuma's mother said. "The booming of the cannon sours the milk of the goats."

The rest of that day and all through the night, the cannon boomed and rumbled. The Dibra clan sat in front of their doors and listened. No. They weren't against war. There had always been a war going on in or about Albania. Half of the male population in every generation had always been killed at war with some power or other or in rebellion against a chief that wasn't agreeable to all. But this kind of war, in which one didn't see the enemy, repelled them and made them hate both warring sides. It was one thing to die like a man with your eyes on your enemy, and another thing to be murdered by something that fell out of the sky. What most of them were really thinking at the time was the fact that Stefan Dibra, one of their own, was fighting in the army of the last conqueror of Albania. Of course he had been a soldier when Albania had surrendered to Italy, but he could have done what hundreds of others had done and deserted rather than serve with the enemy.

The Sunday before Sintu Dumitru, the menfolk of Kuma's family dressed in their best, the newest boots, the whitest petticoats over their skintight white trousers, and rode their caparisoned little horses to the house of Leva's father to demand the surrender of the bride.

Following custom, Leva's folk refused to surrender her. Some of her younger cousins had climbed up on the roof and, though empty handed, they threatened to fight Kuma's menfolk should they attempt to take Leva by force.

While they were arguing and threatening each other, Kuma stole into the house, threw the screaming bride over his shoulders and rode away protected by his kinsmen, who shot their pistols in the air and pursued by Leva's cousins, who clamored for the restitution of the girl.

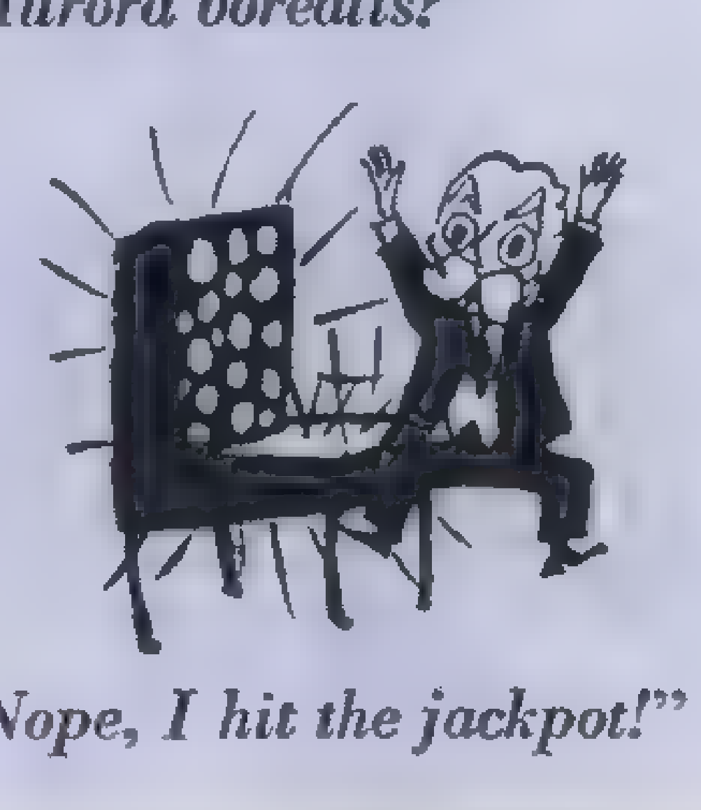
During all this make-believe abduction, carried out according to the thousand-year-old custom, the cannon of the two enemies of Albania boomed incessantly; death rained from the sky, and thick black smoke from a sea of fires down the valley billowed up the mountain path.

The wedding procession had almost reached the foot of the mountain when it was met by a long line of men, women and children, guided and herded by the Popa, the village priest, who was still in his vestments, and all of them crying that the church was burning and all the houses of the village of Devoli were on fire.

"We are on our way to you for shelter," the Popa said to the Staroste. How they could house five hundred and more people in a village that counted fewer than two dozen houses, no one could tell. But to refuse shelter to even an enemy was as great a crime as to break one's Bessa.

"Welcome to the village of the Dibras" several voices said, while Kuma and the menfolk behind him rode on, past the line of bewildered women and children, Ghegs and Tosks, Musslims, and Catholics, Orthodox and Protestant, enemies to the death until an hour ago, who would again kill each other on sight after the common danger should be over.

*"... and then all of a sudden it seemed as though the whole universe had lit up."*
*"Aurora borealis?"*



*"Nope, I hit the jackpot!"*

Picking up the youngest children on their horses, Kuma and his kin rode behind the frightened villagers up the mountain path to the Dibra huts. After the older women and smallest children had been sheltered in the huts, the men went to the meeting place in the clearing of the woods.

The Staroste had one look at Leva who was still on the horse in back of Kuma, and said to the Popa: "We were on our way to the church. There is the matter of a Bessa to be settled, Father. Keep your vestments on. There is no time to lose. Someone will give you a gun after the wedding. Be quick about it. The cannon boom is coming closer."

And the Popa was quick. Kuma and Leva were hardly off the horse when the priest offered them the crucifix to kiss and declared them man and wife.

"Go where you can be alone for a few moments," the Popa advised them, but his voice was drowned by a salvo that shook the whole mountain and a sudden cry from a hundred mouths: "Stefan Dibra is here."

"Yes, it is I, Stefan Dibra," a man in rags, bareheaded and with streaks of blood running down his face, said. "While I was in Koritza the tale came to me as to what you intended to do to wipe out the shame I have brought upon your heads. Then I was sentenced to death for having thrown away my rifle. But I asked my captain, who is an Albanian, to let me go and see my people before I am shot. I gave him my Bessa to come back and he let me go. The Italians are coming to take this village from the other side of the mountain. Let those who want to avenge the shame of the Dibras ride down now, go around the mountain, and take them from the rear. You'll drown your shame in a river of blood."

Then all the men were on their horses and bending to give their women folk a last kiss.

"I would have so much wanted to continue the seed of you in these mountains," Leva whispered in Kuma's ear as she kissed him.

"Why is he going?" Stefan asked, pointing at Kuma. "He is not yet sixteen."

"He is," Leva cried. "And who will dare call him a liar?"

And now Stefan, for whose crime they were all going to die, took the lead as they were riding down the narrow mountain path. Within sight of the burning church, Tirana, Stefan's sister, suddenly rode up beside him.

"Why did you join the army of the enemy?" she asked.

"It is too long a tale. But all my sorrow has turned into pride of my people now."

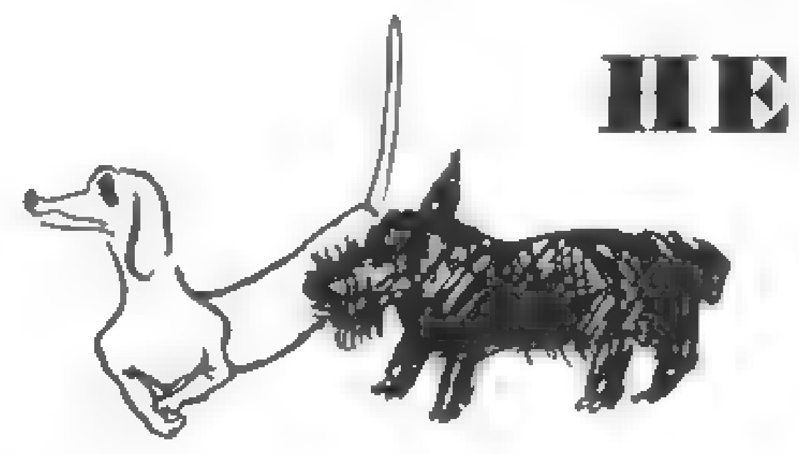
They rode on silently for a few moments. Suddenly Stefan turned. His sister had raised her gun to his chest.

"No, don't do that. I have to go back to my Albanian captain and give myself up to be shot. If I don't come back to him, no Bessa of a Dibra will ever be trusted. He is a Gheg and a Musslim."

The shame of the Dibras was wiped out that night in blood that flowed from Koritza to Devoli. And the honor of the Dibras was upheld by one man standing with his eyes open before an Italian firing squad commanded by an Albanian captain.

Should you ever be in the Albanian mountains, in a year, ten years, or fifty years from now, listen carefully, and you will hear a song in which this tale will be unfolded. ⧺

## HEREDITY



by **PHIL STACK**

*Now listen, Otto, let's talk this thing over*
*You must have something screwy with your glands,*
*A year ago I thought I was in clover,*
*And then you started making rash demands;*
*You said that if I granted you my heather*
*You'd never want another girl of mine,*
*And then the next time that we go together*
*You gave that Spitz I had a wicked line!*

*What happened to my pretty Irish terrier?*
*What happened to that honey of a Chow?*
*Your motto seems to be: "The more the merrier"*
*And I am gettin' sick of it . . . and how!*
*Don't think that I'm a whiner or belittler—*
*But, listen, hound, you're gettin' worse than Hitler!*

## Education of a Regionalist

*Continued from page 85*

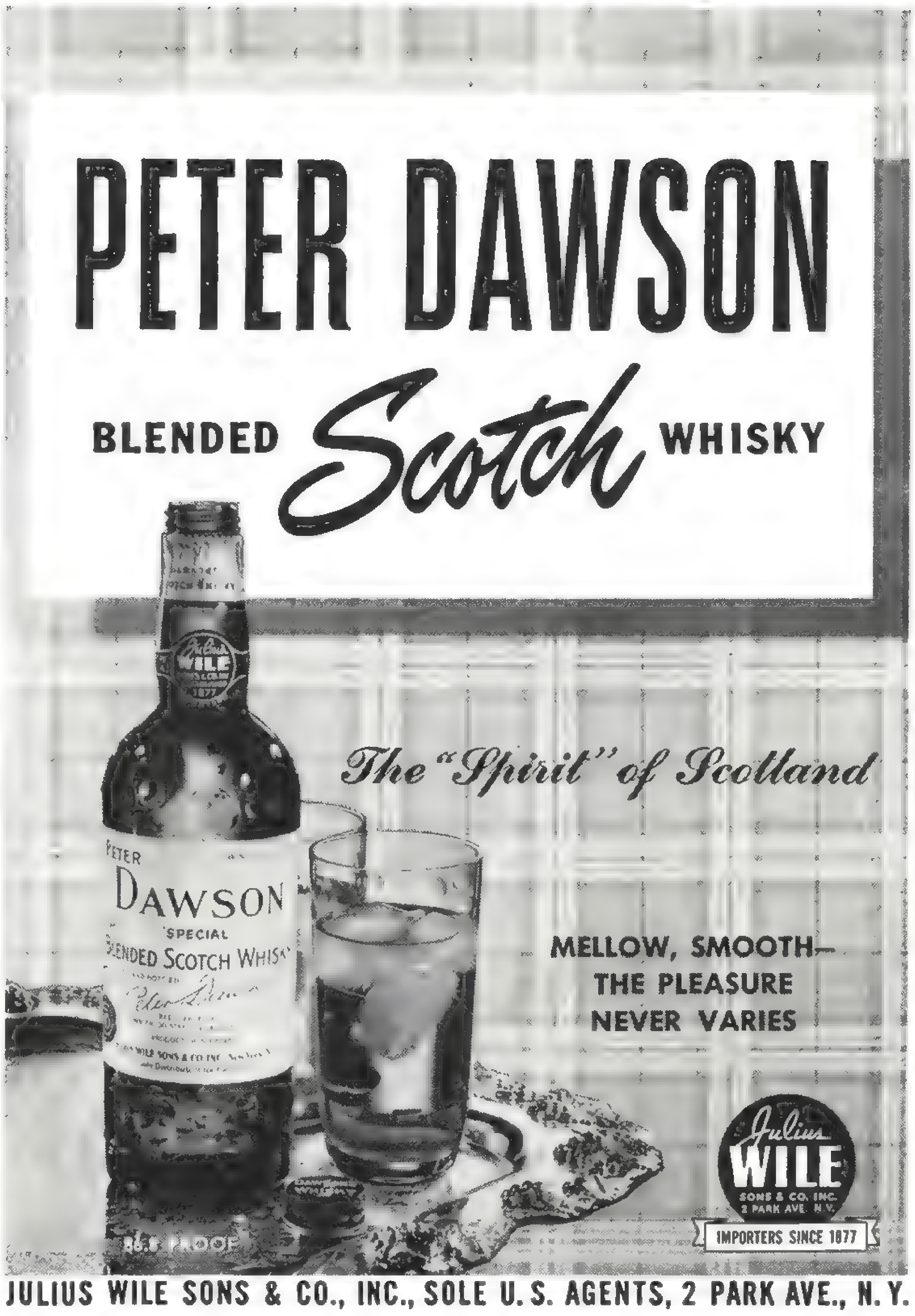
a sacred fire which flames up only when the bellows of inspiration goes to work on it. The Old Masters also worked at jobs and commissions, he points out. He is quite plain and unvarnished, forthright and matter of fact about this business of being a painter. He is the kind of painter who can make art intelligible and understandable to the farmer and the business man and the young boy with the R.F.D. address who submits to a dose of schooling at the agricultural college. But now you've got Curry, and now you haven't. He possesses both temper and temperament and a pungent style in English prose. Yes, he will decorate the walls of a bank according to the bankers' specifications and then destroy a painting which others may have admired because, to his way of thinking, it missed the point. He brings to art the dogged persistence, the capacity for hard work, the patience and the rugged health which his forbears brought to the taming of the Kansas earth.

He looks like a broad-shouldered Kewpie, pink-cheeked, burly and somewhat contemplative. My first impression was that of a man who wasn't too sure of you and was going to keep at least some of his thoughts and conclusions to himself, at least for the time being. Someone has written that his shoulders suggest the posture of the stallions which he loves to paint. Most of the time he has a pipe in his face. He looks healthy and strong, and happy and clean, like a man in whom there has been a purge of envy and malice, or like one who never suffered the disability of those emotions. He does not use many words, but those words are to the point.

Now the storms of Kansas are over for Curry, in both the literal and symbolic senses. The floods and tornadoes peculiar to the state of Kansas created and reflected a state of turmoil and unrest in the artist himself. His mother later recalled that John used to be terrified by thunderstorms. Creatively, then, he rode the storms which he feared by becoming the greatest living painter of storms in the United States. *The Line Storm*, of course, is the capstone on that particular section of his work. Today he is taking another kind of cue from another kind of landscape, the rich and placid, fulsome and fertile one of Wisconsin, to which, in the Fall of 1936, he came as "artist in residence" attached to the College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin. Dawns and rising suns full of promise, hope and peace have taken the place on his canvases of the twisted clouds and the forked lightning. Curry's Wisconsin landscapes are juicy with love of a more profitable and rewarding soil and proof that his vision, his talent and his skill are not tied to one string.

Curry's life, since he became artist in residence at Madison, under terms of the trust set up by the will of the late Thomas E. Brittingham, has been and continues to be one of happiness in congenial activities and in congenial relationships. Upon the expiration of the first five-year appointment, in the fall of 1941, he was reappointed for an encore. He is becoming woven into the texture of college and of communal life. Himself a product of the American soil whose sensibilities have not been refined into preciousness, he is not the kind of artist who will regard himself as an exile from the sophisticated world and count the hours until his return to it. He is at home in Madison, he is at home in Wisconsin. Chris L. Christensen, Dean of the College of Agriculture, notes that Curry's studio on the college grounds—only Mr. Christensen calls it workshop—"looks much like a well-kept barn" and adds:

*Continued on page 178*



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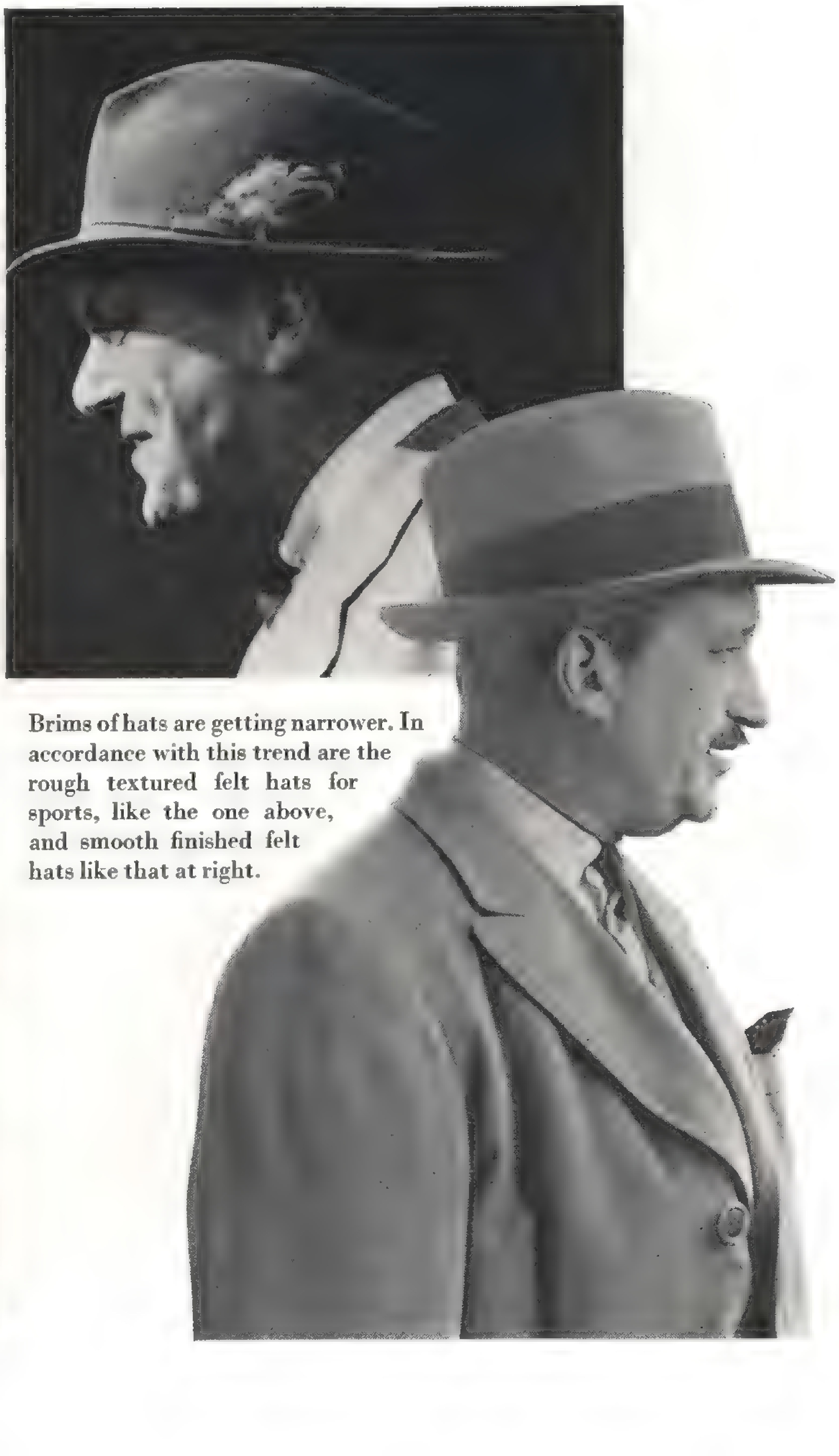
## Education of a Regionalist

*Continued from pages 85-177*

"It is a resemblance we do not frown on." Curry was not at ease in Paris and even in Kansas City, in whose Art Institute he was for a time a student, more "sophisticated" classmates laughed at his awkward manners. At Madison they can talk crops and stock with this artist who is also the son of a stockman, and they respect this son of a stockman because he is also an artist who knows his onions. Another artist in residence might have become bored, Curry knows how to fill the otherwise empty hours with chores conceived by his own initiative and sustained by his vitality. Between the hours devoted to living and those to working there is no time for boredom or regret. In a real sense he has closed the deal with Wisconsin; he has bought a house and acres at commuter's distance from Madison and all he needs now is a flock of sheep to keep the grass down.

John Curry got a job and filled it with significance. As "artist in residence" he gives a series of lectures on both art and agriculture to students of the Short Course. This is a ten weeks' session over a three-year period for farm boys who haven't finished high school. It might be regarded as a substitute for a college education. Furthermore, the artist is host at his workshop to those students particularly interested in art and to visitors throughout the state to the College of Agriculture. There are such occasions as conventions at which Curry rises to remark, bringing that rare thing called art a little closer to men's businesses and bosoms. He also helps John Barton, rural sociologist, conduct the annual statewide art exhibition which is open only to amateurs with R.F.D. addresses.

For the College of Agriculture and public institutions elsewhere John Curry has been and is up to his neck in mural commissions. For his home college, so to speak, he is decorating one large wall of the new addition to the Biochemistry Building with a mural on the Effects of Biochemistry on Life, into which he is painting portraits of the great biochemists, almost all of them connected with the College of Agriculture, and children of the past and present, in-



Brims of hats are getting narrower. In accordance with this trend are the rough textured felt hats for sports, like the one above, and smooth finished felt hats like that at right.

HOW TO TELL A GENTLEMAN . . .

*1. He never fails to acknowledge an invitation*
*2. He __always__ blends his Scotch with 7-up**

* If you haven't tried blending Scotch with 7-UP, you're really missing something. For 7-UP has a delicate body and flavor that *blends* perfectly with the Scotch . . . makes a highball with wonderfully distinctive tang and zest. Next time you're Scotch-highball-minded, serve . . . or order . . . Scotch and 7-UP.

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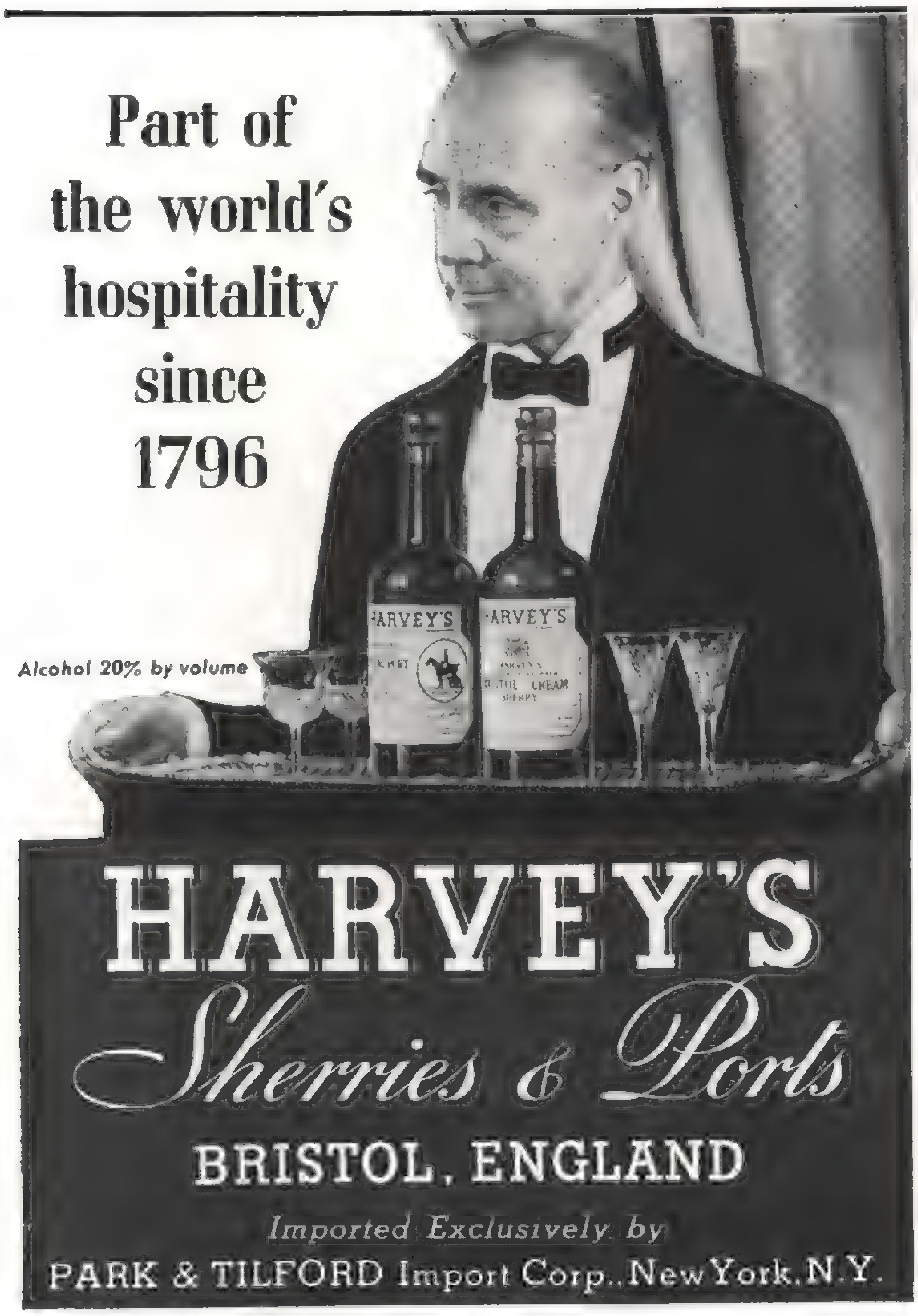

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dicating the before and after of irradiated milk and nicotinic acid; on another wall he will dramatize biochemical formulae. For the new Law School Library he is at work on a panel thirty-seven feet wide and fourteen feet high on the subject, *The Freeing of the Slaves*, developing a theme which had been considered inconvenient for an earlier commission for the new Department of Justice Building in Washington, for which he had executed, instead, *Justice Defeating Mob Violence* and another panel on *Westward Migration*. For the new Department of the Interior Building he painted a canvas wall on the opening up to settlement of Oklahoma Territory in 1889 and another panel devoted to *The Homesteader and the Fence Builder*. His largest and most controversial mural project, still some distance from completion, is a pictorial summation of Kansas history which comes to a focal point in the dynamic figure of John Brown. This will embellish the rotunda of the state capitol building at Topeka, Kansas.

Curry's attitude toward art is realistic, objective, factual, communal. He does not want to spin pictures out of his immortal soul, but out of the people's wish and need for them. He has worked as an illustrator but the unpleasantness of that experience has not soured him against the commission and the deadline. He believes that art should be comprehensible to those for whom it is intended. He cannot be a still-lifer or a surrealist, or even slightly obscure. By the same token his art will be without the possibility of mystery or wonder, nor will it ever contain even promise of the possibility of winged flight. It is a satisfying, pedestrian, earthy art which can be grasped at one glance. His art will be complete and thorough journalism, but it will rarely be lyric or epic. It will have no overtones. Out of the overflow of his vitality and good spirits he will paint easel pictures (such as *Wisconsin Still Life*) but he will paint them only after the day's deadlines have been met. He has the William Morris idea of art in everyday life, the ideas motivating the industrial designers.

The imagination and talents of the artist of the new day "will beautify everything," Curry has declared. He will beautify "the kitchen sink, the family car, the office desk, as well as the painting that hangs on the wall or the statuary in a public building." He has also said that artistic form is not something which is to be applied from the outside to the object, but is the object itself. John Steuart Curry represents the vitality, the realism and the hard sense of America. He represents it in the field of art.

* * *

Curry's biography is typically American, midwest and moral. He was named John Steuart after a maternal grandfather who died in 1871 from the effects of his Civil War wounds. His paternal grandfather came westward from Indiana. William Allen White was his father's classmate at the state university. The artist was brought up on "hard work and the Shorter Catechism." He rose at four in the morning and had done a good half day's work before he left for school on horseback. He was twelve years old when he took his first art lesson, riding six miles on horseback for it. He loved animals and drew them whenever he could. At high school he was not particularly distinguished for his studies, but he did play football and ran track. At the end of his junior year, he dropped high school to enter the Kansas City Art Institute, from which, after a short while, ridicule drove him out. The other students didn't think he was "the type." He earned enough while working on a section gang of the Missouri Pacific Railroad to go to Chicago, in whose Art Institute school he enrolled, and there remained two years, earning the wherewithal by sweeping floors and working in cafeterias. He came east planning to become a magazine illustrator. After a season of work and study with Harvey Dunn, at Leonia, New Jersey, Curry set up shop for himself, drawing for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Country Gentleman* and *Boy's Life* and *St. Nicholas*. He illustrated stories by Zane Grey and Max Brandt, among others. Desiring to make substantial pictures out of his illustrations, he gradually lost his customers and set to work to become a creative painter, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. A slighting remark concerning his draftsmanship sent him, in October, 1926, to Paris where he studied with a famous Russian academician. Back at home in Westport, Connecticut, the following June, he resumed the struggle for existence, not much wiser than when he went to Paris. He was getting nowhere. Again, as for Paris, he put himself in debt in the effort to conquer canvas and color. In the summer of 1928 he had finished *Baptism in Kansas*, which is listed as the fifth painting in the catalogue of his works. That fall *Baptism* was exhibited at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. He then became a member of the Whitney Studio Club, being granted out of Mrs. Whitney's generous exchequer for struggling artists a weekly stipend of fifty dollars, which was to continue for two years. Curry spent the summer of 1929 at his parents' farm, where occurred something that might be called a creative catalysis.

He returned east with countless sketches of landscapes, animals, people. That fall he completed *Tornado*, *Roadmenders' Camp*, portraits of his parents and *Storm Over Lake Otsego*. His first one-man show at the Whitney Studio Club in January, 1930, was a success. So were subsequent exhibitions. So, after awhile, was John Steuart Curry. ⧺

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## Victory On a Conveyor Belt

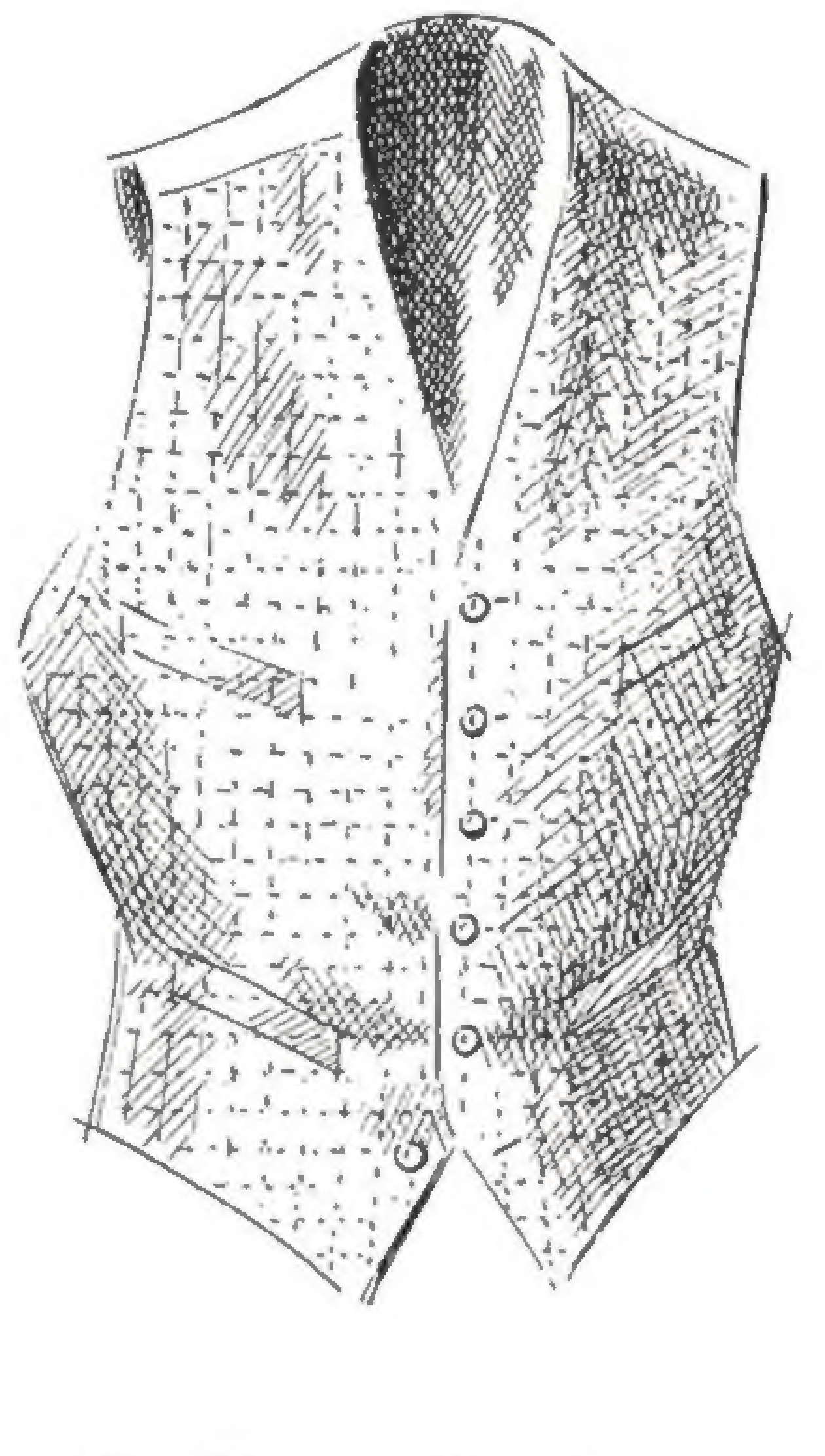
*Continued from page 87*

placed in November.

Twelve months ago, the site of the Chrysler tank arsenal was a cornfield. Today, these "forts-on-wheels," powered by a 400 horsepower air-cooled airplane engine, and armed with one 37 mm. cannon, one big "75," and four 30-caliber machine guns . . . are rolling off the assembly lines at an ever-quickening pace. The production rate, because of censorship restrictions, must remain a Detroit and Washington secret.

If you want an idea of the speed and precision with which Detroit solves a problem, once it's started . . . consider this timetable. On June 12, 1940, Chrysler officials went to the Army's Rock Island Arsenal, in Illinois, to see their first tank. They returned with 186 pounds of blueprints . . . on August 15, the Government contract for a 20 million dollar tank arsenal came through . . . January 8, 1941, the American flag was raised over the not-yet-completed building . . . And . . . on April 21, the first M-23 28-ton tank was delivered to the Army. A month later they were in mass production.

Credit for tank production, however, goes to the locomotive industry as well as the automobile field. The 13½-ton light tanks . . . the kind which proved themselves so dramatically in the recent battles on the Libyan desert . . . are manufactured by the American Car and Foundry Co. The medium tanks, M23's, are in production at the plants of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the American Locomotive Co., the Pullman Co., and the Pressed Steel Co. An additional plant, that of the Lima Locomotive Co., at Lima, Ohio, is soon to join the ranks.



The Tattersall waistcoat is being observed with greater frequency at important sporting events. The light colored background of the flannel sets off the checked designs. This waistcoat is a companion to the odd tweed jacket or tweed suit.

* * *

Bomber fuselages are being turned out by Ford, General Motors, Hudson, and Chrysler. These parts, designed for the latest medium and heavy model bombers are assembled by automotive mass production methods, then shipped to the airplane plants for final assembly. Chrysler is making the fuselage of the Martin Medium Bomber; General Motors Fisher Body Division, the fuselage of the North American B-25; Ford, for the Consolidated B-24-D Packard is manufacturing the Rolls-Royce Merlin engines . . . for Britain.

General Motors . . . at its Allison plant . . . is rushing out the air-cooled Allison engines used in the Bell Airacobras, and the Curtiss P-40's. Ford, at a new $23,000,000 Ford Rouge plant is turning out Pratt and Whitney airplane engines. Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasp engines are also being turned out by the Buick Motor Division of General Motors and by the Chevrolet Motor Car Division.

Hudson has now in operation a gigantic new plant, completed in seven months, for manufacture of the Oerlikon 22 mm. anti-aircraft gun—the Navy's answer to dive bomber attack. The plant contains a million square feet of floor space, and will manufacture Naval ordnance parts in addition to the Oerlikon gun.

At Lansing, the Nash-Kelvinator Co. has issued a $15,000,000 appropriation to rehabilitate units of the old Reo Motor Car Company to produce parts for the Pratt and Whitney engines and another plant, an $8,000,000 job, for manufacture of the three-blade variable pitch Hamilton Standard propeller.

Chrysler is manufacturing the Bofors rapid-fire anti-aircraft gun. This gun, water cooled in some models, air-cooled in others, is designed to shoot around 120 shells a minute, has an eight-foot barrel, weighing more than 250 pounds.

20 mm. anti-aircraft guns for naval protection against dive bombers are being made by Pontiac . . . 50 caliber Browning machine guns are being made by Frigidaire Division, at Dayton, Ohio. These are air-cooled guns, firing 650 rounds a minute . . . with an effective range of four miles.

The Brown-Lipe-Chapin Division of General Motors is producing the .30 caliber Browning Machine Guns for Army Aircraft. The .30 guns weigh 20 pounds, fire 1,400 shots a minute, and have a range of 2.9 miles.

* * *

Meanwhile research goes on. New weapons, secret weapons, powerful weapons are in the offing. Try, for example to get near

*Continued on page 182*

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## Victory On a Conveyor Belt

*Continued from pages 87-181*

"Boss" Kettering's laboratory at General Motors. I did; Kettering is one of the most interesting and erratic personalities in Detroit. Inventor of the self-starter and pioneer for "pure" research in the profits world . . . the "Boss" has weird, dramatic, cynical things to say if you can catch him in the right mood. But there was no seeing Kettering, this season. It would be easier to get in the Caaba, at Mecca . . . tap-dancing in hobnailed boots.

The same holds for the giant new Chrysler laboratories. "You'd have a stop-press story if I could tell you some of the things we're developing here," a friend of mine at the Chrysler plant told me, "but I can't talk . . . we're part of the Army, now." And when I left the building, the only thing the anti-espionage guards didn't check was my temperature.

* * *

One of the chief research battlegrounds of the moment is the aviation horsepower front. Efficiency in aircraft production depends on a maximum of horsepower per unit of weight and per square inch of bulk. There is no problem in getting horsepower if weight can be discarded. All we'd need to do is build a power plant the size of the engines of the *U. S. S. North Carolina.* But to get the horsepower while keeping the weight down to 2 or less pounds per h.p.—and keeping the dimensions of the engine small enough to meet minimum air resistance factors is a problem that makes that of Mr. Hercules' labors look by comparison like Boy Scouts' work.

Nevertheless Detroit is tackling it. Ford engineers are developing a liquid-cooled airplane engine, turning out some 1,500 to 1,800 h.p. . . . maintaining this at altitudes up to six miles . . . and with power to weight ratio—at least so it is rumored—of 1:1. Packard, Chrysler, and General Motors are all working on the problem of 2,000 h.p. in-line liquid-cooled engines—although, at this writing, the only available engines in the 2,000 h.p. class are the air-cooled radial Curtiss-Wrights and Pratt and Whitneys.

One of the most sensational of the new Detroit developments is the Chrysler Sea Otter cargo ships. These vessels can be knocked out with an assembly-line technique in the space of days. Shallow draught, lying so low in the water that they can't easily be spotted, the Sea-Otters are propelled by a small cluster of mass-production gasoline or Diesel marine engines.

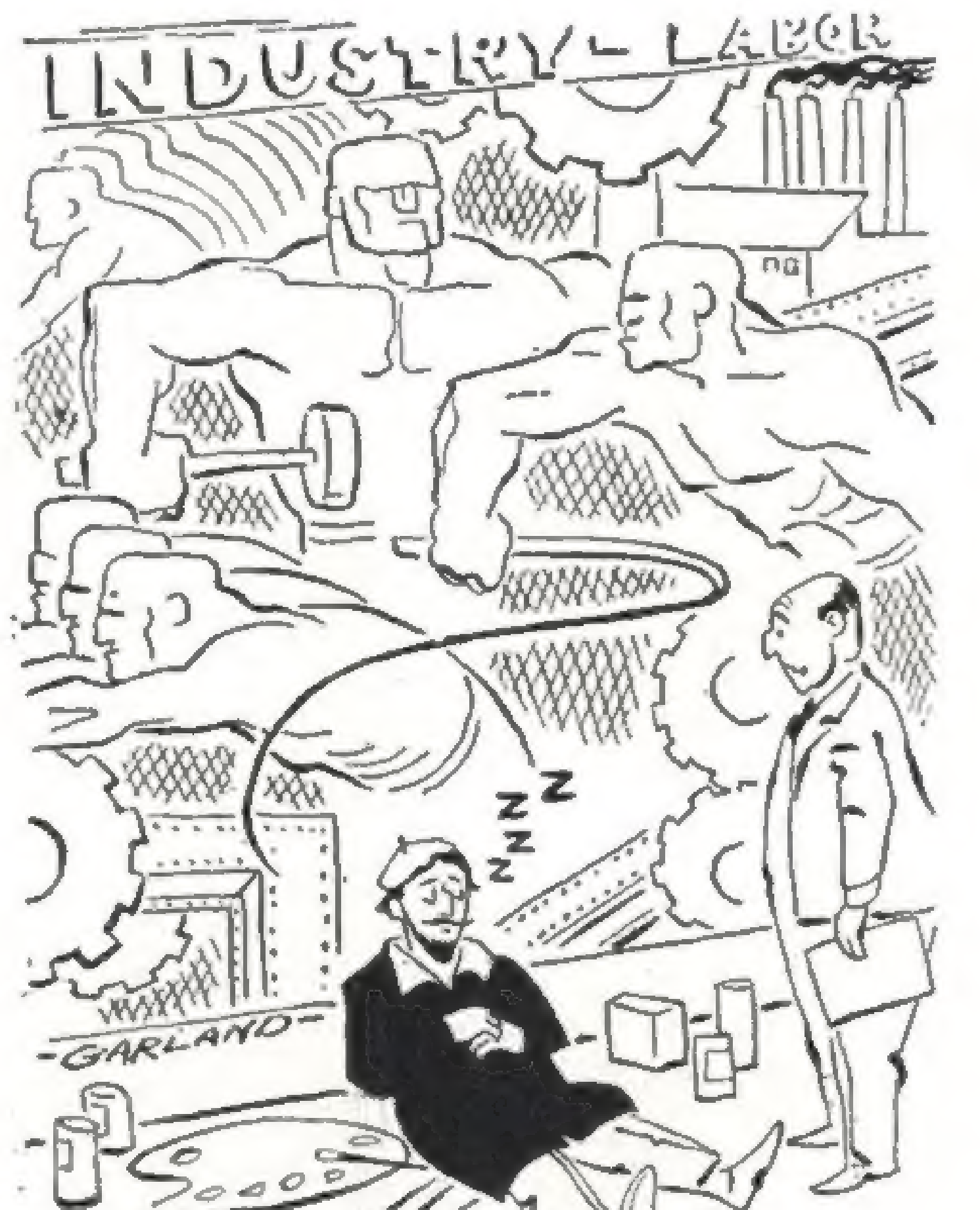
General Motors is also filling a huge order for 1,500 h.p. and smaller Diesels for submarines and auxiliary naval craft. The Diesels have been a favored child of GM since the days it bought up the old Winston Co., and "Boss" Kettering perfected the "heart" of the Diesel—a fuel injector with tolerance as fine as 1/400,000 of an inch.

One of Packard's greatest contributions to the defense effort is the power plant of the British patrol boats . . . and the Navy's new PT boats . . . torpedo carrying scooters that skim the surface at speeds up to 70 m.p.h.

* * *

The engineering and production problems which the automobile industry is now tackling are staggering. They begin with such old problems as have been touched on above. They carry on with such things as welded hulls for tanks . . . to supersede the more vulnerable riveted structures; flat or pancaked-shaped tank engines . . . to replace the radial airplane engines now used; new transmissions and more efficient steering mechanisms for tanks; solid fuel injectors for gasoline engines . . . to provide more efficient combustion, giving higher grade performance on lower-octane gas; improved and more efficient coolants for liquid-cooled engines.

* * *



Well, this is the story of the American motor industry in the first phase of the Great War of the Machines. It is obviously not the whole story; neither is it a catalog, a parts directory, or a treatise on Geopolitik. It is scarcely possible to go into much detail in the confines of this column.

But this much is certain: this is a power war . . . an engineers' war . . . a war that is to be won not on the playing fields of Eton, nor by slogans, bravado, or *esprit de corps.* It will be won in the retort, on the drawing board, on the testing block . . . and on the assembly line. And these are our national heritage. The machine, the machine tool, the laboratory, and the assembly lines are as much part of the American culture as Coca-Cola, Hollywood romances, the Automat, and the skyscrapers.

We are fighting, now, on home ground. Challenged out of a clear sky, we have chosen our weapons. And we, of all people, know how to use them. Victory, if not in the bag, is at least in a neat, streamlined cellophane package. And, if needs be, we can even take this . . . and put it into mass production. ###

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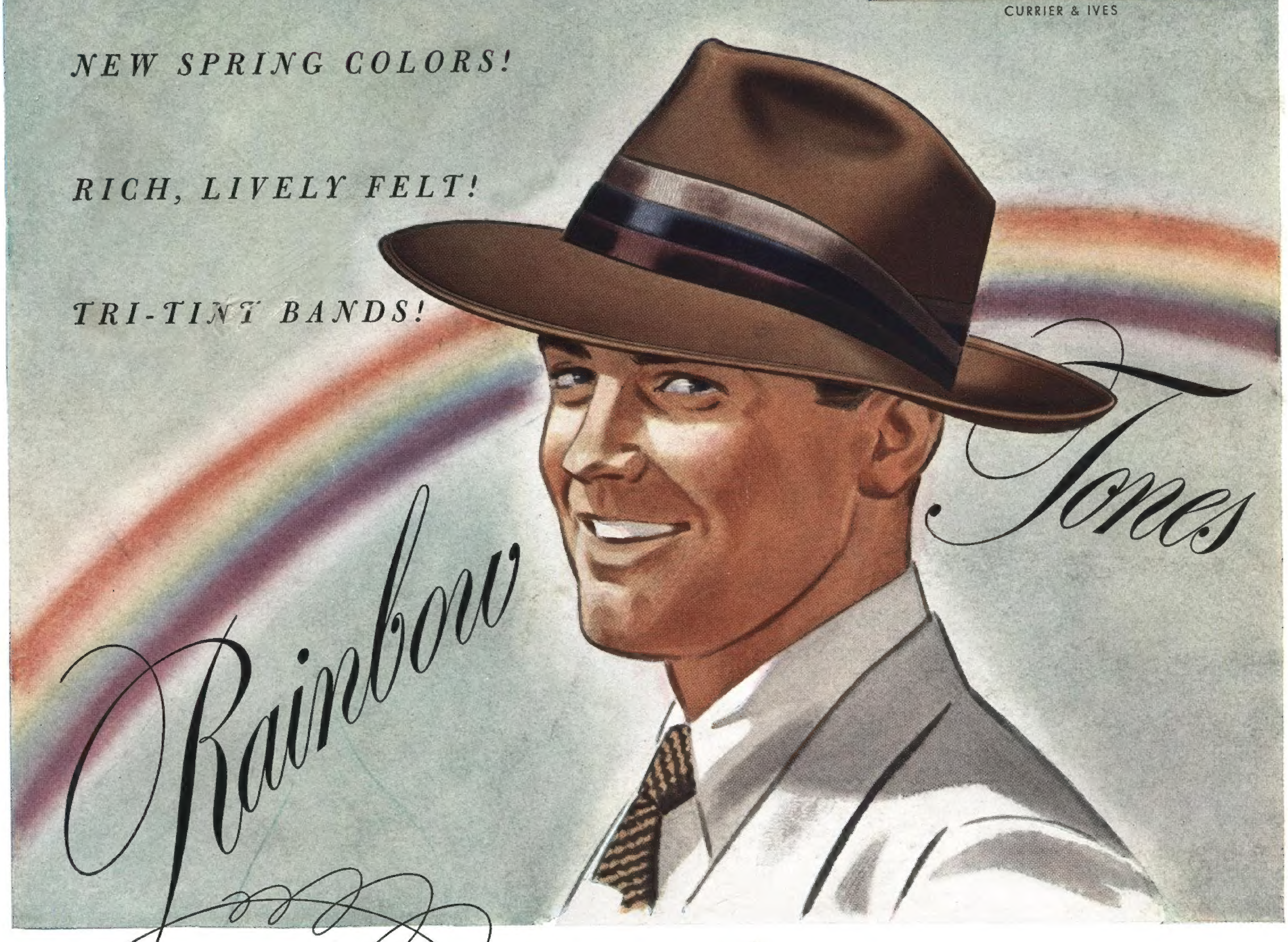
VARGA F/O p 47

# DOBBS *Hats*

CURRIER & IVES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Rainbow
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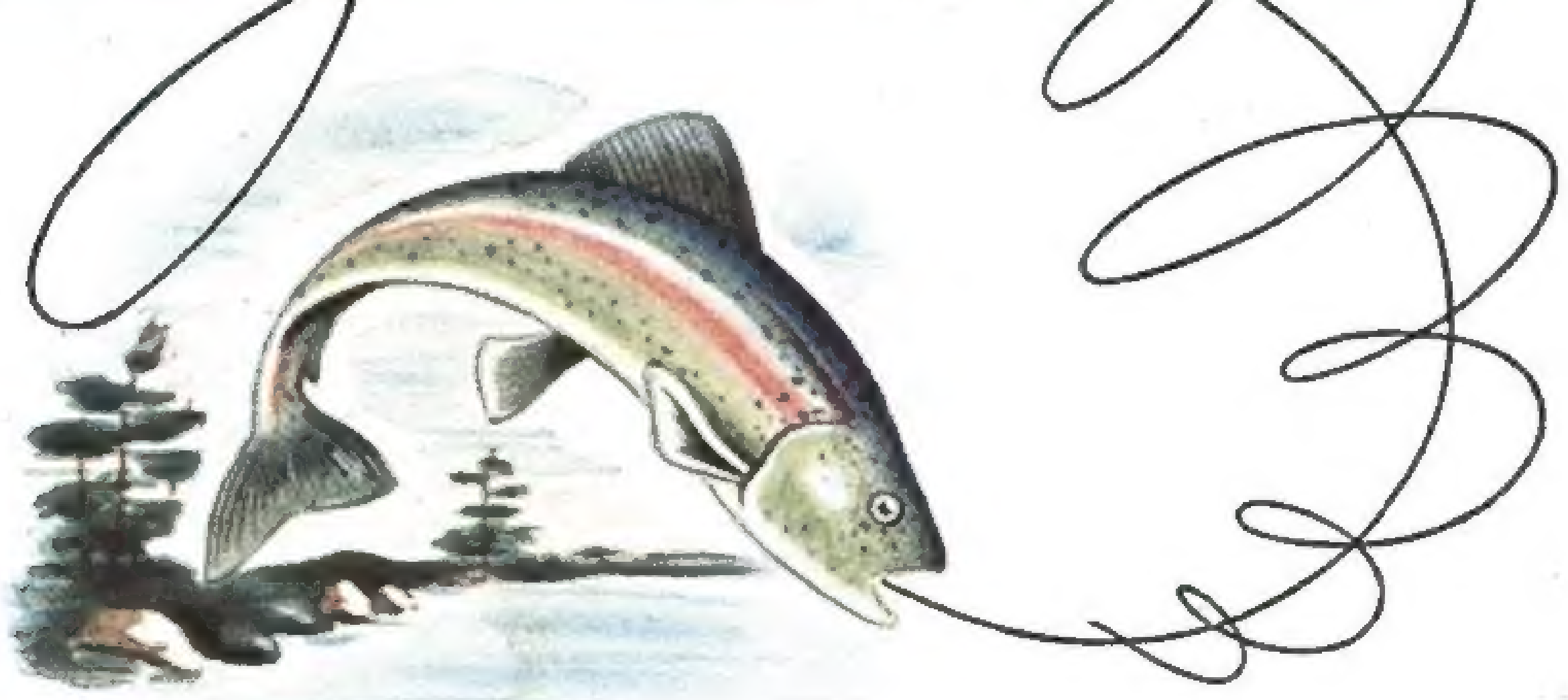

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